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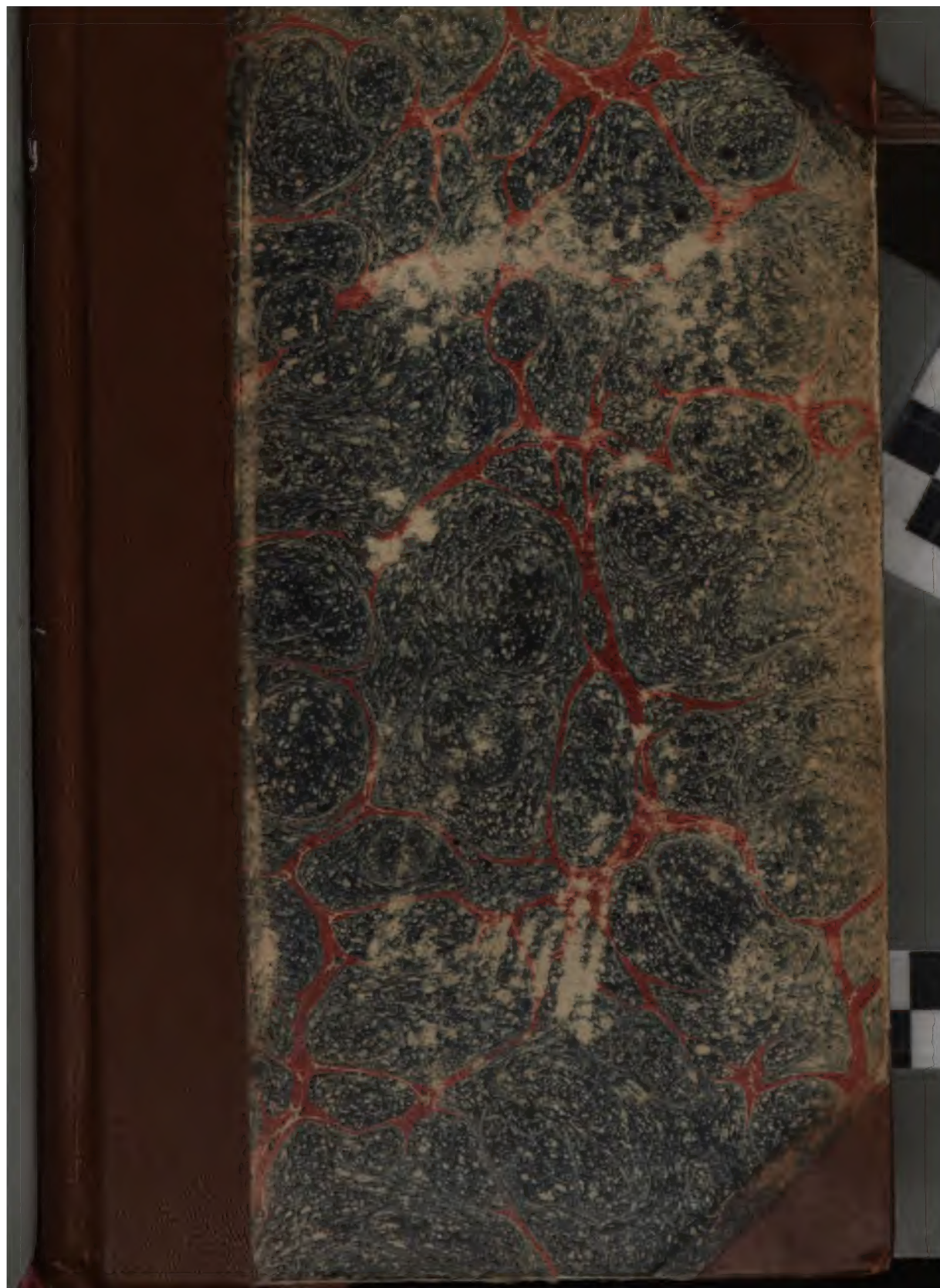
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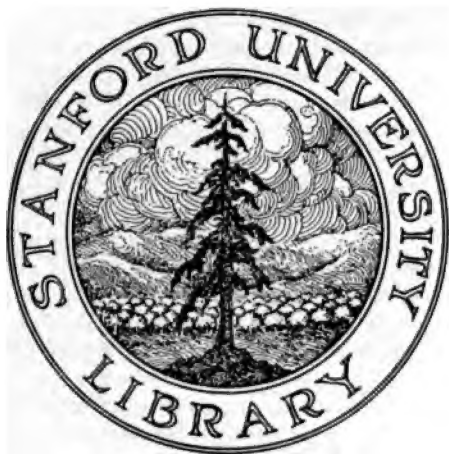
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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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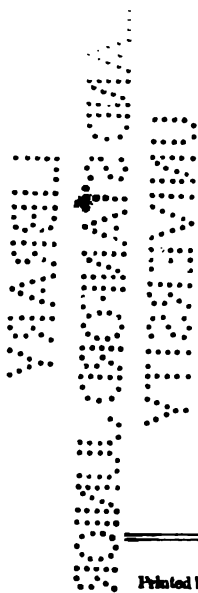
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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of George IV.* The First Series, in three volumes. By John, Lord Campbell, A.M., F.R.S.E. 8vo. London, 1845.

WE have before us only three volumes of Lord Campbell's work, and these bring us no lower than the Revolution of 1688. He announces his intention of continuing it down to the reign of George IV.; and under such circumstances we do not propose at present to enter on any serious discussion of his Lordship's views, as yet hinted rather than expressed, of the highest judicial office in this country, either as it has been or as it should be regulated. It is sufficient for us to thank him for the honest industry with which he has thus far prosecuted his large task, the general candour and liberality with which he has analysed the lives and characters of a long succession of influential magistrates and ministers, and the manly style of his narrative, often diversified with happy description and instructive reflection, and but rarely blemished by silliness of sentiment or finery of phrase. We well know that the majority of our readers would be less thankful to us for any disquisition, legal or political, of our own, than for a selection of specimens and anecdotes, sufficient to convey some notion at least of the variety and interest of the author's researches and lucubrations; and we fairly confess, too, that on closing the volumes we feel an additional motive to this course. We opened them with comparatively limited anticipations; and are willing to offer what seems the least ambiguous apology in our power.

It was reserved for the antiquarian explorers of our own time, and more especially for the acutest and profoundest of their number, Sir Francis Palgrave, to elucidate with any approach to distinctness the real origin of the Court of Chancery, and the position and functions of the Chancellor in the Anglo-Saxon and early Anglo-Norman periods. Lord Campbell has not added to the aggregate of their deductions, but he has arranged and classified them with skill; and the unprofessional reader will probably be

obliged to this work for his first clear notion of that antique system of things under which the chief priest of the royal chapel was *ex officio* the confessor of the sovereign, 'the keeper of the king's conscience;' and also, and as naturally, his chief secretary, intrusted with the Great Seal, the *clavis regni*, by which communications to foreign powers, or orders commanding particular courts or officers to attend to the cases of subjects who had petitioned the throne as the source of justice, were alike authenticated. The Chancellor had a place from the first in the *Aula Regia*, but his place there was a subordinate one until the abolition of the office of Great Justiciary: and even after that event, the importance and dignity of the *custos* of the Great Seal appear to have grown by not rapid steps, and to have reached their ultimate point solely in consequence of the commanding personal characters of some two or three among the Anglo-Norman churchmen who sat on 'the Marble Chair over against the middle of the Marble Table,' at the upper end of Westminster Hall—which chair and table were still extant in the days of Dugdale. The inferior clergymen of the chapel royal assisted the chief priest in all his various departments of duty, and it was with a view to the proper reward and advancement of these sub-chaplains, under-secretaries of state, and *masters in chancery*, that the *Conscience-keeper* was originally intrusted with the ecclesiastical patronage which still attaches to his office. He himself was considered as entitled, when he had filled the marble chair for some space, to be promoted to the mitre; in the majority of cases, however, he was already a Bishop, in not a few Archbishop, before he became Chancellor; and the office of Papal Legate was frequently superadded to all these weighty burdens.

The earliest recorded Chancellor, Augmentus, is supposed to have been one of the Italian priests who accompanied Augustine on his mission to the court of Ethelbert. The fourth after him, and the earliest of whose personal history we have any precise information was Swithin, ordained priest in A.D. 830, and selected by King Egbert for chaplain to himself, and tutor to his son Ethelwulf. In the reign of the latter he was at once Chancellor and prime minister, and Bishop of Winchester, and (highest of all his distinctions) intrusted with the education of Alfred. Swithin is said to have given Alfred his taste for the poetry of the Scalds; and as he accompanied the prince on his pilgrimage to Rome, the seventeenth Bishop of Winchester may be supposed to have had some pretensions also to classical learning. About fifty years after his death he was canonized by the papal see, in grateful remembrance, no doubt, of his having established in England the payment of
' Peter's

'Peter's pence.' St. Swithin too has the credit of having procured the first Act of the Wittenagemot for enforcing universal payment of tithes; which circumstance may possibly account for the place he still occupies in our own Calendar. He died July 15th, A.D. 862; and his parting command was that he should be buried in the churchyard of Winchester, 'ubi cadaver et pedibus prætereuntium et stillicidiis ex cælo rorantibus esset obnoxium;' but upon his canonization it was thought proper to remove the relics to the high altar of his cathedral, and this violation of his injunctions was only averted by the direct interference of the Saint, who sent down a deluge of rain that lasted for forty days, and which, as we are all aware, is still repeated as often as the 15th of July is a wet day; whereas if St. Swithin's day be a fair one, we are sure of thirty-nine fine days more to succeed it.

Lord Campbell has been able to discover only one decision of Lord Chancellor Swithin's. The line was not as yet accurately drawn between equity and common law cases, for an old woman approached this high magistrate with a complaint, that on her way to market that morning a certain rude peasant had shoved her about, insomuch that every egg in her basket was broken. The right reverend holder of the Great Seal, instead of sending the case to a jury, was pleased to proceed in a summary manner—'damnum suspirat, misericordiâ mentis cunctantem miraculum excitat, statimque porrecto signo crucis fracturam omnium ovorum consolidat.' The reporter is William of Malmesbury (242); but we shall no doubt have more about the miraculous reconsolidation of the plaintiff's eggs in some early number of the 'Lives of the English Saints.'

Chancellor Swithin was a man of peace; but for several centuries after him we find his office held, with rare exceptions, by eminent churchmen who were also, whenever occasion tempted, efficient leaders of armed men, not a few of them distinguished by personal acts of prowess in siege or battle. One of the most redoubted soldiers that ever rose to the marble chair was Lord Chancellor Thomas à Becket; but the noblest combination of military and legal renown was exhibited in the person of Ranulphus de Glanville, who as Great Justiciary of England overshadowed all that immediately followed à Becket as keepers of the Great Seal—for this magistrate not only commanded in chief when a king of Scotland was taken prisoner, but wrote a book on the Laws and Constitution of England, which must still be studied by all who would acquire a critical knowledge of them as they stood in the first century after the Conquest, before they were modified by the Magna Charta of King John. Lord Coke sums up his enthusiastic eulogy of Glanville in these words: 'vir

præclarissimus genere, qui provectiore ætate ad terram sanctam properavit, et ibidem contra inimicos crucis Christi strenuissime usque ad mortem dimicavit.

One of the Chancellors whom this really great lawyer and great man overshadowed was Geoffrey Plantagenet, natural son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond, who was placed in the see of Lincoln while in the twentieth year of his age, and held it for seven years, during which he served gallantly in the wars at the head of 140 knights from his bishopric, but never would take holy orders, and the Pope insisting on this point, at last resigned his mitre rather than comply. To console and compensate him for the loss of Lincoln, his father made Geoffrey Chancellor. It was not till long afterwards that he laid aside his aversion to the priestly vows, and became in a regular manner Archbishop of York, in which dignity he died.

Another noticeable Chancellor of that age was Walter de Gray—honourably noticeable as having resigned his office rather than affix the Great Seal to the shameful deed by which John resigned his kingdom to the Pope—noticeable also as having been afterwards, when recommended for the mitre of York, strenuously objected to by the chapter as ‘minus sufficiens in literaturâ.’ The Pope being appealed to, resisted also on the ground of the ex-chancellor’s ‘crassa ignorantia,’ which the ex-chancellor seems to have admitted, pleading as a set-off nothing more than ‘virgin chastity’ and other virtues, which would not apparently have overcome the hesitation of the Holy Father, unless De Gray had superadded a present of 1000*l.*—equal to not much less than 100,000*l.* now! It should be added, that this Archbishop lived afterwards a life of extreme mortification, and purchased by his savings, and bequeathed to his See, the manor and palace of Bishop Thorpe, where his successors still hold their provincial state, and York Place in Westminster, which they in like manner occupied till Wolsey *resigned* it to Henry VIII., when it was new-named Whitehall.

Among all these clerical Chancellors we think there occurs but one who did not ultimately reach the mitre. This was John Maunsel (A.D. 1246), who while holding the Great Seal became Provost of Beverley, his highest Church preferment—but not his only one. This personage, according to Matthew Paris, held at once 700 livings. He had, Lord Campbell presumes, presented himself to all that fell vacant, and were in the gift of the Crown, while he was Chancellor. The greatest pluralist on record thought himself nevertheless an ill-used Chancellor—and with some reason too, for it was during his occupance of the marble chair that a king of England (since the Conquest) first practised the

the dispensing power—and it was he who introduced the *non obstante* clause into grants and patents.

In the reign of Henry III. we have the agreeable variety of a *Lady Keeper*. In 1253 the king, proceeding to Gascony, committed the Great Seal, with all the usual formalities, to his Queen, Eleanor of Provence, and though the sealing of writs and common instruments was left to Kilkenny, Archdeacon of Coventry, her Grace executed in person the more important duties of her new office. This judge began her sittings on the Nativity of the Virgin, and continued them regularly till the 25th of November, when the Court was interrupted by her *accouchement*. 'The Lady Keeper had a favourable recovery, and being churched, resumed her place in the *Aula Regia*.'

'Soon after the accession of Edward I. to the crown, she renounced the world and retired to the monastery of Ambresbury, where, in the year 1284, she actually took the veil. She had the satisfaction of hearing of the brilliant career of her son, and she died in 1292, when he was at the height of his glory, having subdued Wales, pacified Ireland, reduced Scotland to feudal subjection, and made England more prosperous and happy than at any former period.

'Although the temper and haughty demeanour of Eleanor were very freely censured in her own time, I believe no imputation was cast upon her virtue till the usurper Henry IV., assuming to be the right heir of Edmund her second son, found it convenient to question the legitimacy of Edward her first-born, and to represent him as the fruit of an adulterous intercourse between her and the Earl Marshal. Then was written the popular ballad representing her as confessing her frailty to the King her husband, who, in the garb of a friar of France, has come to shrieve her in her sickness, accompanied by the Earl Marshal in the same disguise.

Oh, do you see yon fair-haired boy
That's playing with the ball?
He is, he is the Earl Marshal's son,
And I love him the best of all.

Oh, do you see yon pale-faced boy
That's catching at the ball?
He is King Henry's only son,
And I love him the least of all.

But she was a very different person from her successor, Isabella of France, Queen of Edward II., and there is no reason to doubt that she was ever a faithful wife and a loving mother to all her children.

'Although none of her judicial decisions, while she held the Great Seal, have been transmitted to us, we have very full and accurate information respecting her person, her career, and her character, for which we are chiefly indebted to Matthew Paris, who often dined at
table

table with her and her husband, and composed his history of those times with their privity and assistance.'—vol. i. p. 144.

Queen Eleanor (down to this time the only Lady Keeper) was succeeded by Archdeacon Kilkenny who had acted under her as a sort of vice-chancellor. He is celebrated only for having been a remarkably handsome man, and for having drawn up Henry the Third's answers to a remonstrance from certain heads of the church respecting alleged encroachments by the Crown on their order. The royal response was in these words :—

"It is true I have been faulty in this particular: I obtruded you, my Lord of Canterbury, on your see: I was obliged to employ both entreaties and menaces, my Lord of Winchester, to have you elected. My proceedings, I confess, were very irregular, my Lords of Salisbury and Carlisle, when I raised you from the lowest stations to your present dignities. I am determined henceforth to correct these abuses; and it will also become you, in order to make a thorough reformation, to resign your present benefices, and try again to become successors of the Apostles in a more regular and canonical manner."—vol. i. p. 145.

One of Edward the First's Chancellors, William *de Grenefeld* or *de Grenvill* (a younger son of the family now represented by the Duke of Buckingham), was on the 4th of December, 1303, elected Archbishop of York: but the papal legate obstinately objecting to him, he resigned the seal and proceeded to Rome in person with a purse of 9500 marks, which smoothed all difficulties. The rapidity of his proceedings, attested in the clearest manner, may well astonish us. He delivered the great seal to the king at Westminster on the 29th of December, 1304, and was, on his return from Rome, consecrated at Lambeth on the 30th of the ensuing month of January. But a few years ago this would have been thought laudable speed in a Cabinet courier. We must conjecture that the ex-Chancellor took shipping at Marseilles for Civit  Vecchia, and returning in the same way had the extraordinary luck of a propitious gale both times. But indeed we have not a few wonderful journeys on record in those *slow* ages. Perhaps the most wonderful of all is Longshanks's own ride across the Highlands from Elgin to Glasgow, recorded in his very curious Itinerary, lately published by the Maitland Club. It is perplexing to read after these things, that though Edward I. died near Carlisle on the 7th of July, 1307, the news of the royal demise did not reach the Chancellor (Baldock) in London until the 25th of that month. The new king must have had his reasons for deferring the official announcement of his accession. The great seal was received by him at Carlisle on the 2nd of August, and Baldock never was Chancellor again.

Among

Among the Conscience-keepers of Edward III. Lord Campbell dwells with peculiar fondness on the father of English Bibliomania, Lord Chancellor Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, and author of the once famous *Philobiblon*, which includes his autobiography. He had been tutor to Edward, and to him may be traced the love of literature and the arts which distinguished his pupil when on the throne.

‘An extract from chapter viii., entitled “Of the numerous Opportunities of the Author for collecting Books from all Quarters,” may bring some suspicion upon his judicial purity; but the open avowal of the manner in which his library was accumulated proves that he had done nothing that would not be sanctioned by the public opinion of the age:—

“While we performed the duties of Chancellor of the most invincible and ever magnificently triumphant King of England, Edward III., (whose days may the Most High long and tranquilly deign to preserve!) after first inquiring into the things that concerned his Court, and then the public affairs of his kingdom, an easy opening was afforded us, under the countenance of royal favour, for freely searching the hiding-places of books. For the flying fame of our love had already spread in all directions, and it was reported not only that we had a longing desire for books, and especially for old ones, but that any body could more easily obtain our favour by quartos than by money. Wherefore when, supported by the bounty of the aforesaid Prince of worthy memory, we were enabled to oppose or advance, to appoint or discharge; crazy quartos and tottering folios, precious however in our sight as well as in our affections, flowed in most rapidly from the great and the small, instead of new year’s gifts and jewels. Then the cabinets of the most noble monasteries were opened; cases were unlocked; caskets unclasped; astonished volumes which had slumbered for long ages in their sepulchres were roused up, and those that lay hid in dark places were overwhelmed with the rays of a new light. Books heretofore most delicate, now become corrupted and nauseous, lay lifeless, covered indeed with the excrements of mice, and pierced through with the gnawing of worms; and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen, were now seen reposing in dust and ashes, given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths. Amongst these nevertheless, as time served, we sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amidst his stores of aromatics; and where we found an object of love, we found also full enjoyment. Thus the sacred vessels of science came into our power—some being given, some sold, and not a few lent for a time.*

* ‘A modern deceased Lord Chancellor was said to have collected a very complete law library by borrowing books from the bar which he forgot to return. If so, he only acted on the maxims of his predecessor De Bury:—

“*Quisquis theologus, quisquis legista peritus*

Vis fieri; multos semper habeto libros.

Non in mente manet quicquid non vidimus ipsi;

Quisquis sibi libros vindicat ergo—suos.”—p. 151.

"In addition to this, we were charged with the frequent embassies of the said Prince, of everlasting memory, and, owing to the multiplicity of state affairs, were sent first to the Roman Chair, then to the Court of France, then to various other kingdoms of the world, on tedious embassies and in perilous times, carrying about with us, however, that fondness for books which many waters could not extinguish; for this, like a certain drug, sweetened the wormwood of peregrination; this, after the perplexing intricacies, scrupulous circumlocutions of debate, and almost inextricable labyrinths of public business, left an opening for a little while to breathe the temperature of a milder atmosphere. O blessed God of gods in Sion! what a rush of the flood of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world! There we longed to remain, where, on account of the greatness of our love, the days ever appeared to us to be few. In that city are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics; there flourishing green-houses of all sorts of volumes; there academic meads trembling with the earthquake of Athenian peripatetics pacing up and down; there the promontories of Parnassus, and the porticos of the Stoics. There, in very deed, with an open treasury and untied purse-strings, we scattered money with a light heart, and redeemed inestimable books from dirt and dust."

This Right Reverend enthusiast is nowhere more entertaining than in describing and reproaching the ill-usage to which the clasped books of his time were liable:

"You will perhaps see a stiff-necked youth lounging sluggishly in his study: while the frost pinches him in winter time, oppressed with cold, his watery nose drops,—nor does he take the trouble to wipe it with his handkerchief till it has moistened the book beneath with its vile dew. For such a one I would substitute a cobbler's apron in the place of his book. He distributes innumerable straws in various places, with the ends in sight, that he may recall by the mark what his memory cannot retain. These straws, which the stomach of the book never digests, and which nobody takes out, at first distend the book from its accustomed closure, and being carelessly left to oblivion, at last become putrid. He is not ashamed to eat fruit and cheese over an open book, and to transfer his empty cup from side to side upon it: and because he has not his alms-bag at hand, he leaves the rest of the fragments in his books. He never ceases to chatter with eternal garrulity to his companions; and while he adduces a multitude of reasons void of meaning, he waters the book, spread out upon his lap, with the sputtering of his saliva. What is worse, he next reclines with his elbows on the book, and by a short study invites a long nap; and by way of repairing the wrinkles, he twists back the margins of the leaves, to the no small detriment of the volume. He goes out in the rain, and returns, and now flowers make their appearance upon our soil. Then the scholar we are describing, the neglecter rather than the inspector of books, stuffs his volume with firstling violets, roses, and quadrifolios. He will next apply his wet hands, oozing with sweat, to turning over the volumes, then beat the white parchment all over with his

his dusty gloves, or hunt over the page, line by line, with his forefinger covered with dirty leather. Then, as the flea bites, the holy book is thrown aside, which, however, is scarcely closed once in a month, and is so swelled with the dust that has fallen into it, that it will not yield to the efforts of the closer."

'Like a Bishop and an Ex-chancellor, he properly concludes by supporting his doctrine with the highest authorities. "The most meek Moses instructs us about making cases for books in the neatest manner, wherein they may be safely preserved from all damage. *Take this book, says he, and put it in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God.* O befitting place, made of imperishable Shittim wood, and covered all over, inside and out, with gold! But our Saviour also, by his own example, precludes all unseemly negligence in the treatment of books, as may be read in Luke iv. For when he had read over the scriptural prophecy written about himself, in a book delivered to him, he did not return it till he had first closed it with his most holy hands; by which act students are most clearly taught that they ought not, in the smallest degree whatever, to be negligent about the custody of books."*

'He died at Bishops Auckland on the 14th of April, 1345, full of years and of honours. Fourteen days after his death he was buried "quodammodo honorifice, non tamen cum honore satis congruo," says Chambre, before the altar of the blessed Mary Magdelene, in his own cathedral. But the exalted situation he occupied in the opinion and esteem of Petrarch and other eminent literary men of the fourteenth century, shed brighter lustre on his memory than it could have derived from funeral processions, or from monuments and epitaphs.'—vol. i. pp. 225—227.

The clerical chancellors of those old times were, with some exceptions, men well skilled in the civil and canon law, who had commenced as advocates before the ecclesiastical courts, and generally had been employed under previous holders of the great seal. By the time of Edward III. the common lawyers, usually laymen, had become a body of some importance: but that king, who first committed the great seal to a layman, did not commence his grand innovation by a selection from the common law bar. The first lay Chancellor was Sir Robert Bouchier, one of the most eminent soldiers of a most warlike age, and when Edward resolved to put down the ascendancy of the ecclesiastics by *inter alia* depriving them of the marble chair, he appears to have considered nothing but the shrewdness and energy of this stout knight, who might be relied on for boldly confronting the opposition of the lords Spiritual, but who had been in nowise educated for judicial functions, had been 'armed' since boyhood, and accompanied the king in all his military expeditions. Bouchier accordingly signalised a brief chancellorship by some most illegal

* Luke iv. 20. 'And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down.'

proceedings, and becoming in consequence extremely unpopular, was very glad to resume his proper vocation at the commencement of the campaign of Cressy. He fought gallantly by the side of the Black Prince, and was rewarded by a peerage, which he transmitted to a line of illustrious heirs. His successor in the marble chair was the first regularly bred common lawyer who became Chancellor of England—Sir Robert Parnynge, who had been for some time Chief Justice of the King's Bench with high reputation, and then Lord Treasurer, but who never rose to the peerage.

‘The equitable jurisdiction of chancery had gradually extended itself, and to the duties of his own Court the new Chancellor sedulously devoted himself. But he thought, as did Lord Eldon and the most celebrated of his successors, that the best qualification for an Equity Judge is not the mere drudgery of drawing bills and answers, but a scientific knowledge of the common law; and he further thought it essential that his knowledge of the common law should be steadily kept up by him when Chancellor. “This man,” says Lord Coke, “knowing that he who knew not the common law could never well judge in Equity (which is a just correction of law in some cases), did usually sit in the Court of Common Pleas (which court is the lock and key of the Common Law) and heard matters in law there debated, and many times would argue himself, as in the Report, 17 Ed. 3, it appears.”

‘There was only one parliament held while Parnynge was Chancellor, in which he presided with dignity, although the inconvenience was felt of the Speaker not being a member of the House of Peers. The commons, not from any dissatisfaction with him, but rather, I presume, with a view that he might be raised to the peerage, petitioned the King, “that the Chancellor may be a peer of the realm, and that no stranger be appointed thereunto, and that he attend not to any other office.” Edward, much nettled, chose to consider this a wanton interference with his prerogative, and returned for answer, “*Le Roi poet faire ses ministres come lui plaira, et come lui et ses ancestres ont fait en tut temps passez.*” On the 26th of August, 1343, he suddenly died while enjoying the full favour of his Prince and the entire confidence of his fellow-subjects.

‘I cannot find any trace of his decisions while Chancellor; but we know that he is to be honoured as the first person who held the office with the requisite qualifications for the proper discharge of its important duties, and he must have laid the foundation-stone of that temple to justice, afterwards reared in such fair proportions by an Ellesmere, a Nottingham, and a Hardwicke.’—vol. i. p. 244.

Edward III., to gratify the Commons at a critical moment, elevated to the Marble Chair one other eminent layman and common lawyer—Sir Robert Thorpe; but in general during his long reign and for many reigns afterwards, the Chancellors were, according to the primitive fashion, churchmen. Edyngton (A.D.

1356) was Chancellor and Bishop of Winchester. He might have been Primate had he pleased, but told the king that 'though Canterbury had the higher rack, Winchester had the larger manger,' and his three successors in the mitre of Winchester (William of Wykeham, Cardinal Beaufort, and Waynesflete), were all likewise Chancellors. These four Chancellors held that manger for more than one hundred and fifty years!

Between Edyngton and Wykeham intervened the four years (1363-7) of Simon Langham, a monk, whose soft oily voice charmed every congregation, while his reputation for piety procured him much resort as a confessor, and who 'is one of the few instances of the regular clergy attaining to great eminence in England.' His penitents among the ladies pushed him on; but Edward III. detected under that cowl an able statesman, and the monk renowned for prayer and penance emerged by and bye as the most elegant and fascinating of courtiers—Abbot of Westminster, Treasurer of England, Bishop of Ely—at last Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of Canterbury. But by that time his popularity, as an ecclesiastic at least, had waned—witness the contemporary pasquinade:—

'Lætantur cœli quia Simon transit ab Ely;
Cujus in adventum flent in Kent millia centum.'

He became a Cardinal, and, having accumulated vast wealth, aspired to the popedom. He resigned the seal in order that he might reside for a time at Avignon and canvass his brethren of the purple, but was cut off by paralysis in the midst of his ambitious projects, bequeathing large estates to the abbey of Westminster, and remembered in his capacity of Chancellor only, or chiefly, as having greatly increased the fees of his court.

On the illustrious career of his immediate successor, we need not dwell at present. Lord Campbell has given us a very excellent chapter on William of Wykeham; but though we are not disposed to quarrel with an effusion of kindly personal feeling, we must say we think the noble and learned author produces rather an unfriendly effect by his closing note, to wit:—

'The bull of Pope Urbanus VI. for founding Winchester school was granted 1st June, 1378. I have a great kindness for the memory of William of Wickham, when I think of his having produced such Wickhamists as my friends Baron Rolfe and Professor Empson.

' "Hactenus ire libet, tu major laudibus istis
Suscipe conatus, Wicame Dive, meos." '—vol. i. p. 295.

Mr. Baron Rolfe and Professor Empson are, as we all know, very accomplished persons; but to specify them as the marking glories

glories of Winchester is surely somewhat premature. On the other hand, we think there is an unfair harshness and contemptuousness in Lord Campbell's language concerning the last Chancellor of Richard the Second:—

'John Searle, who had nominally been Chancellor to Richard II., and presided on the woolsack as a tool of Archbishop Arundel, was for a short time continued in the office by the new Sovereign.

'Little is known respecting his origin or prior history. He is supposed to have been a mere clerk in the Chancery brought forward for a temporary purpose to play the part of Chancellor. Having strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage, he was heard of no more. It proved convenient for the Staffords, the Beauforts, and the Arundels, that he should be thus suddenly elevated and depressed.

'Had he been a prelate, we should have traced him in the chronicles of his diocese, but we have no means of discovering the retreat of a layman unconnected with any considerable family, and of no personal eminence. He was probably fed in the buttery of some of the great barons whom he had served, hardly distinguished while he lived or when he died from their other idle retainers. He may enjoy the celebrity of being the most inconsiderable man who ever held the office of Chancellor in England.'—vol. i. pp. 307, 308.

It is true that John Searle fills but a small space in the history of the office; but what is there known of him to his disadvantage except that he was a man without dignified connexions; promoted to the high rank of Chancellor for the purposes of a party, and dismissed from it as soon as a contemplated change of government had been effected? Might not every word of this grievous indictment be applied with equal propriety to John Campbell? Was it poor John Searle's fault that in his day there were neither peerages nor retiring pensions for Chancellors either of England or Ireland? For the rest, the 'Buttery Hatch' theory is a mere spurt of Lord Campbell's spleen.*

With far different courtesy does Lord Campbell treat a Chancellor who, however respectable for learning, was undoubtedly a partaker in transactions still more questionable than those with which Searle's name is connected—the Chancellor who presided in parliament throughout all the stages of the usurpation of Richard III. It is true that after Richard was seated on the throne he endeavoured to conciliate popular favour by some excellent legislative measures; and it is probable that such measures, for such purpose desirable to the tyrant, were devised

* In the times of Chancellor Searle it appears incidentally that the House of Commons usually met for dispatch of business at seven in the morning—the House of Lords at nine.—Vol. i. p. 318.

by the same accommodating Chancellor who had drawn the bill for bastardizing the children of Edward IV. But who does not smile to read—

‘I will fondly believe, though I can produce no direct evidence to prove the fact, that to “JOHN RUSSELL” the nation was indebted for the Act entitled—“The Subjects of this Realm not to be charged with Benevolence,” the object of which was to put down the practice introduced in some late reigns of levying taxes under the name of “benevolence,” without the authority of parliament. The language employed would not be unworthy of that great statesman bearing the same name, who in our own time framed and introduced Bills “to abolish the Test Act,” and “to reform the representation of the people in parliament.”’—p. 404.

Who does not see that the whole charm is in the name?—that the true object of Lord Campbell is to puff the author of the Reform Bill?—that with this view alone has Lord Campbell expended seven pages on a Chancellor of the 15th century, so ‘inconsiderable’ that, as the biographer states, he has ‘not been mentioned by modern historians’—adding, ‘I consider him as one of the *Cancellarian Mummies* I have dug up and exhibited to the public’ (p. 407). And yet, after all, Lord Campbell is obliged to admit that there exists not only no evidence but no tradition for connecting this John Russell in any way whatever with the blood of the Bedfords. He says, ‘he was *most likely* of the Bedford family, who, having held a respectable but not brilliant position in the west of England since the Conquest, were now rising into eminence’ (p. 401), and suggests that Mr. Wiffen passes him *sub silentio* in his laborious *History of the House of Russell* ‘perhaps from a shyness to acknowledge him on account of his connexion with Richard III.’—a suggestion the compliment of which we leave to be decided between Friend Wiffen and his as well as Lord Campbell’s idol, Lord John.

We must, we suspect, ascribe to the popularity-hunting craft of Richard and his ‘JOHN RUSSELL,’ the fact that the first statute of this reign was the first statute drawn in the English tongue. Although as early as 1362 Chancellor Edyngton carried through parliament a bill, by which it was enacted that all pleadings and judgments in the Courts of Westminster should for the future be in English, whereas they had been in French ever since the Conquest; as also that all schoolmasters should thenceforth teach their pupils to construe in English, and not in French; the change—in the legal department at least—was long and successfully resisted. The practitioners obstinately adhered to their old dialect in Reports, Treatises, and Abridgments. Under the
Commonwealth

Commonwealth an act was passed for the use of the English language 'in all legal records' (iii. 90): but this seemed to many a more dangerous innovation than the abolition of the House of Lords or the Regal office; and Whitelock, who introduced the measure, would not have carried it in opposition to his brothers of the long robe, had he not enlisted on his side the more pious out of the profession, by showing that Moses drew up the laws of the Jews in their own vernacular Hebrew, and not either in the Chinese tongue or the Egyptian. The Restoration brought back French to our Reports, and Latin to our Law Records, which continued till the reign of George II.; and if we would find anything in the Digest of Chief Baron Comyn about *Highways*, or *Tithes*, or *Husband and Wife*, we must refer to the titles *Chemin*, *Dismes*, and *Baron et Feme*. Acts of Parliament, we have seen, continued to be framed in French until Richard III.—in whose time also they were first printed. But even to this day French is employed by the branches of the Legislature in their intercourse with each other:

'Not only is the royal assent given to bills by the words "*La Reyne le voet*," but when either House passes a bill there is an indorsement written upon it, "*Soit baillé aux Seigneurs*," or "*aux Communes*;" and at the beginning of every Parliament the Lords make an entry in their Journals, in French, of the appointment of the Receivers and Triers of petitions, not only for England, but for *Gascony*. E.g.: Extract from Lords' Journals, 24th August, 1841:—

"*Les Recevours des Petitions de Gascoigne et des autres terres et pays de par la mer et des isles:—Le Baron Abinger, Chief Baron de l'Exchequer de la Reyne; Messire James Parke, Chevalier; Messire John Edmund Dowdeswell, Ecuyer. Et ceux qui veulent delivrer leur Petitions les baillent dedans six jours prochainement ensuivant.*

"*Les Triours des Petitions de Gascoigne et des autres terres et pays de par la mer et des isles:—Le Duc de Somerset; le Marquis d'Anglesey; le Count de Tankerville; le Viscount Torrington; le Baron Campbell. Tout eux ensemble, ou quatre des seigneurs avant-ditz, appellant aux eux les Serjeants de la Reyne, quant sera besoigne, tiendront leur place en la chambre du Chambellan.*"

"*Recevours et Triours des Petitions de la Grande Bretagne et d'Ireland,*" were appointed the same day.'—vol. i. p. 253.

It is not to be supposed that after the period of Richard III. Lord Campbell finds any 'Cancellarian Mummies' to disinter; but he deals with the ampler materials of advancing light in a style on the whole very judicious, observing a happy medium between nakedness and profusion of detail as respects personal incidents, and as rarely as almost any author of the class trespassing beyond the proper limits of biography. We may instance his '*Life of Wolsey*'

as,

as, though not long, by much the clearest and even the completest one we have had of that great man, 'who enjoyed more power than any of his predecessors or successors who have held the office of Chancellor in England.' We can afford but the *exorde* of this capital chapter:—

'I shall not attempt to draw any general character of this eminent man. His good and bad qualities may best be understood from the details of his actions, and are immortalised by the dialogue between Queen Catherine and Griffith her secretary, which is familiar to every reader.

'But the nature of this work requires that I should more deliberately consider him as a Judge; for although he held the Great Seal uninterruptedly for a period of fourteen years, and greatly extended its jurisdiction, and permanently influenced our juridical institutions, not only historians, but his own biographers, in describing the politician and the churchman, almost forget that he ever was Lord Chancellor.

'From his conference with Justice Shelly respecting York Place, we know exactly his notions of the powers and duties of the Chancellor as an Equity Judge. When pressed by the legal opinion upon the question, he took the distinction between law and conscience, and said, "it is proper to have a respect to conscience before the rigour of the common law, for *laus est facere quod decet non quod licet*." The King ought of his royal dignity and prerogative to mitigate the rigour of the law where conscience hath the most force; therefore, in his royal place of equal justice he hath constituted a Chancellor, an officer to execute justice with clemency, where conscience is opposed to the rigour of the law. And therefore the Court of Chancery hath been heretofore commonly called the Court of Conscience, because it hath jurisdiction to command the high ministers of the Common Law to spare execution and judgment, where conscience hath most effect." With such notions he must have been considerably more arbitrary than a Turkish Kadi, who considers himself bound by a text of the Koran in point, and we are not to be surprised when we are told that he chose to exercise his equitable authority over everything which could be a matter of judicial inquiry.

'In consequence, bills and petitions multiplied to an unprecedented degree, and notwithstanding his despatch there was a great arrear of business. To this grievance he applied a very vigorous remedy, without any application to parliament to appoint Vice-Chancellors;—for of his own authority he at once established four new Courts of Equity by commission in the King's name. One of these was held at Whitehall before his own deputy; another before the King's almoner, Dr. Stoberby, afterwards Bishop of London; a third at the Treasury Chamber before certain members of the Council; and a fourth at the Rolls, before Cuthbert Tunstall, Master of the Rolls, who, in consequence of this appointment, used to hear causes there in the afternoon. The Master of the Rolls has continued ever since to sit separately for hearing causes in Chancery. The other three courts fell with their founder.

'Wolsey himself used still to attend pretty regularly in the Court of
Chancery

Chancery during term, and he maintained his equitable jurisdiction with a very high hand, deciding without the assistance of common law judges, and with very little regard to the common law.

'If he was sneered at for his ignorance of the doctrines and practice of the Court, he had his revenge by openly complaining that the lawyers who practised before him were grossly ignorant of the civil law and the principles of general jurisprudence; and he has been described as often interrupting their pleadings, and bitterly animadverting on their narrow notions and limited arguments. To remedy an evil which troubled the stream of justice at the fountain-head, he, with his usual magnificence of conception, projected an institution, to be founded in London, for the systematic study of all branches of the law. He even furnished an architectural model for the building, which was considered a masterpiece, and remained long after his death as a curiosity in the palace at Greenwich. Such an institution is still a desideratum in England; for, with splendid exceptions, it must be admitted that English barristers, though very clever practitioners, are not such able jurists as are to be found in other countries where law is systematically studied as a science.

'On Wolsey's fall his administration of justice was strictly overhauled; but no complaint was made against him of bribery or corruption, and the charges were merely that he had examined many matters in Chancery after judgment given at common law;—that he had unduly granted injunctions;—and that when his injunctions were disregarded by the Judges, he had sent for those venerable magistrates and sharply reprimanded them for their obstinacy. He is celebrated for the vigour with which he repressed perjury and chicanery in his Court, and he certainly enjoyed the reputation of having conducted himself as Chancellor with fidelity and ability,—although it was not till a later age that the foundation was laid of that well-defined system of equity now established, which is so well adapted to all the wants of a wealthy and refined society, and, leaving little discretion to the Judge, disposes satisfactorily of all the varying cases within the wide scope of its jurisdiction.

'I am afraid I cannot properly conclude this sketch of the Life of Wolsey without mentioning that "of his own body he was ill, and gave the clergy ill example." He had a natural son, named Winter, who was promoted to be Dean of Wells, and for whom he procured a grant of "arms" from the Heralds' College. The 38th article of his impeachment shows that he had for his mistress a lady of the name of Lark, by whom he had two other children; there were various amours in which he was suspected of having indulged, and his health had suffered from his dissolute life. But we must not suppose that the scandal arising from such irregularities was such as would be occasioned by them at the present day. A very different standard of morality then prevailed: churchmen, debarred from marriage, were often licensed to keep concubines, and as the Popes themselves were in this respect by no means infallible, the frailties of a Cardinal were not considered any insuperable bar either to secular or spiritual preferment.

'In judging him we must remember his deep contrition for his backslidings;

slidings; and the memorable lesson which he taught with his dying breath, that, to ensure true comfort and happiness, a man must addict himself to the service of God, instead of being misled by the lures of pleasure and ambition.

'The subsequent part of Henry's reign is the best panegyric on Wolsey; for, during twenty-nine years, he had kept free from the stain of blood or violence the Sovereign, who now, following the natural bent of his character, cut off the heads of his wives and his most virtuous ministers, and proved himself the most arbitrary tyrant that ever disgraced the throne of England.'

The life of Wolsey's venerated successor, More, is entitled to similar praise. Notwithstanding all the labour and skill of so many able predecessors, Lord Campbell has brought out the whole story with, we must say, unrivalled felicity. We can afford, however, only a few trivial specimens of this rich biography:—

'After diligently searching the books, I find the report of only one judgment which he pronounced during his chancellorship, and this I shall give in the words of the reporter:—

'“It happened on a time that a beggar-woman's little dog, which she had lost, was presented for a jewel to Lady More, and she had kept it some se'night very carefully; but at last the beggar had notice where her dog was, and presently she came to complain to Sir Thomas, as he was sitting in his hall, that his lady withheld her dog from her. Presently my Lady was sent for, and the dog brought with her; which Sir Thomas, taking in his hands, caused his wife, because she was the worthier person, to stand at the upper end of the hall, and the beggar at the lower end, and saying that he sat there to do every one justice, he bade each of them call the dog; which, when they did, the dog went presently to the beggar, forsaking my Lady. When he saw this, he bade my Lady be contented, for it was none of hers; yet she, repining at the sentence of my Lord Chancellor, agreed with the beggar, and gave her a piece of gold, which would well have bought three dogs, and so all parties were agreed; every one smiling to see his manner of inquiring out the truth.” It must be acknowledged that Solomon himself could not have heard and determined the case more wisely or equitably.*

'But a grave charge has been brought against the conduct of More while Chancellor—that he was a cruel and even bloody persecutor of the Lutherans. This is chiefly founded on a story told by Fox, the Martyrologist—“that Burnham, a reformer, was carried out of the Middle Temple to the Chancellor's house at Chelsea, where he continued in free prison awhile, till the time that Sir Thomas More saw that he could not prevail in perverting of him to his sect. Then he cast him into prison in his own house, and whipped him at the tree in his garden called “*the tree of Troth*,” and after sent him to the Tower to be racked.”† Burnet and other very zealous Protestants have likewise

* 'For some cases *in pari materia*, vid. Rep. Bar. Tem. Sanch. Pan.'

† Mart. vol. ii. Hist. Reform. vol. iii. 'When More was raised to the chief in the ministry, he became a persecutor even to blood, and defiled those hands which were never polluted with bribes.'

countenanced the supposition that More's house was really converted into a sort of prison of the Inquisition, he himself being the Grand Inquisitor; and that there was a tree in his grounds where the Reformers so often underwent flagellation under his superintendence, that it acquired the appellation of "*the tree of Troth.*" But let us hear what is said on this subject by More himself—allowed on all hands (however erroneous his opinions on religion) to have been the most sincere, candid, and truthful of men: "Divers of them have said, that of such as were in my house when I was Chancellor, I used to examine them with torments, causing them to be bound to a tree in my garden, and there piteously beaten. Except their sure keeping, I never else did cause any such thing to be done unto any of the heretics in all my life, except only twain: one was a child, and a servant of mine in mine own house, whom his father, ere he came to me, had nursed up in such matters, and set him to attend upon George Jay. This Jay did teach the child his ungracious heresy against the blessed sacrament of the altar; which heresy this child, in my house, began to teach another child. And upon that point I caused a servant of mine to strip him, like a child, before mine household, for amendment of himself and ensample of others. Another was one who, after he had fallen into these frantic heresies, soon fell into plain open frenzy; albeit that he had been in Bedlam, and afterwards, by beating and correction, gathered his remembrance. Being therefore set at liberty, his old frenzies fell again into his head. Being informed of his relapse, I caused him to be taken by the constables, and bounden to a tree in the street, before the whole town, and there striped him till he waxed weary. Verily, God be thanked, I hear no harm of him now. And of all who ever came in my hand for heresy, as help me God, else had never any of them any stripe or stroke given them, so much as a fillip in the forehead." *

'We must come to the conclusion that persons accused of heresy were confined in his house, though not treated with cruelty, and that the supposed tortures consisted in flogging one naughty boy, and administering stripes to one maniac, according to the received notion of the times, as a cure for his malady. The truth is, that More, though in his youth he had been a warm friend to religious toleration, and in his "*Utopia*" he had published opinions on this subject rather latitudinarian, at last, alarmed by the progress of the Reformation, and shocked by the excesses of some of its votaries in Germany, became convinced of the expediency of uniformity of faith, or, at least, conformity in religious observances; but he never strained or rigorously enforced the laws against Lollardy. "It is," says Erasmus, "a sufficient proof of his clemency, that while he was Chancellor no man was put to death for these pestilent dogmas, while so many, at the same period, suffered for them in France, Germany, and the Netherlands."'

On More's fall, one of the charges urged against him before the Committee of Privy Council was, that he had 'provoked the king to set forth the Booke of the Seven Sacraments—whereby

* Apology, c. 36. English Works, 902.

the title of Defender of the Faith had been gained, but in reality a sword put into the Pope's hand to fight against him, to his great dishonour in all parts of Christendom :—

‘ His answer lets us curiously into the secret history of Henry's refutation of Luther. “ My Lords,” answered he, “ these terrors be frights for children, and not for me: but to answer that wherewith you chiefly burthen me, I believe the King's Highness, of his honour, will never lay that book to my charge; for there is none that can, in that point, say more for my clearance than himself, who right well knoweth that I never was procurer, promoter, nor counsellor of his Majesty thereunto; only after it was finished, by his Grace's appointment, and *the consent of the makers of the same*, I only sorted out, and placed in order, the principal matters therein; wherein, when I had found the Pope's authority highly advanced, and with strange arguments mightily defended, I said thus to his Grace: “ I must put your Highness in mind of one thing—the Pope, as your Majesty well knoweth, is a prince, as you are, in league with all other Christian princes: it may hereafter fall out that your Grace and he may vary upon some points of the league, whereupon may grow breach of amity between you both; therefore I think it best that place be amended, and his authority more slenderly touched.” “ Nay,” said the King, “ that shall it not; we are so much bound to the See of Rome, that we cannot do too much honour unto it. Whatsoever impediment be to the contrary, we will set forth that authority to the uttermost; for we have received from that See our Crown imperial!” which till his Grace with his own mouth so told me, I never heard before. Which things well considered, I trust when his Majesty shall be truly informed thereof, and call to his gracious remembrance my sayings and doings in that behalf, his Highness will never speak more of it, but will clear me himself.”’—vol. i. p. 562.

Henry VIII., however, must have condescended to great pains in the matter of the ‘ *Booke of the Seven Sacraments.*’ The MS. of it presented to the Pope with the distich—

‘ *Anglorum Rex Henricus, Leo Decime, mittit
Hoc opus et fidei testem et amicitiae,*’

is still in the Vatican, and no one hitherto has disputed that the book, like the inscription, is in the writing of the king. Mr. Mathews (‘ *Diary of an Invalid,*’ vol. i. p. 146) saw it in 1818, and that critical observer describes the *autograph* without hint of suspicion. We ourselves saw it lately, and by the side of it several of Henry's MS. letters to Anne Boleyn, and we certainly perceived no difference in the handwritings.

Sir Thomas More's character, says Lord Campbell—

‘ Both in public and in private life, comes as near to perfection as our nature will permit; and I must think that, in weighing it, there has been too much concession, on the score that the splendour of his great qualities was obscured by intolerance and superstition; and that he

voluntarily sought his death by violating a law which, with a safe conscience, he might have obeyed. We Protestants must lament that he was not a convert to the doctrines of the Reformation; but they had as yet been very imperfectly expounded in England, and they had produced effects in foreign countries which might well alarm a man of constant mind. If he adhered conscientiously to the faith in which he had been educated, he can in no instance be blamed for the course he pursued. No good Roman Catholic could declare that the King's first marriage had been absolutely void from the beginning; or that the King could be vested, by act of parliament, with the functions of the Pope, as Head of the Anglican Church. Can we censure him for submitting to loss of office, imprisonment, and death, rather than make such a declaration? He implicitly yielded to the law regulating the succession to the Crown; and he offered no active opposition to any other law;—only requiring that on matters of opinion he might be permitted to remain silent.

'The English Reformation was a glorious event, for which we never can be sufficiently grateful to divine Providence: but I own I feel little respect for those by whose instrumentality it was first brought about;—men generally swayed by their own worldly interests, and willing to sanction the worst passions of the tyrant to whom they looked for advancement. With all my Protestant zeal, I must feel a higher reverence for Sir Thomas More than for Thomas Cromwell or Cranmer.'—vol. i. pp. 582–583.

Of the *Utopia*, the biographer thus writes:—

'But the composition to which he attached no importance, which, as a *jeu-d'esprit*, occupied a few of his idle hours when he retired from the bar and before he was deeply immersed in the business of office, and which he was with great difficulty prevailed upon to publish, would of itself have made his name immortal. Since the time of Plato, there had been no composition given to the world which, for imagination, for philosophical discrimination, for a familiarity with the principles of government, for a knowledge of the springs of human action, for a keen observation of men and manners, and for felicity of expression, could be compared to the *Utopia*. Although the word invented by More has been introduced into the language, to describe what is supposed to be impracticable and visionary,—the work (with some extravagance and absurdities, introduced perhaps with the covert object of softening the offence which might have been given by his satire upon the abuses of his age and country) abounds with lessons of practical wisdom. If I do not, like some, find in it all the doctrines of sound political economy illustrated by Adam Smith, I can distinctly point out in it the objections to a severe penal code, which have at last prevailed, after they had been long urged in vain by Romilly and Mackintosh;—and as this subject is intimately connected with the history of the law of England, I hope I may be pardoned for giving the following extract to show the law reforms which Sir Thomas More would have introduced when Lord Chancellor, had he not been three centuries in advance of his age: He represents

represents his great traveller who had visited Utopia, and describes its institutions, as saying, "There happened to be at table an English lawyer, who took occasion to run out in high commendation of the severe execution of thieves in his country, where might be seen twenty at a time dangling from one gibbet. Nevertheless, he observed, it puzzled him to understand how, since so few escaped, there were yet so many thieves left who were still found robbing in all places. Upon this I said with boldness, there was no reason to wonder at the matter, since this way of punishing thieves was neither just in itself nor for the public good; for as the severity was too great, so the remedy was not effectual; simple theft was not so great a crime that it ought to cost a man his life; and no punishment would restrain men from robbing who could find no other way of livelihood.* In this, not only you, but a great part of the world besides, imitate ignorant and cruel schoolmasters, who are readier to flog their pupils than to teach them. Instead of these dreadful punishments enacted against thieves, it would be much better to make provision for enabling those men to live by their industry whom you drive to theft, and then put to death for the crime you cause."

'He exposes the absurdity of the law of forfeiture in case of larceny, which I am ashamed to say, notwithstanding the efforts I have myself made in parliament to amend it, still disgraces our penal code, so that for an offence for which, as a full punishment, sentence is given of imprisonment for a month, the prisoner loses all his personal property, which is never thought of by the Court in pronouncing the sentence. It was otherwise among the Utopians. "Those that are found guilty of theft among them are bound to make restitution to the owner, and not to the prince. If that which was stolen is no more in being, then the goods of the thief are estimated, and restitution being made out of them, the remainder is given to his wife and children."

'I cannot refrain from giving another extract to prove that, before the Reformation, he was as warm a friend as Locke to the principles of religious toleration. He says, that the great legislator of Utopia made a law that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavour to draw others to it by the force of argument, and by amicable and modest ways, without bitterness against those of other opinions. "This law was made by Utopus not only for preserving the public peace, which he saw suffered much by daily contentions and irreconcilable heats, but because he thought it was required by a due regard to the interest of religion itself. He judged it not fit to decide rashly any matter of opinion, and he deemed it foolish and indecent to threaten and terrify another for the purpose of making him believe what did not

* "Cœpit accurate laudare rigidam illam justitiam quæ tum illic exercebatur in fures, quos passim narrabat nonnunquam suspendi viginti in unâ cruce, atque eo vehementius dicebat se mirari cum tam pauci elaborerentur supplicio, quo malo fato fieret (how the devil it happened) uti tam multi tamen ubique grassarentur." This lawyer reminds me exceedingly of the attorney-generals, judges, and secretaries of state, who in my early youth eulogised the bloody penal code which then disgraced England, and predicted that if it were softened, there would be no safety for life or property. They would not even, like their worthy predecessor here recorded, admit its inefficiency to check the commission of crime.—vol. i. p. 584.

appear to him to be true." His most wonderful anticipation may be thought that of Lord Ashley's factory measure—by "the Six Hours Bill" which regulated labour in Utopia. "Nec ab summo mane tamen ad multam usque noctem perpetuo labore, velut jumenta, fatigatus; nam ea plus quam servilis ærumna est; quæ tamen ubique fere opificum vita est—exceptis Utopiensibus, qui cum in horas viginti-quatuor æquales diem connumeratâ nocte dividant, sex duntaxat operi deputant, tres ante meridiem, a quibus prandium ineunt, atque a prandio duas pomeridianas horas; quum sex interquieverunt, tres deinde rursus labori datas cœnâ claudunt. Etenim quod sex duntaxat horas in opere sunt, fieri fortasse potest, ut inopiam aliquam putes necessariam rerum sequi. Quod tam longe abest ut accadat, ut id temporis ad omnium rerum copiam, quæ quidem ad vitæ vel necessitatem requirantur vel commoditatem, non sufficiat modo sed supersit etiam" (*Utopia*, vol. ii. p. 68.)

This Life contains sundry pleasant little anecdotal scraps for which we wish we had room. Let one suffice. After telling the well-known story of the Chancellor's daily kneeling for his father the pious Judge's blessing ere he opened Court, Lord Campbell says—

'I am old enough to remember that when the Chancellor left his Court, if the Court of King's Bench was sitting, a curtain was drawn and bows were exchanged between him and the Judges, so that I can easily picture to myself the "blessing scene" between the father and son.'—vol. i. p. 544, *note*.

In another *note* he corrects a very serious error:—

'More's recent biographers, by erroneously fixing his trial on the 7th of May, make an interval of two months instead of six days between that and his execution; but it is quite certain that although he was arraigned on the 7th of May, he was not tried till the 1st of July.*

We do not quote with the same approbation Lord Campbell's defence of the illustrious More for his patronage of the miracles of the 'Maid of Kent':—

'We need not wonder at the credulity of *the most eminent men* of that age, when in our own day a nobleman, distinguished by his talents and his eloquence, as well as by his illustrious birth, has published a pamphlet to support two contemporaneous miraculous maids, the "Estatica" and the "Adolorata."—vol. i. p. 560, *note*.

Such little subserviences and flatteries *obiter* of contemporary partisans are very unworthy of this grave and deliberate work.

Of the life of the next Chancellor we give the opening sentences:—

'When Sir Thomas More resigned the Great Seal, it was delivered to Sir Thomas Audley, afterwards Lord Audley, with the title, first of Lord Keeper, and then of Lord Chancellor. There was a striking contrast in almost all respects, between these two individuals,—the successor

of the man so distinguished for genius, learning, patriotism, and integrity, having only common-place abilities, sufficient, with cunning and shrewdness, to raise their possessor in the world,—having no acquired knowledge beyond what was professional and official,—having first recommended himself to promotion by defending, in the House of Commons, the abuses of prerogative,—and, for the sake of remaining in office, being ever willing to submit to any degradation, and to participate in the commission of any crime. He held the Great Seal for a period of about twelve years, during which, to please the humours of his capricious and tyrannical master, he sanctioned the divorce of three Queens,—the execution of two of them on a scaffold,—the judicial murder of Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and many others, who, animated by their example, preferred death to infamy,—the spoliation of the Church and a division of the plunder among those who planned the robbery,—and reckless changes of the established religion, which left untouched all the errors of Popery, with the absurdity of the King being constituted Pope, and which involved in a common massacre those who denied transubstantiation and those who denied the King's spiritual supremacy.'—vol. i. p. 589.

Chancellor Audley himself was as rapacious in the matter of church plunder as the founder of the house of Bedford—and almost as successful. After extorting some four or five rich priories, he let out at last the grand object of his ambition—which was to get the site and lands of the great Abbey at Walden in Essex, and unquestionably he had the merit of urging this bold claim with 'force and naïveté.' He wrote thus to Vicar-General Cromwell: 'I have in this world sustayned *greate damage and infamie* in serving the Kynge's hieness, which this grant shall *recompens.*'

'This appeal was felt to be so well founded, that in consideration of the bad law laid down by him on the trials of Fisher, More, Anne Boleyn, Courtenay, and de la Pole, and of the measures he had carried through parliament to exalt the royal prerogative and to destroy the constitution, and of the execration heaped upon him by the whole English nation,—as well as by way of retaining fee for future services of the like nature, and *recompense* for farther *infamy*,—he received a warrant to put the Great Seal to the desired grant.'

Lord Campbell adds, 'Here he constructed his tomb, and his grandson built the magnificent mansion of Audley End, now the seat of Lord Braybrooke.' But Lord Braybrooke's mansion, spacious and noble though it be, is but one wing of the palace of his Audley ancestors—'that stately fabric of Audley End,' says Dugdale, 'not to be equalled, excepting Hampton Court, by any in this realm.'

This 'sordid slave,' first brought into notice, and then was succeeded by, Thomas Wriothesley, a man of no splendid origin (son of one of the Kings-at-Arms), who received from Henry

VIII. the possessions of the Abbey of Titchfield, and the title of Lord Wriothesley of Titchfield, and was one of those executors of Henry who commenced their administration by a fraudulent manœuvre to advance each of themselves in the peerage. When Hertford became Duke of Somerset this Chancellor became Earl of Southampton; and so on with the rest, all moreover bestowing on themselves 'suitable grants to support their new dignities.' Wriothesley, after being accomplice and tool of Somerset, joined the Protector's great enemy Dudley, suggested the measures which ended in Somerset's fall, and that business consummated, was contemptuously tossed aside by Dudley, and after languishing a year or two in obscurity, died of 'a broken heart,' that is, of disappointed ambition. He is remembered chiefly in our history as the judge who presided at the judicial murder of 'the gentle Surrey,' and who *with his own hands* tightened the rack at the torturing of the young and beautiful martyr, Anne Askew. Except that he was steady to his popery, it is impossible to discover any respectable circumstance in his career. But his line ended after three generations in an heiress—Rachel Wriothesley, the admirable wife of William Lord Russell; and, of course, Lord Campbell must needs contrive to wind up even this savage intriguer's history with a sentence that would fain be civil:—

'The present Bedford family thus represent Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, resembling him in sincerity and steadiness of purpose, but happily distinguished for mildness and liberality instead of sternness and bigotry.'—vol. i p. 652.

We are now advancing in 'the Grandeur of the Law.' The next Chancellor was William Paulet, heir of an ancient knightly family in Somersetshire, a favourite in the household of Henry VII., and then of Henry VIII., who made him Chancellor, Lord St. John of Basing, and a knight of the Garter—a favourite and partisan of Somerset's, who made him Earl of Wiltshire—then a partaker in Dudley's plans for the overthrow of Somerset, and the presiding judge at Somerset's trial, for which service Dudley made him Marquess of Winchester—then active in the cause of Lady Jane Grey, but the first to leave her party—forgiven accordingly, and made Lord High Treasurer by Queen Mary—during whose whole reign he held that office—and then the humble slave of Burleigh, continued as Treasurer by Elizabeth till his death in 1572. Sir James Mackintosh, when speaking of the versatile politicians who had the art and fortune to slide unhurt through all the shocks of forty years in a revolutionary age, says, 'the Marquess of Winchester, who had served Henry VII., and retained office under every intermediate government till he died in his ninety-seventh year with the staff of Lord Treasurer in his hands,

hands, is perhaps the most remarkable specimen of this species preserved in history.' He expired serenely, smilingly, congratulating himself that 'he had been a willow, not an oak,' and was consigned to a magnificent tomb, with the attendance of one hundred and three of his progeny. This Chancellor knew little enough of the law, but he had the true qualifications for worldly success. To change his religion four or five times—conduct the trials of Papists under a Protestant government, of Protestants under a Papist one, and so on *toties quoties*—to serve one sovereign against whom he had committed treason, and two whom he had bastardized—all these things were trifles to the patriarch of the Marquesses of Winchester and Dukes of Bolton. 'He was,' says Lord Campbell, with his usual terseness of summary, 'of a cheerful temper, pleasing manners, moderate abilities, and respectable acquirements. Exciting no envy or jealousy, he had every one's good word, and accommodating himself to the humours of all, all were disposed to befriend him.'—*Sic itur ad astra.*

The next was *Richard Rich*, son of a mercer in the city, remarkable in early life only as 'a dicer and gamester,' and never suspected of severe study or profound attainments of any sort, but an artful barrister, audacious flatterer, and convenient tool. He was Solicitor-General at the trials of More and Fisher, and his treachery and perjury then volunteered, procured him the wealthy sinecure of Chirographer to the Common Pleas. Then we have him Speaker of the House of Commons—then Paymaster of the Army—then Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations—which post enabled him to secure Church plunder sufficient for the endowment of two coronets—which plunder made him a good Protestant—and kept him one, except during Mary's short reign;—ultimately Lord Rich and Chancellor of England. His eldest son was created Earl of Warwick—his second, Earl of Holland. One of his descendants built Holland House, so famed as the scene of political intrigue in the days of Charles I., as the residence of Addison's wife, the Countess Dowager of Warwick, and since 'as the centre of intellectual and refined society under the family of Fox.' (vol. ii. p. 27.) The family of Rich is now extinct in all its branches.

We have now another series of clerical Chancellors—and first, *Thomas Goodrick*—seated on the woolsack by Dudley (December, 1551), because 'there was no lawyer in whom he could place entire confidence; and he had projects to which a lawyer with any remaining scruples must object.' Goodrick had been employed in revising the translation of the New Testament, and in compiling the Liturgy of Edward VI., and had been rewarded for these services by the mitre of Ely. His reputation as a
Protestant

Protestant divine would, as Dudley had rightly conjectured, render him an excellent keeper of the royal conscience, when a warrant was to be extorted from young Edward for the execution of his uncle Somerset. The Bishop therefore became Chancellor. He acted as Chancellor also to Lady Jane Grey—but resigned the Seal with such alacrity to Queen Mary, the moment Jane's cause was desperate, and also recanted his Protestantism with such exemplary readiness, that he was pardoned and continued in his See. Dying before Elizabeth's accession, he died also of course in the communion of Rome.

We need not dwell on Lord Campbell's next subject—for he was a great man, and though it is strange enough that we have never had a separate biography of him, the principal events in his life are part and parcel of the History of England. Lord Campbell gives in full detail the procedure in Parliament, arranged and conducted by Lord Chancellor Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, when the English government and nation were to be formally reunited to the Roman church. This precedent, he observes, will probably be studied by those 'who at the present time wish to bring about a similar reconciliation.' It is a very curious procedure.

Gardiner was succeeded as Chancellor by Heath, Archbishop of York, whose earlier life is not without its inconsistencies, and who persevered in Gardiner's Smithfield policy, but whose memory is redeemed by his honourable conduct at and after the death of his patroness Mary. Elizabeth would willingly have continued him both as Chancellor and as Archbishop, if he would have gone into her and Cecil's plans for the revival of the reformed religion. But Heath was steadfast. Sir Nicholas Bacon was made Lord Keeper—and refusing, in his place of Parliament, to take the oath of Supremacy, the Archbishop was deprived forthwith of his See.

'He retired to a small property of his own at Cobham, in Surrey, where he devoted the rest of his days to study and devotion. He was here compared to Abiathar, sent home by Solomon to his own field, and he was said to have found himself happier than he had ever been during his highest elevation. Queen Elizabeth herself, remembering how promptly he had recognised her title when he was Lord Chancellor, and believing that he afterwards acted from conscientious motives, was in the frequent habit of visiting him in his retreat, and, with a certain hankering after the old religion, she probably, in her heart, honoured him more than she did Archbishop Parker, whom she found living splendidly at Lambeth, with a lady whom she would neither call his "mistress" nor his "wife."—Heath survived till the year 1566, when he died deeply lamented by his friends, and with the character of a good, if not of a great man.

' Great

'Great reproach was brought upon the two Chancellors, Gardyner and Heath, for the furious religious persecution which they prompted or sanctioned; but the former gained much popularity by his resistance to the Queen's matrimonial alliance with Philip of Spain, and the latter was respected for the general moderation of his character and his personal disinterestedness. They issued writs, under the Great Seal, for the election of representatives to the House of Commons to fourteen new places (generally very small towns) which had not before sent members to parliament,—imitating the conduct of Edward's Chancellors, who, to strengthen the Reformation, had enfranchised no fewer than twenty-two similar boroughs. None of their judicial decisions have been handed down to us.'—vol. ii. p. 86.

We must quote here a note which may perhaps edify some of the legal personages destined to figure at her Majesty's next Fancy Ball:—

'During Mary's reign the lawyers devoted much of their attention to the regulation of their own dress and personal appearance. To check the grievance of "long beards," an order was issued by the Inner Temple "that no fellow of that house should wear his beard above three weeks' growth on pain of forfeiting 20s." The Middle Temple enacted "that none of that society should wear great breeches in their hose made after the Dutch, Spanish, or Almain fashion, or lawn upon their caps, or cut doublets, under a penalty of 3s. 4d., and expulsion for the second offence." In 3 and 4 P. and M. it was ordained by all the four Inns of Court, "that none except knights and benchers should wear in their doublets or hose any light colours, save scarlet and crimson, nor wear any upper velvet cap, or any scarf or wings in their gowns, white jerkins, buskins, or velvet shoes, double cuffs in their shirts, feathers or ribbons in their caps, and that none should wear their study gowns in the city any farther than Fleet Bridge or Holborn Bridge, nor, while in Commons, wear Spanish cloaks, sword and buckler, or rapier, or gowns and hats, or gowns girded with a dagger on the back.'—*Ibid.*

We avoid Sir Nicholas Bacon, as 'the great father of a greater son' is well known to all. Nor do we find any novelties to tempt us in the sketch of his successor Bromley, who is sufficiently damned to all ages by his proceedings at the trial of the Queen of Scots. The sudden rise and brief Chancellorship of the 'dancing' Sir Christopher Hatton are most amusingly told—we cannot add without scandal against Queen Elizabeth;—on the contrary, Lord Campbell takes pains to prove that the arrangements of the royal apartments within four and twenty hours after the leader of the brawl first attracted her notice in Gray's Inn Hall, were about as suspicious as those of his own Queen Caroline and her friend Bergami at Naples;—but all this and the Keepership of Puckering also we must pass over.

The next that ascended the marble chair might well detain us; but we have given so much space to the 'mummies' that we can
afford

afford little to the immortals. Lord Campbell has done the life of the illustrious *Ellesmere* in a manner worthy of such a subject—traced the long, arduous, dignified career with diligent research and recorded it with clearness and elegance—the theme, as well it might, evidently tempting him to unusual care, and inspiring a more than common warmth as well as grace of expression. In one paragraph Lord Campbell seems to invite a commentary—but we beg to be excused.

‘ From the beginning he afforded the example of a consummate judge. He was not only courteous in his manner, but quiet, patient, and attentive—waiting to be instructed as to the facts and law of the case by the counsel who had been studying them—never interrupting to show quickness of perception, or to anticipate authorities likely to be cited, or to blurt out a jest—yet venturing to put a question for the right understanding of the points to be decided, and gently checking wandering and prolixity by a look or a hint. He listened with undivided attention to the evidence, and did not prepare a speech in parliament or write letters to his correspondents under pretence of taking notes of the arguments addressed to him. Nor did he affect the reputation of great despatch by deciding before he had heard both parties, or by referring facts and law to the Master which it was his own duty to ascertain and determine. When the case admitted of no reasonable doubt, he disposed of it as soon as the hearing was finished. Otherwise, he carried home the papers with him—not throwing them aside to moulder in a trunk, till, driven by the importunity of counsel asking for judgment, he again looked at them, long after the arguments he had heard were entirely forgotten and he could scarcely make out from his “breviate book” the points that had been raised for his decision,—but within a short time spontaneously giving judgment in a manner to show that he was complete master of the case, and never aggravating the anguish of the losing party by the belief that if the Judge had taken more pains the result would have been different.’

The great Chancellor is thus summed up:—

‘ Considering the times in which Lord Ellesmere lived, and comparing him with his contemporaries who reached high office, we are bound greatly to respect his memory. Neither he nor any other mortal man could deserve the panegyric upon him by a contemporary historian who knew him well, “*Nihil in vitâ nisi laudandum aut fecit, aut dixit, aut sensit;*” but in thought, word, and deed, his errors were venial. We may pardon his enmity to Sir Edward Coke, who had tried to cover him with disgrace when he was supposed to be upon his death-bed. With all his other rivals and political opponents he seems to have lived on terms of courtesy if not of kindness. He never betrayed a friend.

‘ As a politician he always stood up for the extension of the prerogative, and his doctrines were often inconsistent with our notions of a free constitution; but we must remember that precedents might then be cited for almost every exercise of arbitrary power; and the great patriot Sir Edward Coke, with other eminent men as late as the Revolution of
1688,

1688, laid it down for law, that an Act of Parliament to abolish the dispensing power would be inoperative, as the King could first dispense with the abolishing act, and then with the penalty to be dispensed with.

'While Lord Ellesmere was Chancellor the few state prosecutions which were instituted took a milder and more regular form; and if the Somersets were improperly pardoned, he was not accessory, like many of his predecessors, to the unjust shedding of noble blood.

'His great natural abilities had been assiduously cultivated, and he was one of the best public speakers who had yet appeared in England. His apprehension was keen and ready, his judgment deep and sound, and his elocution elegant and easy. "He was a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked."

'As an Equity Judge he gained more applause than any one who had sat before him in the marble chair. With a knowledge of law equal to Edward III.'s lay Chancellors, Parnyng and Knyvet, so highly eulogised by Lord Coke, he was much more familiar with the principles of general jurisprudence. Not less noted for despatch and purity than Sir Thomas More, he was much better acquainted with the law of real property, as well as the practice of the court in which he had long practised as an advocate; and exhibiting all the patience and suavity of Sir Nicholas Bacon, he possessed more quickness of perception and a more vigorous grasp of intellect. Many ecclesiastical holders of the Great Seal were to be admired as statesmen and scholars, but none had been competent, without assistance, satisfactorily to preside in the judgment-seat.

'Ellesmere, while in his vigour, had himself disposed of the whole business of the Court of Chancery. In his declining years he required assistance; but to the last, every case of magnitude he heard and decided in person. During the whole of his time, there seems to have been an entire cessation of all impeachment of the Court of Chancery either for delay or corruption; and the only complaint against him that he exceeded his jurisdiction, was decided in his favour.

'He was very solicitous for the honour of the bar, which then seems to have had members much given to lying, quarrelling, making fraudulent bargains with their clients, and, when it suited their purpose, to insulting the Judge. During the hearing of the case of Ranolph Crew, 9 Jac. I., according to an accurate reporter, "*Le Seignior Chancellor dit, Benedictus Dominus Deus justitiæ! et il exhort les Lawyers destre veriloqui, pacidici, et nemy de p̄cipater en le benefit dascun suit; ut gratiose se gerant et Judici in judicio ne prejudicent.*"

'The practice of the King interfering with suits by writs of Privy Seal, under pretence that one of the suitors was in the royal service, still continued; but there is no reason to suppose that Ellesmere was influenced by these beyond granting delay,—and all members of parliament were considered entitled to the like privilege.

'When any cause was depending before him in which a Peer was concerned, he gave him notice, by a missive under his hand, of the time appointed for hearing it; but he never was suspected of unduly leaning in favour of the aristocratic party—any more than of seeking vulgar

vulgar praise by becoming counsel for the poor; and he had the rare good fortune to be, at the same time, the favourite of the Court and of the people.

Ellesmere is particularly to be commended for the exercise of his patronage. Unlike Cecil the father, and Cecil the son, to whom it is imputed by Bacon, their kinsman, that out of jealousy they wished to depress all rising men of merit, he was eager to befriend and bring forward all who were likely to be able to serve their country with credit and advantage. He strongly supported Bacon's claim to the offices of Solicitor and Attorney General; and recommended him as his successor. As another example, I may mention that having heard Williams, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper, when a tutor at Cambridge, preach a sermon which displayed great talent,—although a stranger to him, he made him his chaplain, and advanced him in the King's service, so that he afterwards attained the highest honours in the church and state.

'In making Judges (a most important part of the duty of a Lord Chancellor, for by a bad judicial appointment no one can calculate the aggregate amount of evil inflicted on the community) Ellesmere deserves particular credit. His anxiety on this subject appears from a letter he wrote on the accession of King James, recommending a new call of Serjeants, "consideringe that moost of the Judges are aged, and the Serjeantes at Lawe now servinge at the barre not so sufficyent to supplye judiciall places as were to be wyshed (ne quid dicam durius);"—a state of that venerable Court very different from what we have constantly seen in our time, when if, by a new gunpowder plot exploding at the Chancellor's levee the first day of term, all the Judges should suddenly be swept off,—the benches of the different Courts in Westminster Hall might well be replenished from the order of the coif.

'His great church patronage, likewise, he dispensed with a single view to the public weal. "Livings," said he, "rather want learned men than learned men livings, many in the Universities pining for want of places. I wish, therefore, some may have single coats before others have doublets; and this method I have observed in bestowing the King's benefices."

'He was a remarkably handsome and athletic man, and in his youth was much addicted to the sports of the field. He retained his personal beauty in his old age, insomuch that many went to the Court of Chancery to gaze at him; "and happy were they," says the facetious Fuller, "who had no other business there!"

'Although he always lived in a style suitable to his station, he left entirely of his own conquest landed estates to the value of 8000*l.* a year—equal to the wealth of the high hereditary nobility of that time.

'*"The Grandeur of the Law"* shows that many distinguished noble houses owe their origin to Westminster Hall; but I do not recollect any instance of the family of a lawyer who had raised himself from obscurity* being so soon associated with the old aristocracy, or rising so

* Lord Ellesmere was a natural son of a gentleman of very ancient family and large estates in Cheshire. The present male representative of that old house of Egerton is Sir Philip de Malpas Grey Egerton, Bart.

rapidly to the highest rank in the peerage. John, the eldest surviving son, being created Earl of Bridgewater soon after his father's death, was married to a daughter of the Earl of Derby; and being Lord President of the Principality and Marches of Wales, and Lord-Lieutenant of the counties of Salop, Hereford, Gloucester, Monmouth, Glamorgan, Caermarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, Flint, Caernarvon, Anglesea, Merioneth, Radnor, Brecknock, Montgomery, and Denbigh, kept his Court at Ludlow Castle, where his children were going

— to attend their father's state

And new intrusted sceptre—

—when passing through Haywood Forest they were benighted, and the Lady Alice was for a short time lost. This incident gave rise to "Comus," which was acted by her and her brothers, Lord Brackley and the Honourable Thomas Egerton.

'After this illustration, the family derived little additional splendour from the Ducal Coronet, which, in another generation, was bestowed upon them.

'The male line of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, after producing many great and honourable characters, has failed; and he is now represented, through a female, by that accomplished statesman, Lord Francis Egerton, who enjoys the princely possessions of the family, and to whom every one will rejoice to see its honours restored.'—pp. 259–261.

Lord Campbell may well say that the English peerage has been largely stocked from the law. In Mr. Foss's late edition of 'The Grandeur' we find the following list of legal houses:—

Dukes, 3.—

Norfolk.

Devonshire.

Manchester.

Marquesses, 7.—

Winchester.

Townshend.

Salisbury.

Exeter.

Camden.

Aylesbury.

Bristol.

Earls, 31.—

Suffolk.

Winchelsea.

Sandwich.

Cardigan.

Carlisle.

Shaftesbury.

Coventry.

Tankerville.

Aylesford.

Cowper.

Macclesfield.

Buckinghamshire.

Egremont.

Guilford.

Hardwicke.

Bathurst.

Clarendon.

Mansfield.

Talbot.

Fortescue.

Roslyn.

Harrowby.

Verulam.

Bradford.

Eldon.

Somers.

Burlington.

Effingham.

Yarborough.

Leicester.

Lovelace.

Viscount, 1.—

Sydney.

Barons, 40.

Le Despenser.

De Clifford.

Zouch of Harringworth.

Howard de Walden.

Clifford of Chudleigh.

Middleton.

Montfort.

Walsingham.

Montagu of Boughton.

Kenyon.

Thurlow.

Lyttleton.

Bayning.

Bolton.

Lilford.

Basset.

Alvanley.

St. Helens.

Ellenborough.

Erskine.

Crewe.

Manners.

Gifford.

Gifford.	Wallace.	Hatherton.
Lyndhurst.	Wynford.	Cottenham.
Tenterden.	Brougham.	Stratheden.
Teynham.	Chaworth.	Langdale.
Grantley.	Denman.	Bruce.
Redesdale.	Abinger.	Campbell.

The Irish peerage would afford a crop in full proportion at least. The Scotch a much scantier one. The highest success at the Edinburgh bar has proved a stepping-stone to but one coronet since the union of the kingdoms, viz., the British viscounty of Melville. We rather wonder that we have never heard any complaint on the subject.

We are not sorry that we can give place to but the opening of Lord Campbell's 'Life of Lord Bacon':—

'It will easily be believed that I enter with fear and trembling on the arduous undertaking of attempting to narrate the history, and to delineate the character, of

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

I must say, that I consider a life of Lord Bacon still a desideratum in English literature. He has often been eulogised and vituperated; there have been admirable expositions of his philosophy and criticisms on his writings; we have very lively sketches of some of his more striking actions; and we are dazzled by brilliant contrasts between his good and bad qualities, and between the vicissitudes of prosperous and adverse fortunes which he experienced. But no writer has yet presented him to us familiarly and naturally from boyhood to old age—shown us how his character was formed and developed—explained his motives and feelings at the different stages of his eventful career—or made us acquainted with him as if we had lived with him, and had actually seen him taught his alphabet by his mother—patted on the head by Queen Elizabeth—mocking the worshippers of Aristotle at Cambridge—catching the first glimpses of his great discoveries, and yet uncertain whether the light was from heaven—associating with the learned and the gay at the Court of France—devoting himself to Bracton and the Year Books in Gray's Inn—throwing aside the musty folios of the law to write a moral essay, to make an experiment in natural philosophy, or to detect the fallacies which had hitherto obstructed the progress of useful truth—contented for a time with taking "all knowledge for his province"—roused from these speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition—plying all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favour—entering the House of Commons, and displaying powers of oratory of which he had been unconscious—being seduced by the love of popular applause, for a brief space becoming a patriot—making amends, by defending all the worst excesses of prerogative—publishing to the world lucubrations on morals which show the nicest perception of what is honourable and beautiful, as well as prudent, in the conduct of life—yet, the son of a Lord Keeper, the nephew of the prime minister, a Queen's counsel, with the first practice at the bar, arrested for debt, and languishing in a spunging-house—
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tired with vain solicitations to his own kindred for promotion, joining the party of their opponents, and, after experiencing the most generous kindness from the young and chivalrous head of it, assisting to bring him to the scaffold, and to blacken his memory—seeking, by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes—on the accession of a new Sovereign offering up the most servile adulation to a Pedant whom he utterly despised—infinately gratified by being permitted to kneel down, with 230 others, to receive the honour of knighthood—truckling to a worthless favourite with the most slavish subserviency that he might be appointed a law-officer of the Crown—then giving the most admirable advice for the compilation and emendation of the laws of England, and helping to inflict torture on a poor parson whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon—attracting the notice of all Europe by his philosophical works, which established a new era in the mode of investigating the phenomena both of matter and mind—basely intriguing in the meanwhile for further promotion, and writing secret letters to his Sovereign to disparage his rivals—riding proudly between the Lord High Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of nobles and Judges, to be installed in the office of Lord High Chancellor—by and bye, settling with his servants the account of the bribes they had received for him—a little embarrassed by being obliged out of decency, the case being so clear, to decide against the party whose money he had pocketed, but stifling the misgivings of conscience by the splendour and flattery which he now commanded—struck to the earth by the discovery of his corruption—taking to his bed, and refusing sustenance—confessing the truth of the charges brought against him, and abjectly imploring mercy—nobly rallying from his disgrace, and engaging in new literary undertakings, which have added to the splendour of his name—still exhibiting a touch of his ancient vanity, and in the midst of pecuniary embarrassment refusing to “be stripped of his feathers”—inspired, nevertheless, with all his youthful zeal for science in conducting his last experiment of “stuffing a fowl with snow to preserve it,” which succeeded “excellently well,” but brought him to his grave,—and, as the closing act of a life so checkered, making his will, whereby, conscious of the shame he had incurred among his contemporaries, but impressed with a swelling conviction of what he had achieved for mankind, he bequeathed his “name and memory to men’s charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages.”—vol. ii. p. 268.

We say we are not sorry that we must here suspend our quotation. Lord Campbell has produced a masterly review of Bacon’s whole career, and we leave it unbroken to be studied and admired now and hereafter in the work on which it alone would have been sufficient to stamp the character of solid worth. It is a specimen of care and taste which has not been excelled, in our judgment, by any effort of this age so rich in biography.

The *Lives of Ellesmere* and *Bacon* occupy 280 pages in the second of these volumes. Then follow shorter sketches of the last ecclesiastical Lord Keeper, Bishop Williams; Lord Keeper

Coventry; Lord Keeper Finch; Lord Keeper Littleton; and the honest, unspotted Lane, who held the Great Seal at Oxford, served Charles I. with affectionate zeal to his end, and ended his own life in such obscurity that Lord Campbell has been unable to trace him either to an English or a foreign grave. The following sentences do much honour to Lord Campbell:—

‘I should have been delighted to relate that Charles’s last Lord Keeper lived in an honourable retirement during the rule of those whom he considered rebels and usurpers, and survived to see the restoration of the monarchy under the son of his sainted Master; but I regret to say that I can find no authentic trace of him after the capitulation of Oxford. From the language of Lord Clarendon, it might be inferred that he expired soon after that misfortune, while others represent that he followed Prince Charles to the Continent, and died in exile.

‘Considering Sir Richard Lane’s spotless integrity, and his uniform adherence to his principles,—notwithstanding his comparative obscurity and his poverty, he is more to be honoured than many of his predecessors and successors who have left behind them a brilliant reputation, and ample possessions and high dignities to their posterity.’—vol. ii. p. 619.

The third of these volumes is in many respects the most interesting and important of the series. It deals with the half century of revolution between Lane and Somers—presenting vividly contrasted portraiture of the chief judges of the Commonwealth, and of men whose names are landmarks in English history—Clarendon—Shaftesbury—Nottingham—Guildford—Jeffreys—but so presenting these great figures that we have each in succession with the appropriate environment, and that, on quitting the gallery, we have received, perhaps, a clearer impression of the whole period than could be derived from any one volume of any class whatever that had been published hitherto. We are bound to add, that we leave it too with very great respect for the author’s candour. His Whiggism is steady and bold; but we have not discovered one instance in which party feelings have interfered with his personal estimate of a Tory. He appears to us to have fixedly aimed at justice. He has spared no pains in balancing testimonies. His summaries of character are always those of a judge who has at least used his best endeavour to rid his mind of all prejudice. We can expect no better.

The literary skill of the composition is also much to be admired. He has managed to reproduce general history in a series of professional biographies, without almost ever exposing himself to the charge of trespassing beyond the bounds of his avowed province. This required very great dexterity. The labour must have been vast that reached such results: yet the whole has the stimulating effect of a work written *con amore*.

As often as any prominent character or event of this pregnant
half

half century shall be brought under discussion, Lord Campbell's authority and decision will have to be weighed and studied. We may, therefore, adhere with a safe conscience to the humble plan of this paper, and merely amuse ourselves, and we hope our readers, with a few *notabilia*—such things as we naturally marked with our pencil on a first perusal.

It was during the Long Parliament that the custom of *pairing off* was first introduced (iii. 26). A Presbyterian and an Independent, agreeing in little else, sympathised at the dinner-hour, and withdrew to sit at meat together in some neighbouring tavern, and return together when satisfied. By and bye honourable members took courage to trust each other's words; and Whig and Tory pairs now-a-days do not very often retire for a tête-à-tête chop at the club.

Lord Campbell's views as to Cromwell will not please our good friend Mr. Thomas Carlyle, who, we believe, has nearly finished a biography of Oliver as the model of a 'King.' For example, the night before the 'bauble' was removed, there was a meeting at Whitehall, attended by the principal officers of the army and the heads of the Independents:—

'The officers of the army inveighed bitterly against the parliament, and declared violently for a change. Cromwell reproved them for these expressions of opinion,—from which those who knew him best conjectured that he had prompted their project, and that he was resolved at all risks to support it.'

The parties reassembled next morning, and again no agreement was come to. Whitelock retired with his mind in utter obscurity.

'Historians profess themselves wholly at a loss to account for the open, imperious, and frantic manner in which Cromwell a few hours after expelled the members from the House,—which they consider as inconsistent with his general character,—not attending to the fact that to gain his object he had previously exhausted all the arts of intrigue, deceit, and hypocrisy.'—vol. iii. p. 52.

We find, on the subject of 'Chancery delays' in the days of Charles II., a note which gives us a curious anecdote of a gentleman but recently lost to the social world which he had long embellished:—

'The late Mr. Jekyll told me that soon after he was called to the bar, a strange solicitor coming up to him in Westminster Hall, begged him to step into the Court of Chancery to make a motion of course, and gave him a fee. The young barrister looking pleased, but a little surprised, the solicitor said to him, "I thought you had a sort of right, sir, to this motion, for the bill was drawn by Sir Joseph Jekyll, your great-grand-uncle, in the reign of Queen Anne."'

Perhaps the most *picturesque* of all these lives is the last—
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that of Lord Jeffreys, whose atrocious celebrity as a criminal judge has almost absorbed the memory of his ever having held the Great Seal.

After going through the crowded vicissitudes of Lord Jeffreys' career, one is startled at reading that it closed when he was only forty years of age. Of very humble origin (the son of a little Welsh shopkeeper), with no influential connexions, never suspected even of severe application in any line of study—that he should have risen to be Recorder of London at the age of thirty, is sufficient proof that his natural talents were very extraordinary. His profligacy accounts too well for his subsequent elevations; but even Roger North admits, that when under no excitement either of politics or of brandy, the Chief Justice of England was the most dignified judge he ever saw on any bench: and Lord Campbell pronounces his decisions as Chancellor to have been in general much to his credit. That was morning work; that he ever was entirely sober after mid-day, during his prominent years, we much doubt; that latterly he had drunk himself into a species of insanity, there is little question. The whole story is told by Lord Campbell with most thrilling effect: but we shall extract only two or three brief passages.

The last sentence of the following paragraph is worthy of the sagacity of Tacitus, or the sarcasm of Macchiavelli:—

'James, far from abandoning his plans, was more resolute to carry them into effect. The Earl of Rochester, his own brother-in-law, and others who had hitherto stood by him, having in vain remonstrated against his madness, resigned their offices; but Jeffreys still recklessly pushed him forward in his headlong career. In open violation of the Test Act, four Catholic lords were introduced into the Cabinet, and one of them, Lord Bellasis, was placed at the head of the Treasury in the room of the Protestant Earl of Rochester. Among such colleagues the Lord Chancellor was contented to sit in Council, and the wonder is, that he did not follow the example of Sunderland and other renegades who, at this time, to please the King, professed to change their religion, and were reconciled to the Church of Rome. Perhaps, with his peculiar sagacity, Jeffreys thought it would be a greater sacrifice in the King's eyes to appear to be daily wounding his conscience by submitting to measures which he must be supposed inwardly to condemn.'—vol. iii. p. 554.

Our next quotation may deserve particular attention:—

'The Earl of Castlemaine was sent to Rome, regularly commissioned as ambassador to his Holiness the Pope, a Papal nuncio being reciprocally received at St. James's. But however impolitic this step might be, I do not think that the King and the Chancellor are liable to be blamed, as they have been by recent historians, for having in this instance violated acts of parliament. If all those are examined which had passed from the commencement of the Reformation down to the "Bill of Rights,"

Rights," it will probably be found that none of them can be applied to a diplomatic intercourse with the Pope.

'Whether this is now forbidden depends upon the construction to be put on the words in the Bill of Rights, "shall hold *communion* with the See or Church of Rome." James's diplomatic intercourse with the Pope is not there alleged as one of his infractions, by which he had sought to subvert the religion and liberties of the kingdom.'—vol. iii. p. 855.

We should not be greatly surprised to find the preceding sentences made the subject of discussion during some not remote session of parliament.

'When we read in history of civil commotions and foreign invasions, we are apt to suppose that all the ordinary business of life was suspended. But on inquiry, we find that it went on pretty much as usual, unless where interrupted by actual violence. While the Prince of Orange was advancing to the capital, and James was marching out to give him battle, if his army would have stood true,—the Court of Chancery sat regularly to hear "exceptions" and "motions for time to plead;" and on the very day on which the Princess Anne fled to Nottingham, and her unhappy father exclaimed, in the extremity of his agony, "God help me! my own children have forsaken me," the Lord Chancellor decided, that "if an administrator pays a debt due by bond before a debt due by a decree in Equity, he is still liable to pay the debt due by the decree." (24th Nov. 1688. 2 Vernon, 88, *Searle v. Lane*). This, however, appears to have been the last day of his sitting.'

"He had," says North, "a set of banterers for the most part near him, as in old time great men kept fools to make them merry. And these fellows, abusing one another and their betters, were a regale to him." But there can be no doubt that he circulated in good society. He was not only much at Court, but he exchanged visits with the nobility and persons of distinction in different walks of life. In the social circle, being entirely free from hypocrisy and affectation,—from haughtiness and ill-nature,—laughing at principle,—courting a reputation for profligacy,—talking with the utmost freedom of all parties and all men,—he disarmed the censure of the world,—and, by the fascination of his manners, while he was present, he threw an oblivion over his vices and his crimes.

'From Sir John Reresby we learn how very pleasant (if not quite decorous) must have been his parties in Duke Street.* "I dined with the Lord Chancellor, where the Lord Mayor of London was a guest, and some other gentlemen. His Lordship having, according to custom, drank deep at dinner, called for one Mountfort, a gentleman of his, who had been a comedian, an excellent mimic; and to divert the company, as he was pleased to term it, he made him plead before him in a feigned cause, during which he aped the judges and all the great lawyers of the age in their tone of voice and in their action and gesture of body, to the very great ridicule, not only of the lawyers, but of the law itself, which

* The chapel in Duke Street, Westminster, is a relic of Lord Jeffreys. It was the great hall of a mansion erected by him, and there he used to transact his judicial business out of term.

to me did not seem altogether so prudent in a man in his lofty station in the law : diverting it certainly was, but prudent in the Lord Chancellor I shall never think it."

'On one occasion dining in the city with Alderman Duncomb, the Lord Treasurer and other great courtiers being of the party,—they worked themselves up to such a pitch of loyalty by bumpers to "Confusion to the Whigs," that they all stripped to their shirts and were about to get upon a sign-post to drink the King's health,—when they were accidentally diverted from their purpose,—and the Lord Chancellor escaped the fate which befell Sir Charles Sedley, of being indicted for indecently exposing his person in the public streets. But this frolic brought upon him a violent fit of the stone, which nearly cost him his life.

'I should have expected that, boldly descending to the level of his company, and conscious of great mental power, he would have despised flattery ; but it is said that none could be too fulsome for him, and this statement is corroborated by some Dedications to him still extant. The pious author of the "History of Oracles and the Cheats of the Pagan Priests" (1688), after lauding his great virtues and actions, thus proceeds :—"Nor can the unthinking and most malicious of your enemies reproach your Lordship with self-interest in any of your services, since all the world knows that when they were thought criminal, nay even punishable, —you had nothing left you but HONOUR, JUSTICE, and INNOCENCE."

'He was not only famous, like the Baron of Bradwardine, for his *chansons à boire*, but he had a scientific skill in music, of which we have proof at this day. There being a great controversy which of the two rival organ-builders, Smith or Harris, should be the artist to supply a new organ to the Temple Church, it was agreed that each should send one on trial, and that the Lord Chancellor should decide between them. He decreed for Smith,—the deep and rich tones of whose organ still charm us. Harris's went to Wolverhampton, and is said to be of hardly inferior merit.'—vol. iii. pp. 590, 591.

Jeffreys having on the downfall of James assumed the disguise of a common sailor, and secured a berth in a merchant-vessel bound for the continent, might in all likelihood have escaped in safety—but for his love of strong liquors. He would be put ashore in the morning to taste the beer of the Red Cow at Wapping—and was, although he wore a tarpaulin jacket, and had shaved off his terrible eyebrows, recognised in that pothouse by an attorney whom he had recently browbeaten in the Court of Chancery. The result is well known. It is new, to us at least, that just before the catastrophe James had promoted him to the Earldom of *Flint*. The patent could not have passed the seal.

We need hardly say that we shall expect with great interest the continuation of this performance. But the present series of itself is more than sufficient to give Lord Campbell a high station among the English authors of his age.

- ART. II.—1. *Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, on the Theophania, or Divine Manifestation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A Syriac Version edited from an ancient Manuscript recently discovered.* By Samuel Lee, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. (Printed for the Society for the Publication of Oriental Texts.) 1842.
2. *The same. Translated into English with Notes; to which is prefixed a Vindication of the Orthodoxy and Prophetical Views of Eusebius.* By Samuel Lee, D.D. 8vo. 1843.
3. *The Antient Syriac Version of the Epistles of St. Ignatius to St. Polycarp, the Ephesians, and the Romans; together with Extracts from his Epistles collected from the Writings of Severus of Antioch, Timotheus of Alexandria, and others.* Edited, with an English Translation and Notes, by William Cureton, M.A. 8vo. London. 1845.
4. *Journal of a Tour through Egypt, the Peninsula of Sinai, and the Holy Land in 1838, 1839.* Intended solely for private circulation. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1842.

AMONG the societies lately formed for publishing manuscript works contained in our public libraries, there is none which embraces a sphere so extensive, which aims at promoting so high a class of literature, and which, if adequately supported, promises to afford so valuable an addition to our stock of learning and science, as that under whose auspices Dr. Lee has put forth the volume named at the head of this paper. It is to the East only that we can look for direction in our endeavours to obtain fuller information upon many of the most interesting of subjects. It is hence only that we can hope to draw any additional knowledge concerning the earliest races of mankind, or any help in tracing their descendants among the present nations of the world. In the absence of any written record of events, the only course is to collect the traditions prevalent in those countries, to endeavour to decipher ancient inscriptions, to read the legends of coins, and to trace the connexion and intercourse of peoples by the affinities and intermixtures of language. But no one can qualify himself for such a task otherwise than by studying the present languages and literature of those countries. In vain will he pore over the hieroglyphic or demotic inscriptions and papyri of Egypt who has not grappled with the Coptic: vain will be every endeavour to explain the Pehlevi, and arrow-headed inscriptions at Persepolis, or the legends on the Babylonian bricks and cylinders, unless the inquirer has previously made himself acquainted with the Chaldee or Aramaic, and the modern Persian, and the Zend as preserved in the books of the Parsees. What has been already done for
ethnography

ethnography by the comparison of language since the introduction of the Sanscrit into Europe, shows how much more we may reasonably expect when the different stocks and dialects of oriental tongues shall have been more extensively cultivated.

But not only may we look to the East for fuller means of tracing the history of the earliest races of mankind;—from the same quarter we may also hope to recover much of the science and literature of Greece and Rome, which appears to have perished in the original languages. And still more, even in those authors which have been preserved many obscurities may be cleared up and difficulties explained by comparing them with oriental versions made previously to the time when multiplied transcriptions had introduced many errors into the original text. Ælian, writing in the first half of the third century, mentions that it was reported that the Indians and Persians had translations of the poems of Homer, which they used to sing in their own language. (*Var. Hist.*, lib. xii. c. 48.) And the historian Agathias, in the middle of the sixth century, informs us that the Persian monarch Chosroes was said to be more thoroughly imbued with the writings of Aristotle than even Demosthenes with those of Thucydides, and to be perfectly versed in the works of Plato, which had been translated expressly for his use. (*Hist. Justin.*, lib. ii.) We have also evidence before us that as early as about the end of the seventh century of our era, several works were translated from the Greek into the Arabic. In the eighth and the earlier part of the ninth century, under the Abbassides, this labour of translation is known to have been carried on to a great extent. No expense was spared to procure the works of the learned in every language. Greeks, Syrians, Persians, and Indians met on the banks of the Tigris to give their aid in spreading knowledge and civilization among the Arabs.

Of these translations many still remain. Those of which the originals are extant may often be used with great advantage. We would instance the case of Ptolemy; where the astronomical skill of the Arabs at that period would enable them to correct mistakes in numbers and figures which might altogether escape the notice of Greeks, and where the evidence of their tradition will be most important, because in such cases no critical knowledge of the original language can be of any avail to rectify an error. Of works lost in the original, which have already been restored to us through this channel, we may instance the fifth, sixth, and seventh books of the Conic Sections of Apollonius of Perga, translated into Latin from the Arabic by the Maronite Abraham Ecchellensis; and his work on the Section of the Ratio, made known by the publication of Halley, who, without under-
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standing a word of Arabic, was enabled by his great geometrical skill to state and demonstrate the several propositions from the schemes in the manuscript of the Bodleian.

Versions were also made from the Greek into the Armenian at a very early period, especially of ecclesiastical works. The publication of the Armenian translation of the *Chronicon* of Eusebius, has been of essential service to history, and has confirmed the criticism of Scaliger respecting the original. The *Book of Enoch*, first made known to Europe by the translation of the late Archbishop Laurence, shows that something has been already recovered from the *Æthiopic*: and the Coptic too may yet make us better acquainted with writings hitherto only known to us by the tradition that they once existed.

But it is above all to the Syriac or Aramaic that we may look for the recovery of works lost in the original Greek. This language, which with slight variations prevailed from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and from the confines of Arabia and Egypt to Armenia, not only possesses a peculiar interest for us as being that used by our Saviour and his disciples, but also as being the vernacular tongue of many writers who hold a high rank in Grecian literature; whose works therefore can hardly be entirely free from some of the idiomatic expressions of their native land. The New Testament is, as we may naturally expect, full of Aramaisms; and one of the Evangelists is believed, not without good grounds, to have written his Gospel in that tongue. The earliest version of the New Testament is undoubtedly the Syriac; and after the Septuagint, that of the Old Testament also. This is not the place to discuss the question as to the period when those versions were made; but better arguments than occidental scholars have hitherto been willing to admit, support the belief of those branches of the Christian Church which first made use of them, that they touch upon Apostolic times. The work of translating from the Greek into the Syrian was certainly commenced very early. We are told by Eusebius in his account of the Martyrdom of Procopius, A.D. 303, that he had been employed in translating from the Greek into Aramaic. This passage does not indeed occur in the Greek text of the *Martyrs of Palestine*, as it has come down to us, but it is found both in the Syriac and in the ancient Latin version. Indeed the age of the manuscript itself in which the Syriac translation of the *Acts of the Martyrs of Palestine* and the *Theophania* of Eusebius, together with the *Recognitions of St. Clement* and the treatise of Titus of Bostra against the Manicheans, are found, shows that considerable progress in the work of translation from the Greek into Syriac must have been made as early as about A.D. 400.

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Dr. Lee has given us in one volume the Syriac text of the Theophrastus, and in another his own version of it into English—with a preface and notes displaying great and varied erudition. But what we propose at present to consider is not the contents of the book, but its external history; the discovery of a very considerable theological treatise by Eusebius, of which only two or three fragments had been known, must excite a desire to learn what circumstances have at length brought it to light, and what reasons we may consequently have to hope for further acquisitions of a similar nature.

About six years ago the Rev. Henry Tattam, of Bedford, made a journey to Egypt, with a view of collecting MSS. serviceable towards an edition of the Scriptures in Coptic. Besides Coptic treasures, he brought back about fifty volumes of Syriac MSS.—some extremely ancient. Dr. Lee says:—

‘It was in looking over these manuscripts that I had the extreme pleasure of discovering that of which the following work is a translation. . . . The manuscript containing our work is very neatly written in the Estrangelo or old Church-hand-writing of the Syrians, on very fine and well-prepared skin. It is of the size of large quarto, each folio measuring about $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $11\frac{1}{2}$, and containing three columns, each of the width of $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches.’

The Professor then translates a note from one of the margins, which states that the transcript was made at Edessa in Mesopotamia, in the year of our Lord 411. The age of the manuscript therefore, according to this note, the veracity of which there is no ground to question, is 1434 years. At first sight, notwithstanding all our readers have heard of the dryness of the Egyptian climate, the date assigned may startle them; but we can assure them that in the collection of upwards of three hundred manuscripts amongst which this was discovered, there are many from the fifth to the thirteenth century as to which there can be no doubt. They are all noted with the year of the era of the Greeks (Seleucidæ); some also with that of the Martyrs; others, which are more recent, with that of the Hijrah likewise; and these notices are accompanied by so many particulars as to the scribe himself, as to the convent where each manuscript was transcribed, who was its superior, who its principal officers, who was then bishop of the diocese, and who the supreme patriarch, as to leave no possibility of mistake as to the date. By comparing the style of the handwriting, the nature of the vellum, and other particulars of those manuscripts which are not dated, or in which the note of the year is either erased or lost, with such as still retain the record of the year, we are enabled to decide, with a tolerable degree of certainty, the age even of the manuscripts without a date. There
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are in the collection one dated manuscript of the fifth and many early in the sixth century, and from comparing Dr. Lee's volume with these, we could not attribute it to a later date than that in which he acquiesces.

The manuscript was purchased by Mr. Tattam from the convent of St. Mary Deipara, in the desert valley of Nitria, situated between 30 and 31 degrees both of latitude and longitude, about 35 miles to the left of the most western branch of the Nile. The name of Nitria belongs properly to the northern part of the valley, where the famous natron lakes are situated; the southern part is more correctly the Valley of Scithis, or Scete, and is also called the Desert or Valley of Macarius, from the convent dedicated to one of the three saints who bore that name. Each of these three appellations may however be applied generally; and Mohammedans commonly call the whole valley Wadi Habib, after one of their own saints, who retired hither about the end of the seventh century.

This valley, most probably from its lonely situation, and possibly also, as Jerome seems to hint, from some fancied virtues of purification in the lakes themselves, in allusion to the passage of Jeremiah (xi. 22), 'For though thou wash thee with nitre,' &c., has been celebrated as the resort of ascetics from the earliest times. About the middle of the second century we read of one Fronto who retired thither with seventy brethren. At the beginning of the fourth century, Ammon, who, although there were ascetics before his day, has generally been reputed the originator of monasticism, withdrew from the world to this spot. The fame of his compulsory marriage, of the resolution of virgin purity which he persuaded his bride to adopt, and his retirement to the desert so soon as the death of his parents left him at liberty, gained for him many followers. But a very few years afterwards, Macarius is said to have instituted the first establishment in that part of the valley which to this day bears his name. To this place Arsenius, the preceptor of Arcadius and Honorius, retired upon the death of Theodosius. The number of ascetics increased, in a short time, to an almost incredible amount. Rufinus, who visited them about the year 372, mentions some fifty convents or tabernacula; and Palladius, who fifteen years later passed twelve months here, reckons the devotees at five thousand. Jerome visited this desert about the same period. From the narratives which these have given, with the accounts of Evagrius and Cassien, we may gather a very accurate knowledge of the manners of these monks at the end of the fourth century. Subsequently we have few materials for their history down to the middle of the seventh, when Egypt was taken by the Arabs.

From

From this period the only information is to be gathered from Arabic writers. The convents and their inmates seem to have been regarded with peculiar interest even by those who had embraced the religion of the Koran. Not only were several immunities granted them upon different occasions, but they even formed a favourite subject of poetry for the Moslem writers of the third and fourth century of the Hijrah. Abu'l-Faraj Al-Ispahani, a celebrated Arabian who died A.D. 967, published the *Kitáb al-Diárát*, or *Book of Convents*, which contained all the best poems inspired by the aspect of the Christian convents and the habits of their inmates. If any reliance is to be placed upon Al-Makrizi, in his famous work on the *History, Antiquities, and Topography of Egypt*, Monasticism must have increased most rapidly in about two hundred and fifty years: for he says that after the conquest of Egypt by Amr Ibn Al-A's, seventy thousand monks met him at Teraneh, each with a crook in his hand, to implore that he would grant them a deed of security. To this request the Arab assented. The number seventy thousand seems enormous; but both the manuscripts which we have consulted agree on this point.

About the end of the seventh century the Khalif imposed a tribute of a dinar each upon all the monks, but they appear to have remained without further molestation during the whole of the eighth century. Shortly after the death of Harún Al-Rashid, at the commencement of the ninth, the Kharigites having seized upon Alexandria, made an excursion also into the Wadi Habib, plundered and burnt the monasteries, and carried away many of the monks for slaves. Such as could escape were scattered abroad into different countries, and many found an asylum in the convents of the Thebaid. With this event the decline of monasticism in Egypt seems to have commenced. We find, however, that under Jacob, the next Patriarch, many of the monks returned to Scete, and some of its convents were rebuilt. In the days of the 52nd Patriarch we are told that they were again in a thriving condition. Under Sanutius, the 55th in succession upon the throne of St. Mark, an order was obtained from the Mohammedan sovereign to liberate their monks from the payment of tribute. The Patriarch, who had been himself formerly steward of the Monastery of Macarius, seized upon this as a favourable opportunity to restore that edifice. He not only completely rebuilt it, but surrounded it with a high wall to protect it against sudden incursions of the Arabs, labouring with his own hands in the work. Elmacin informs us that the Patriarch Gabriel restored some of the convents at the beginning of the tenth century, but does not specify which they were. It seems probable,

probable, however, that at this period the Syrian convent of St. Mary Deipara, concerning which we are most interested, was in a flourishing state, as we find that in the year 932 Moses of Tecrit, who was then Abbot, having had occasion to make a journey to Bagdad, brought with him upon his return an accession to the library of not less than two hundred and fifty volumes—among which in all probability was the manuscript containing the Theophania.

About a century after this we have mention also of the library of the Monastery of Macarius. Severus, Bishop of Aschmounin, to whom Renaudot is indebted for most of the facts in his work on the Patriarchs of Alexandria, informs us that he consulted for the compilation of his history various MSS. both in Greek and Coptic, then existing in that library. There is little mention in such books as are accessible to us, of the condition of these monasteries during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. We are told that it was a practice of the Patriarchs of Alexandria to visit the Convent of Macarius immediately after their election, and also that they used to pass the season of Lent there.

According to Al-Makrizi, writing at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the number of monasteries had once amounted to a hundred, but at his time they were reduced to seven. That of St. Macarius was still a fine building, but even its inhabitants few, and the other buildings in a ruinous state.

In later times several Europeans have visited these convents. Gassendi relates, in his Life of Peiresc, that a Capuchin monk named Egidius Lochiensis (Giles de Loche), who had resided seven years in Egypt for the purpose of studying oriental languages, informed Peiresc that there existed in several of the monasteries great quantities of manuscripts, and that he himself had seen in one of them a collection of about eight thousand volumes, many of great antiquity, some as old as the time of St. Anthony. This monk had doubtless given a somewhat exaggerated statement. The monastery to which he alludes is, in all probability, that of St. Mary of the Syrians, near the Natron Lakes, as from all the accounts which have reached us, this possessed by far the greatest number of books. Vansleb, during his visit to Egypt in the year 1672, had formed the resolution of making an excursion to the Natron Lakes; and, although frustrated in this design, he did visit the convent of St. Anthony in the desert near the Red Sea. We mention this because he was admitted into the library, which was situated, as is generally the case, in the strong tower where all their valuables are kept. This collection, he says, consisted of three or four chests of ancient Coptic and Arabic manuscripts, chiefly church books and books

books of devotion, some of which seemed to him well worthy of a place even in a royal library. Of the whole number he selected two, one a Coptic and Arabic dictionary and grammar, valued by the monks at thirty crowns, and the other a ritual of the ceremonies of the Coptic church, very carefully transcribed. These he was anxious to obtain; but failed because the monks could not alienate them without incurring the risk of excommunication by the patriarch; and further, which perhaps was the strongest reason, because he was himself but ill furnished with funds.

Six or seven years later the monks of Nitria were visited by our own countryman, Robert Huntington, then chaplain at Aleppo, and afterwards successively provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and bishop of Raphoe, whose fine collection of Oriental manuscripts now forms part of the priceless treasures in the Bodleian. During his residence of eleven years in the East he had availed himself of every opportunity to enrich his stock; but the book which of all others he was most anxious to procure, as appears from his letters, published by Dr. Thomas Smith in the year 1704, was the Syriac version of the epistles of St. Ignatius, bishop of Antioch. The Ignatian controversy was then at its height. The immortal work of Bishop Pearson was published about two years after Huntington had left England, and much interest was felt for the discovery of the Syriac version; to the existence of which Archbishop Usher had drawn attention in the preface to his edition of the Epistles of Polycarp and Ignatius. It was principally from his anxiety for this Syriac version that he undertook his journey into Egypt in the year 1678 or 1679, and proceeded across the desert to the Natron Lakes. He seems to have entertained considerable expectations of finding the epistles of Ignatius here; but in this hope he was disappointed: although the Syriac version of three of these epistles, and two copies of that to Polycarp, existed at that time in the Syrian monastery of St. Mary Deipara, as will be seen in the sequel. The Syrian monks doubtless did not admit Huntington into their library, as the only book which he mentions was an Old Testament in the Estrangelo character. In the convent of St. Macarius he states that he saw a large volume of St. Chrysostom in Coptic, on vellum, an immense volume containing his commentary on St. Matthew in Arabic, and a Coptic Lectionary for the whole year in four large volumes. In the monastery called El-Baramous, which at that time was inhabited by twenty-five monks and a superior, he makes mention of no other books than a copy of the New Testament in Coptic and Arabic. He does not speak of any manuscripts in the convent

vent of Amba Bishoi, which he says was at that time in a less ruinous condition than either of the other three; he speaks, however, of the still famous tamarind-tree. The tradition is that St. Ephraem, out of pious anxiety to see St. PISOES, or PISAUS, now corrupted into Bishoi, the fame of whose sanctity had travelled as far as Edessa, undertook the long and weary journey from the confines of Armenia to the desert of Nitria. This zeal was rewarded by a miracle. Upon his arrival he hastened to the cell of St. PISOES and stuck his staff in the sand before the door as he entered. The staff immediately struck root and sprouted, and eventually grew up into that fine and beautiful tamarind-tree which the monks then showed, and we believe still show, as a living record of the visit of St. Ephraem. Huntington was informed that the number of convents had once amounted to three hundred and sixty-six. How many books he found is not mentioned; but we find that he sent to England, to Dr. Marshall, who was then preparing an edition of the New Testament in Coptic, a copy of the Evangelists in that language, which he obtained from one of these monasteries.

The next of whose visit any account has reached us is Gabriel Eva, a monk of the order of St. Anthony, and abbot of St. Maura in Mount Lebanon. After a journey through Egypt, he had been sent on a mission to Rome by Stephen, the Maronite patriarch of Antioch; and the account he gave of the Nitrian convents was received with much interest by Clement XI. The Pope was anxious to transfer from the desert to the Vatican a collection of manuscripts rendered precious and venerable by their extreme antiquity, and probably containing an unexplored mine of theological learning. It happened that Elias Assemani, the cousin of the famous Joseph Simon Assemani, had been sent by Stephen of Antioch, upon business to Rome, and having already accomplished the object of his journey, was at that moment on the point of returning to Syria. No person could be better qualified to undertake the mission to the desert of Nitria, and Gabriel Eva accordingly recommended him to the Pope. Furnished with letters to the Coptic patriarch, he left Rome in the spring of 1707, and was graciously received at Cairo. He arrived at the monastery of the Syrians about the end of June; the introduction of the patriarch procuring for him a good reception. The urbanity of his manners, his perfect knowledge of their habits and language, soon gained him the good-will of the monks, and at length they admitted him into their library: this he found a sort of cave or cellar, filled with Arabic, Syriac, and Coptic manuscripts, heaped together in the greatest disorder, and falling to pieces through age and want of attention.

tion. A little examination satisfied him of their value, and he began to entertain great hopes of being able to persuade the good monks to part with books which they were utterly unable to read. But frightened, perhaps, by the anathemas, denounced in almost every volume by its donor, against all those who should be in any way instrumental in alienating it—suspicious by nature, and ready to suppose that what a stranger was eager to get hold of must contain some treasure—they turned a deaf ear to his request for the sale of the whole collection, and only with very great difficulty were they induced to part with about forty manuscripts. These being transported across the desert to the Nile, Elias Assemani set out, accompanied by one of the monks, to return in a boat to Cairo. On their way a gust of wind upset the boat. The monk was drowned, but another boat, passing by, picked up Assemani; and in the midst of a tumult of feelings, his energy did not abandon him. He immediately hired several watermen to fish up the manuscripts; and, having with much care wiped away the slime, he dried and restored them as well as he was able. The manuscripts, in number thirty-four, were deposited in the Vatican about Christmas, 1707.

Their obvious importance was a powerful stimulus. The Pope therefore determined to send again into Egypt, and selected J. S. Assemani, who set out in June, 1715. The head of the Coptic church received him kindly; and he left Cairo to proceed on his journey to Scete about the middle of August, accompanied by Philotheus, a monk of the convent of St. Macarius, as his guide. Having arrived at Etris, a small village on the western branch of the Nile, they turned across into the desert and came first to the convent of St. Macarius. Here he obtained some excellent Coptic manuscripts, of which he has given a catalogue in his '*Bibliotheca Orientalis*' (vol. i. p. 617); and these, he says, were all they possessed of any consequence. His next visit was to St. Mary Deipara: here he found upwards of two hundred Syriac manuscripts, all of which he carefully examined, and selected about one hundred, hoping that he might be able to purchase them. But upon this, as upon the former occasion, if Assemani's own account be correct, the monks continued most obstinate; nor could he prevail upon them by argument, bribe, or entreaty to give up to him more than a very few volumes.

In the interval between the journeys of Elias Assemani and that of his cousin the convents of Nitria had also been visited (December, 1712) by the Jesuit Claude Sicard. The once flourishing monastery of St. Macarius at that period had only four

four inhabitants—the superior, two deacons, and a porter. Having passed one day in this convent he proceeded to that of the Syrians, which he describes as being in the best condition of them all, having a very agreeable garden, watered by a well, in which were many trees of various kinds. The number of monks was not above twelve or fifteen. Having remained here two days, during which time he made a short visit to the convent of Amba Bishoi, only a few paces distant, and inhabited by but four monks, he set out at sunrise on the morning of the 11th, and arrived at the monastery of the Holy Virgin of El-Baramous, or of the Greeks, about noon. The number of monks here was also about twelve or fifteen. Sicard states that in the immediate neighbourhood of this convent were the ruins of ten or twelve other buildings, and that he could distinctly trace through the valley the ruins of upwards of fifty monasteries; and that the superior of St. Macarius informed him that they were formerly equal in number to the days of the year. Sicard does not upon this occasion make any particular mention of the books in either of these convents, but merely states that in the tower of each there was a library, which consisted of three or four chests filled with books and ancient manuscripts, covered with dust and in a neglected condition. This Jesuit revisited Nītria with J. S. Assemani, and afterwards accompanied him, upon his return to Egypt in the next year, 1716, in his expedition across the desert of the Thebaid to the convents of St. Anthony and St. Paul near the coast of the Red Sea. Sicard, in describing their visit to the monastery of St. Anthony, says,—

‘He [Synodius, the superior of the convent] was more tractable when Assemani begged him to show us the tower which is shut against all strangers; for, making him some trifling presents of hardware (the good monk was a great studier of astrology and alchemy, and the transmutation of metals), we persuaded him to conduct us thither. Our only curiosity was to see the manuscripts. We found three chests-full, being all that had escaped the ravages which at different periods had befallen the monastery. We examined them all. For the most part they consisted of prayers and homilies in Coptic and Arabic. The Abbé Assemani only found three or four manuscripts worthy of the Vatican. These he purchased secretly from the Superior, without the knowledge of the monks, who, had they known, would have opposed the sale, although the manuscripts are quite valueless to themselves, and they make no use of them whatever.’

Assemani, although he mentions that Sicard accompanied him in his expedition to the Thebaid, is altogether silent respecting his attending him to the desert of Macarius. Neither does his account of obtaining so few manuscripts there, and those with so much difficulty, quite coincide with that of Sicard, who says that

he took those which suited him. This silence certainly gives ground for suspicion that there was something in the transaction which Assemani did not wish to transpire, and of which the mention of Sicard's accompanying him might have led to the disclosure. His secret and indeed fraudulent dealing with the Superior, who had no right to dispose of any property without the consent of the community, would make but a sorry figure in his account of the manner in which various valuable accessions had been made to the collections of the Vatican.

In the month of August, in the year 1730, the Sieur Granger made a journey to the Natron Lakes. He tells us that he was well received by the monks, whom he describes as poor and ignorant. Those belonging to the convents of Macarius and St. Mary of the Syrians were deaf to all his entreaties to be allowed to see their libraries. He says that the buildings at that time were falling into decay, and the dust destroying the books and manuscripts, of which the monks made no use whatever. Their own patriarch had represented to them that the sum which the books would produce would be sufficient to enable them to restore their churches and rebuild their cells; but they declared that they would rather be buried in the ruins.

In 1778, C. S. Sonnini visited the valley. He remained five days in the monastery of El-Baramous. He makes no mention of books or manuscripts, but complains bitterly of the avarice and extortion of the monks, who wished to exact from him five or six hundred sequins upon his leaving them. He is the only traveller who has spoken in harsh terms of these poor monks.

In May, 1792, W. G. Browne, an Englishman, was here. He says—

‘ During my stay near the lakes I visited two of the Coptic convents—that called the Syrian, and that of St. George—where I could observe no traces of any European travellers but Baron Thunis, whom the Empress of Russia had sent to negotiate a defection on the part of the Beys, but who having exhibited less prudence than courage in the promotion of the designs of his mistress, had been privately put to death at Cairo by order of the Beys, to avoid delivering him to the Porte, as had been requested of them. These convents contain each of them several Religious, who retain all the simplicity of the primitive ages. They drink water, and eat coarse bread and vegetables, very seldom touching meat, wine, or coffee. They are ignorant indeed, but strangers to vice; and although their time is employed to no useful purpose, so neither is their application of it prejudicial to any. They have each a small garden, which supplies common vegetables, and a breed of tame fowls, together with a well of water within the walls. The rest of the necessaries of life are provided them by the voluntary contributions of the Christians of their own persuasion; and as the business of artificers and

and menials is all performed by themselves, their expenses are not very extended. The entrance to each of these convents is by a small trap-door, against which two millstones are rolled within. The buildings appear to have lasted for several centuries, and the walls are still firm and substantial. No praise is to be given to the Religious for cleanliness; but as the list of their furniture and apparel is very small, they cannot be frequently renewed. Human beings, more ignorant of mankind and their transactions than some of those whom I conversed with, are scarcely anywhere to be found; but the Superiors in both were in a certain degree intelligent. One of them, when I was admitted, was mending his shoes, and seemed to think little of theological controversies. The other attempted to prove to me the tenet of Monothelism; and on my expressing myself persuaded by his arguments, he seemed highly gratified. Indeed I met with, on their part, every mark of hospitality. I inquired for manuscripts, and saw in one of the convents several books in the Coptic, Syriac, and Arabic languages. Among these were an Arabo-Coptic Lexicon, the works of St. Gregory, and the Old and New Testament in Arabic. The Superior told me they had nearly eight hundred volumes, but positively refused to part with any of them, nor could I see any more. The monks are strangers to all idioms but the vulgar Arabic.'

The next account of this place is that by General Andréossy in his '*Mémoire sur la Vallée des Lacs de Natron, et celle du Fleuve-sans-eau.*' At the time of his visit, in 1799, there were nine monks in the convent of El-Baramous, eighteen in that of the Syrians, twelve in the Amba-Bishoi, and twenty in the St. Macarius.

'Their only books,' he says, 'are ascetic works in manuscripts, on parchment or cotton-paper, some in Arabic, and some in Coptic, having an Arabic translation in the margin. We brought away some of this latter class, which appear to have a date of six centuries.'

In the year 1828, Lord Prudhoe, who thinks no labour too great when any real advantage to science or literature is probable, made an excursion to these monasteries. We have been favoured by his Lordship with the following brief account of his visit:—

'In 1828 I began to make inquiries for Coptic works having Arabic translations, in order to assist Mr. Tattam in his Coptic and Arabic Dictionary. On a visit to the Coptic bishop at Cairo, I learnt that there was in existence a celebrated Selim or Lexicon in Coptic and Arabic, of which one copy was in Cairo, and another in one of the Coptic convents of the Natron Lakes, called Baramous, besides which libraries were said to be preserved both at the Baramous and the Syrian convents. In October, 1828, Mr. Linant sent his dromedaries to Terane, on the west bank of the Nile, where the natron manufactory was established by the pacha, and on the next day Mr. Linant and I embarked in a cangia on the Nile, and dropped down to Terane, where we landed.

Mounting our dromedaries, we rode to the Baramous convent, and encamped outside its walls. The monks in this convent, about twelve in number, appeared poor and ignorant. They looked on us with great jealousy, and denied having any books except those in the church, which they showed. We remained with them till night, and in some degree softened their disposition towards us by presents of some comforts and luxuries of which their situation in the desert deprived them. On the following morning we again visited the monks, and so far succeeded in making friends of them that in a moment of good humour they agreed to show us their library. From it I selected a certain number of manuscripts, which, with the Selim, we carried into the monks' room. A long deliberation ensued among these monks how far they were disposed to agree to my offers to purchase them. Only one could write, and at last it was agreed that he should copy the Selim, which copy, and the manuscripts which I had selected, were to be mine in exchange for a fixed sum in dollars, to which I added a present of rice, coffee, tobacco, and such other articles as I had to offer. Future visitors would escape the suspicions with which we were received, and might perhaps hear how warmly we had endeavoured to purchase and carry away the original Selim. Next we visited the Syrian convent, where similar suspicions were at first shown, and were overcome by similar civilities. Here I purchased a few manuscripts with Arabic translations. We then visited the two other convents, but found little of consequence. These manuscripts I presented to Mr. Tattam, and gave him an account of the small room with its trap-door, through which I descended, caudle in hand, to examine the manuscripts, where books and parts of books, and scattered leaves, in Coptic, Ethiopic, Syriac, and Arabic, were lying in a mass, on which I stood. From this I handed to Mr. Linant such as appeared best suited to my purpose, as he stood in the small room above the trap-door. To appearance it seemed as if on some sudden emergency the whole library had been thrown for security down this trap-door, and that they had remained undisturbed in their dust and neglect for some centuries.'

About nine years after the visit of Lord Prudhoe, the Hon. Robert Curzon, jun., who has travelled much in the East to search for manuscripts (with considerable success), and in his travels has met with many curious and interesting adventures, which we could wish were made public, was also a visitor to these monks. We are indebted to him for the following account of his excursion:—

'I am sorry to say that I cannot answer your letter in as satisfactory a manner as I could wish, for I have no papers by me here to refer to, and I have forgotten some things about the monasteries on the Natron Lakes which might have been interesting to you. However, as far as I remember I will tell you. During the winter of 1837 I was in Egypt for the second time, and in the month of January or February I was engaged in a brisk chase after old books, particularly two which I had heard of at Nagadé—one a Coptic History of Egypt, which I had been told at Thebes was in the possession of the Bishop of Nagadé, who

was

was reputed to be a great dealer in magic—the other a Coptic and Arabic Dictionary, said to be the most perfect and the largest known. When I arrived at Nagadé the bishop was in church; but certain men brought me a mat, whereon I sat in the shade of an old wall till the people came out of church, which they presently did, with the bishop at their head. The bishop sat down by me on the mat, and the congregation sat down in a ring; and after a long prologue of compliments, and coffee and pipes, and so on, we entered on the subject of manuscripts. The bishop told me that the Dictionary was gone to the palace of the patriarch at Cairo; and we were talking about the History, when suddenly there arose a great noise in the church, of howling and clanking of chains. We were all silent in consternation—and I expected that the episcopal magician had been raising a spirit;—when the church doors burst open with a crash, and in the dark porch there stood a tall figure in a priest's robe, waving a great brazen censer in his hand. This apparition stalked forward slowly, when I saw he had a heavy chain tied to his legs. He came up, and sat down directly before me on the ground. "Who have you the honour to be?" said I. "Who, pray, are you?" said one of my men. Upon which he turned round and spat in the face of the man who had addressed him. This man, who was a negro, laid his hand upon his sword, when the other sprang upon his feet with a scream, and made a dash at the negro with the censer—a very efficient weapon when properly applied. He missed my man, and broke the censer on the stones. We all started up, and a general rush ensued against the bearer of the censer, who was with some difficulty secured and carried off. He was a son of the bishop; and, being a maniac, had been chained down before the altar of St. George—a sovereign remedy in these cases—only he pulled up the staples of his chain, and so came away with the censer before his cure was completed. But the end of the affair was that the bishop departed in the scuffle, and I heard no more of the History of Egypt. The other volume had been at Cairo, but was gone when I made inquiries respecting it to the monastery of Amba-Bishoi at the Natron Lakes. I went after it, and arrived there in the month of March; but although there were many Coptic manuscripts of Liturgies there in a room in a square tower, it was not among them. I then went to another monastery: I think it was called Baramous. There was nothing there but a few Coptic manuscripts on paper, and a prodigious multitude of fleas. I retreated from their attack to the church, where I went to sleep on the marble floor; but I had hardly shut my eyes when I was again attacked by so many of these monsters that I was forced to be off again; so I got up, and watched the moon over the desert till daylight. I then departed for the monastery of the Syrians, where I arrived in a short time. Here was a congregation of black Abyssinian monks, dressed in wash-leather and tallow, who were howling in honour of some Abyssinian saint, in a strange little room at the end of a garden, which was surrounded by the high fortified wall of the monastery. They had a library of which I have shown you a sketch, where the manuscripts hung upon pegs by long straps, in a peculiar manner, different from the arrangement

ment of any other library I have ever seen. Besides these black brethren, there were ten or twelve Copts. The superior was blind and very old, with a long white venerable beard, but very dirty. When I inquired for books he showed me the library in a high tower, in a little strong room, with stone niches in the wall. There were some very remarkable Coptic manuscripts—the finest I have ever seen. The latest of them, as I imagine, is that great quarto which you saw at Parham. Two others on vellum were lying on the top of an open pot or jar, of which they had formed the lid. There had been jam or preserves of some sort in the pot, which the books had been used to protect; but they had been there so long that the jam had evaporated, leaving some dubious-looking lumps of dirt at the bottom. I was allowed to take all the manuscripts on vellum, as they were too old to read, and of no use as covers for the vases of preserves. Among a heap of dusty volumes on the floor I found the manuscript Dictionary of which I was in search, but this they would not sell, but they sold me two other imperfect ones, so I put it in one of the niches in the wall, where it remained about two years, when it was purchased and brought away for me by a gentleman at Cairo. You say that Lord Prudhoe fed the monks, and so found the way to their hearts. Now I have found, from much practice, that the two species of Eastern and Western monks may be divided logically into the drinking and the eating kind. A Benedictine or even a Capuchin is a famous hand at a capon, and an oyster pâté or so has great charms for him on a fast-day—*probatum est*; but the monks of St. Basil are ascetics—they know nothing of cookery beyond garlic and red pepper, and such like strong condiments—howbeit they have a leaning to strong drink, and consider rosoglio as a merchandise adapted to their peculiar wants.

‘The old blind abbot had solemnly declared that there were no more books in the monastery besides those I had seen; but I had been told by Mr. Linant, the pacha’s engineer, who had accompanied Lord Prudhoe, that there were some ancient manuscripts in the oil-cellar. Nevertheless the abbot denied the fact; but I got him into my room, with another father who always went about with him, and there I gave them some rosoglio which I had brought on purpose. It was very soft stuff I remember, pink, and tasted as sweet and pleasant as if there was no strength in it. They liked it much, and sat sipping fingiane—that is, coffee-cups—of it with a happy and contented air. When I saw that the face of the blind man waxed unsuspecting, and wore a bland expression which he took no pains to conceal—for he could not see, and did not remember that those who could might read his countenance—I entered again upon the subject of the oil-cellar. “There is no oil there,” said the old man. “I am curious about the architecture,” said I: “I hear yours is a famous oil-cellar.” “It is a famous cellar,” said the other elder; “and I remember the days when it overflowed with oil. Then there were I do not know how many brethren here, but now we are few and poor; bad times are come over us; we are not what we used to be.” This monk having become sentimental, and the abbot unsuspecting, “Well, let us go,” said I, “and see this famous cellar, and

and we will have another bottle when we come back." This last argument prevailed. We went to the oil-cellar, which was under the great tower, and there were some prodigious pots which once held the oil of gladness, but which now sounded hollow and empty to the touch. There was nothing else here; but taking the candle from the hands of one of the brethren—for they had all followed us into this hole like sheep—I found a low door, and passed into a little vaulted room, which was full of loose leaves of Syriac manuscripts, more than knee-deep. These are the famous volumes now deposited in the British Museum. Here I fumbled about a long time, and after a good deal of digging I pulled out four books; and two monks, struggling together, pulled out the great manuscript Evangelistarium, which you have seen. It was tied up with a string. "Here is a box," shouted the two monks, who were nearly choked with the dust. "A box!" echoed the blind abbot. "Bring it out—make haste—where is the box? Heaven be praised, it is a treasure." "Yes," screamed all the monks, "a treasure. Allah Akbar!—a box—out with it—bring out the box." Out they all rushed with the treasure, and I issued forth into the dark (for they had run away with the candle in their anxiety about the box), with three octavos under one arm, and a quarto under the other. I found no more, except fragments. These I took to my room, and the abbot and the other brother soon came after me for the promised bottle of rosoglio, which they now much wanted to keep up their spirits, when they found the box of treasure to be only a great book. They mumbled and murmured to themselves between their cups; and when they were gradually getting comforted again, I began to say, "You found no box of treasure in the vault; but, behold, I am a lover of old books. Give them to me, and I will give you a certain number of piastres in exchange; and so you will have found a treasure, and I will go my way in gladness." "Ah!" said they, "how much will you give?" "How much do you want?" said I. And so we settled it over the rosoglio, which smoothed many difficulties. The Coptic manuscripts on vellum were ensconced in one side of a great pair of camel-bags. "Now," said I, "I will put these into the other side, and you shall take it out, and help to load the camels." All we could do we could not put all the books in; and the two monks would not let me have any extra parcel lest the other brethren should see it and smell a rat, and claim their share of the spoil—at least I suppose that was their reason. In this extremity I looked at each of the three octavos and the quarto, not knowing which to leave behind. At last, the quarto being imperfect, I left that, and great is my sorrow that I did so, for on looking at the manuscript again, I believe that very quarto is the famous book dated A.D. 411, now the great pride and treasure of the British Museum. However, I am glad that establishment is now possessed of it, and I hope it will be duly made use of. This is all I have to tell you of the manuscripts in the monasteries of the Natron Lakes.

In the year 1838, the Rev. Henry Tattam, now archdeacon of Bedford, with the design already mentioned, set out upon his expedition into Egypt. He was accompanied by Miss Platt, a daughter

daughter of Mrs. Tattam, a young lady of great talents and acquirements, who took notes of everything which passed during their journey, for the amusement of her mother after their return. This interesting Journal has since been printed, but, as she writes in her preface, very reluctantly, at the particular request of several friends, and solely for private circulation. They arrived at Cairo on the 19th of October: having staid here for about three weeks, busily employed in visiting the patriarch and other ecclesiastics, and making inquiry after manuscripts, they set out on the 13th of November, and proceeded up the Nile as far as Esneh, visiting many churches and monasteries, both in going and returning, and inspecting their libraries, which the patriarch's letters rendered accessible. But in most of these Mr. Tattam found little more than liturgies and service-books. At Sanabou there were some very fine Coptic manuscripts, in number amounting to eighty-two. They returned to Cairo on Christmas-day.

On the 12th of January they started across the desert for the valley of the Natron Lakes; and, at eight o'clock in the evening, pitched their tent at a short distance from the monastery of Macarius. Such passages as relate to our purpose we are glad to be allowed to quote from Miss Platt's Journal.

'Sunday, Jan. 13th.—The first object on which our eyes rested, as we sat at breakfast in the tent, was the solitary convent of Abou Magar (St. Macarius), a desolate-looking building, like a fortress surrounded by the sea. It is enclosed by a high plastered wall, containing a space of about 300 by 200 feet. Within this area are built the church, the convent itself, a strong tower, and a small chapel, which, according to the account given by the monks, dates its origin as far back as the fifth century. There is not a window or an aperture to be seen on the outside, with the exception of a low door-way, which is almost overlooked as the eye wanders over the high blank wall. A considerable descent, scooped out from the drifted sands, leads to the threshold of the heavy iron-door. It was not thought advisable to remain here until we had visited the further convents. Mr. Tattam spoke to some of the priests at the gate, and two of them accompanied us to the middle convents, which are about two hours' ride from the first. In passing at the back of the garden-wall we perceived the remains of buildings still connected with the present monastery, which led us to suppose that it had once been much more extensive.

* As we crossed the ridge of hills separating the two valleys we observed the remains of many convents. The monks state that there were formerly three hundred and sixty on the mountain and in the valley of Nitria, and that the ruins of fifty of them may still be seen. We descended gradually between the rocks, and saw before us the two middle convents, Deir Amba Bischoi and St. Soriani, or the Syrian convent. They were of the same description as St. Abou Magar, but larger and in better preservation, particularly the latter. Our tent was pitched beneath

beneath the walls of St. Soriani: Mr. Tattam immediately entered the convent, where pipes and coffee were brought him; after which the priests conducted him to their churches, and showed him the books used in them. They then desired to know his object in visiting them; upon which he cautiously opened his commission by saying that he wished to see their books. They replied that they had no more than what he had seen in the church; upon which he told them plainly that he knew they had. They laughed on being detected, and after a short conference said that he should see them. The bell soon rang for prayers.'

'Jan. 14th.—Mr. Tattam went into the convent immediately after breakfast. The priests conducted him to the tower, and then into a dark vault, where he found a great quantity of very old and valuable Syriac manuscripts. He selected six quarto volumes and took them to the superior's room. He was next shown a room in the tower, where he found a number of Coptic and Arabic manuscripts, principally liturgies, with a beautiful copy of the Gospels. He then asked to see the rest; the priests looked surprised to find he knew of others, and seemed at first disposed to deny that they had any more, but at length produced the key of the apartment where the other books were kept, and admitted him. After looking them over he went to the superior's room, where all the priests were assembled, about fifteen or sixteen in number: one of them brought a Coptic and Arabic *selim*, or lexicon, which Mr. Tattam wished to purchase, but they informed him that they could not part with it, as it was forbidden to be taken away by an interdiction at the end, but they consented to make him a copy. He paid for two of the Syriac manuscripts he had placed in the superior's room, for the priests could not be persuaded to part with more, and left them, well pleased with his ponderous volumes, which he gave me through the top of the tent, and then rode off with Mohamed to the farthest convent, of Baramous, about an hour and a half's ride from St. Soriani. In the convent of El Baramous Mr. Tattam found about one hundred and fifty Coptic and Arabic liturgies and a very large dictionary in both languages. In the tower is an apartment with a trap-door in the floor, opening into a dark hole full of loose leaves of Arabic and Coptic manuscripts. The superior would have sold the dictionary, but was afraid, because the patriarch had written in it a curse upon any one who should take it away.'

Into the monastery of Amba-Bischoi, after some reluctance on the part of the monks to open their door to a lady, Miss Platt was herself admitted:—

'On the ground-floor was a vaulted apartment, very lofty, with arches at each end, perfectly dark, and so strewn with loose leaves of old liturgies that scarcely a portion of the floor was visible; and here we were all fully occupied in making diligent search, each with a lighted taper, and a stick to turn up old fragments. In some parts the manuscripts lay a quarter of a yard deep, and the amazing quantity of dust was almost choking, accompanied by a damp and fetid smell, nearly as bad as in the Tombs of the Kings. We did not find anything really valuable here, or anything on vellum, excepting one page.'—vol. i. p. 279.

On

On Tuesday the 15th, Mr. Tattam set out to return to Cairo, having previously obtained from the monks of the Syrian convent four other valuable Syriac manuscripts. He called at the monastery of Macarius as he passed: here he found about one hundred liturgies, and a beautiful copy of the Epistles in Coptic, which the monks refused to sell. There were also a great number of fragments and loose leaves, from which he selected about a hundred, which he was permitted to take away.

In the month of February Mr. Tattam returned to these convents, and was more successful than upon the former occasion.

‘Saturday, Feb. 9th.—Immediately after breakfast Mr. Tattam went with Mohamed to St. Soriani, leaving me to my own amusements in the tent. . . . Mr. Tattam soon returned, followed by Mohamed, and one of the Bedouins bearing a large sack-full of splendid Syriac manuscripts on vellum. They were safely deposited in the tent, and a priest was sent for from St. Amba-Bischoi, with whom Mr. Tattam entered the convent, and successfully bargained for an old Pentateuch in Coptic and Arabic, and a beautiful copy of the four Gospels in Coptic. We are delighted with our success, and hope, by patience and good management, to get the remainder of the manuscripts.’

‘Feb. 10th.—Mr. Tattam went in the evening to St. Soriani to take his leave of the monks there, who said he might have four more manuscripts the next day. . . . Mohamed brought from the priests of St. Soriani a stupendous volume beautifully written in the Syriac character, with a very old worm-eaten copy of the Pentateuch, from St. Amba-Bischoi, exceedingly valuable, but not quite perfect at the beginning.’

This Mohamed, who seems to have been little less eager than his master in his endeavours to procure the manuscripts, had recourse to the same means of negotiation as Mr. Curzon found it wise to adopt, and applied them with similar success, only substituting arakie for rosoglio.

The manuscripts which Mr. Tattam had thus obtained in due time arrived in England. Such of them as were in the Syriac language, not falling in with the object for which his journey had been originally undertaken, were, by and bye, disposed of to the Trustees of the British Museum. This was indeed a most important accession. Forty-nine manuscripts of such extreme antiquity, containing some valuable works long since supposed to have perished, and versions of others written several centuries earlier than any copies of the originals known to exist, constituted such an addition as has been rarely if ever made at one time to any library. The collection of Syriac manuscripts procured by Mr. Rich had already made the library of the British Museum conspicuous for this class of literature—but this treasure of manuscripts from Egypt rendered it superior to any other in Europe.

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From the accounts which Lord Prudhoe, Mr. Curzon, and Mr. Tattam had given of their visit to the monastery of the Syrians it was evident that but few of the manuscripts belonging to this convent had been removed since the time of Assemani, and probable that no less a number than nearly two hundred volumes must be still remaining in the hands of the monks. Moreover, from several notices found written in the manuscripts already brought to England, it was evident that most of them must be of very considerable antiquity. Several of these notices were in the handwriting of Moses of Tecrit, abbot of the monastery; and in each of them he states that in the year 932 he brought into the convent, from Mesopotamia, about two hundred and fifty volumes. As there was no evidence whatever to show that even so many as one hundred of these manuscripts had ever been taken away (for those which were procured for the papal library by the two Assemani, added to those which Mr. Curzon and Mr. Tattam had brought to England, do not amount to that number), there was sufficient ground for supposing that the convent of the Syrians still possessed not fewer than about one hundred and fifty volumes, which at the latest must have been written before the tenth century. Application accordingly was made by the Trustees to the Treasury; a sum was granted to enable them to send again into Egypt, and Mr. Tattam readily undertook the commission. The time was most opportune. The good-will of the patriarch had been gained by the liberality of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who had undertaken to print, for the use of his churches, an edition of the New Testament in Coptic and Arabic, in a beautiful large type cut expressly for this purpose. Mr. Tattam, the editor of this work, was naturally in great favour with the patriarch, who by and bye gave consent to his proposals. We cannot but rejoice that these measures were taken so promptly, as we have been informed, upon the best authority, that similar representations had been made to the French government; and had much more delay been interposed, these manuscripts, which perhaps constitute the greatest accession of valuable literature which has been brought from the East into Europe since the taking of Constantinople, would in all probability have been now the pride of the Bibliothèque Royale.

The following is Mr. Tattam's own account of the manner in which he obtained the remainder of the manuscripts upon his second excursion:—

‘When I returned to Cairo the second time, all the Europeans who seemed to understand my business prophesied that I should not succeed, but the result proved they were false prophets. I found I could
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work more effectually through the sheich of a village on the borders of the desert, who had influence with the superior of the convent, and whom my servant had secured in my interest, and through my servant, rather than by attempting direct negotiation. I therefore set to work. After I had been in Cairo about a fortnight, the sheich brought the superior to my house, where he promised to let me have all the Syriac manuscripts. My servant was to go back with him and the sheich when he returned, and to bring away all the manuscripts to the sheich's house, where they were to be deposited, and I was to follow in three days and bargain for them. I went at the time appointed, and took money with me in the boat, and a Mohamedan as a silent witness to the transaction and the payment of the money, should any crooked ways be discovered. My servant had taken ten men and eight donkeys from the village, and had conveyed the manuscripts to the sheich's house, where I saw them as soon as I arrived; and I found he had already bargained for them, which I confirmed. That night we carried our boxes, paper, and string, and packed them all, and nailed up the boxes, and had them in the boat before morning dawned, and before ten o'clock in the morning they were on their way to Alexandria.'

The manuscripts arrived in the British Museum on the 1st of March, 1843. Upon opening the cases very few only of the volumes were found to be in a perfect state. From some the beginning was torn away, from some the end, from others both the beginning and end; some had fallen to pieces into loose quires, many were completely broken up into separate leaves, and all these blended together. Nearly two hundred volumes of manuscripts, torn into separate leaves, and mixed up together by time and chance more completely than the greatest ingenuity could have effected, presented a spectacle of confusion which at first seemed almost to preclude hope. To select from this mass such loose fragments as belonged to those manuscripts which were imperfect, and to separate the rest, and collect them into volumes, was the labour of months. To arrange all those leaves now collected into volumes, in their proper consecutive order, will be the labour of years. Without the aid either of pagination or catch-words, it will be requisite to read almost every leaf, and not only to read it, but to study accurately the context, so as to seize the full sense of the author. Where there are two copies of the same book, or where it is the translation of some Greek work still existing, this labour will be in some measure diminished; but in other instances nothing less than the most careful perusal of every leaf will render it possible to arrange the work, and make it complete.

The number of volumes, as now collected, including both entire works and books made up of various fragments, amounts to three hundred and seventeen, of which two hundred and forty-six are

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on vellum, and seventy on paper, all in Syriac or Aramaic, with one volume of Coptic fragments. These, together with the forty-nine previously obtained, make an addition to the national library of three hundred and sixty-six volumes of manuscripts. As many of these contain two, or even three or four, distinct works, written at different periods, but bound up together, and as several are made up of various fragments, it is perhaps not too much to affirm that there are contained in this collection parts of at least one thousand manuscripts, written in different countries—in Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt—and at various times—from the beginning of the fifth to the end of the thirteenth century. The earliest is dated A.D. 411, the latest A.D. 1292. It would be very interesting, if the means were within our reach, to trace the history of this most remarkable collection, perhaps the largest that was ever possessed by any single monastery, especially when we consider the time and labour requisite to produce even one copy, which could not have been less to the Oriental scribes than in the convents of the West. A note at the end of one copy of the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, which seems to have been written in the eighth century, states that the transcriber completed his task in the course of one year, which is doubtless intended to be a record of more than ordinary diligence. We have no means, as we have said, of tracing the history of this collection, as indeed we have none either for that of the monastery itself. It was most probably founded in the earliest ages of asceticism, and ransacked by the Arabs, with the rest of the convents, at the beginning of the ninth century. We have already stated that it was again in a flourishing condition at the commencement of the tenth century, and that Moses, its then abbot, brought to its library from Mesopotamia two hundred and fifty volumes, of which fact we are assured by the registry which he made in many, if not in all, of these books. Several bearing this notice are now in the British Museum; several also are in the Vatican, as appears from the account given by J. S. Assemani—some belonging to the collection which he himself made, and others to that obtained by his cousin Elias; and one which was formerly the property of Abraham Ecchellensis, from which it appears that some manuscripts had been brought from this monastery into Europe previously to the expedition of Elias Assemani, but by whom or when we have not been able to discover. Moreover, from various notices on the fly-leaves of several of these volumes, we gather that they once belonged to the convent of Amba-Bishoi, and were afterwards transferred to that of St. Mary Deipara of the Syrians by a person named Abraham, and incorporated into their library. Other similar notices record the
benefaction

benefaction of several volumes by various individuals, many of whom appear to have been inhabitants of Tecrit in Mesopotamia; where indeed, and at Edessa, and in the monasteries in the neighbourhood, most of them appear to have been written. Many of these presents seem to have been single manuscripts offered for the salvation of the soul of the donor; but one notice states that no less than eighteen volumes, the property of one individual, came into the possession of the convent upon the death of the owner. There are also records of the purchase of several books for the use of the monastery, and some doubtless were transcribed within its walls. It is only from such incidental notices as these, written at the beginning and end of some of the volumes, that we have any means of forming an estimate of the manner in which the collection was increased to so great a number. There is a note in one of the volumes stating that the manuscripts belonging to the library were repaired in the year of the Greeks 1533 (A.D. 1222). At no very distant period subsequently to this they were probably altogether neglected, the monks becoming too ignorant to make any further use of them. The volume with the most recent date in the collection was written seventy years later, and after this time there seems to have been no effort in these monasteries either at composition or translation into Syriac, or even to reproduce any of their ancient literature by new transcripts. Indeed the examination of this collection brings conviction, that for two or three centuries at least previous to this time little had been done in the way of transcribing further than to copy liturgies, lives of saints, a few homilies, and such parts of the Holy Scriptures as were needed by the monks in the daily services. These, of course, required to be periodically renewed, as by constant use they necessarily became torn and worn out. This circumstance has been the cause of the destruction of some of the finest and most ancient manuscripts which the monks ever possessed. Almost all the manuscripts of this class are palimpsest. When their service-books were worn out, the monks, unable perhaps to obtain vellum elsewhere, had recourse to the expedient of erasing the text of an old volume. In selecting manuscripts for this purpose they seem to have been guided chiefly by the fineness of the vellum, and consequently attacked those which were the most ancient, and in every respect the most valuable. The Greek manuscripts seem to have suffered first, probably because they were unintelligible to the monks; for although there are several Greek palimpsests, as well as Syriac, among the manuscripts now in the British Museum, there is not found in the whole collection one single Greek book, but only a few very small fragments in some of the volumes, which have been pasted
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on to mend the leaves that were torn; but even these are sufficient to show that the Greek manuscripts which they did possess were of the finest class and of the greatest antiquity, closely resembling the famous Alexandrine Bible in substance and calligraphy. It is evident that the monks must have employed some chemical process of erasure, and this in most instances has been so successful as to leave scarcely any perceptible trace of the original writing, but at the same time it has been very injurious to the texture of the vellum: these manuscripts are consequently in the worst condition of any in the collection. Some, indeed, of the others look as fresh as if they had scarcely been used at all—even the original dressing of the vellum still remains; although they have been written more than a thousand years, they seem as if the transcriber had finished his task but yesterday.

The contents of these manuscripts are, as we should naturally expect, chiefly theological, and in this department they are most important. The copies of the Holy Scriptures are some of the oldest in existence, and the translations of the works of the great Fathers of the Church are most valuable, not only because many of them, in all probability, were made during the lifetime of the authors (we have the means of proving certainly that some of them were), but also because the manuscripts in which these Syriac versions are found are the oldest copies of these works now extant, and were written some centuries earlier than any of those in which the original Greek exists. Moreover, this collection contains several really important works, of which the Greek copies have been long since lost, and are now only known to us either by their titles which have come down to us, or by very short extracts preserved by other writers. Besides these there are many original works of Syriac authors.

Of biblical manuscripts of the Peshito version there are nearly thirty volumes, containing various books of the Old Testament, most of which were written about the sixth century; one copy of the Pentateuch dated A.D. 464. We find also the book of Exodus, written A.D. 697—the books of Numbers, Joshua, and the first book of Kings, transcribed about the same time—of the Hexaplar edition, with the asterisks, obelisks, &c., as corrected by Eusebius; together with part of Genesis, and of two copies of the Psalms, of this same edition, with short scholia by Athanasius and Hesychius of Jerusalem. Here are the first book of Samuel and the first book of Kings, in the version of Mar Jacob of Edessa, written A.D. 703; and a copy of Isaiah, written about the same time, probably translated by the same Mar Jacob. There are upwards of forty manuscripts containing parts of the Peshito version of the New Testament, many of which are of the sixth century, and

and some appear to be of the fifth: and also a copy of the Gospels and of the Epistles of St. James, St. Peter, St. John, and St. Jude, of the Philoxenan version, or, more properly speaking, of the edition corrected by Thomas of Heraclea.

Of the Apocrypha, these manuscripts contain the Book of Wisdom, Baruch, and Maccabees; also the Book of Women, which comprises Esther, Judith, Susannah, Ruth, and the Life of the martyr Thecla. There are also copies of the Gospel of the Infancy; the History of the Holy Virgin, and her Departure from this world; the Doctrine of Peter which he taught at Rome; and a Letter of Pilate to Herod, and of Herod to Pilate.

To the copies of the Scriptures should be added several Lectionaries, containing portions of Scripture appointed to be read in the churches. This class of manuscripts, for the reason which we have above stated, is more recent than the copies of the Scriptures: some of them are dated in the ninth century, but most in the eleventh. There is a large collection of rituals and service-books, with many ancient liturgies; and these also are of the later class of manuscripts: here are found the liturgies of the Apostles, of St. James, St. John, St. Matthew, St. Clement, St. Ignatius, Dionysius the Areopagite; of Celestinus, Julius, Xystus or Sixtus, bishops of Rome; of Basil, of Gregory Theologus; of Cyril, and Dioscorus, bishops of Alexandria; of Eustathius, of Curiacus, and Severus, bishops of Antioch; of Philoxenus, bishop of Mabug; of Jacob of Edessa, and Jacob, bishop of Serug; of Maruthas, Thomas of Heraclea, Moses Bar Cepha, John Bar Salibi, and others. Several collections of canons of councils,—the Collection of Apostolic canons made by Hippolytus; the Canons of the councils of Nice, Ancyra, Neocæsarea, Gangra, Laodicea, Constantinople, Ephesus, Chalcedon; the Acts of the second council of Ephesus, held under Dioscorus, patriarch of Alexandria in the time of Theodosius and Valentinian, transcribed A.D. 535. These collections of canons appear to be very important, as they do not seem to have been always translated from the Greek, but to have been arranged and digested by some of the Syrian bishops who attended the councils. To these may be added the canons of several individual patriarchs and bishops for the especial government of their own churches, which may be of great value in tracing the ecclesiastical history of the East.

Of documents which are referred to apostolic times there is found in this collection a small tract bearing the title of the Doctrine of the Apostles. This has been published by the Cardinal Mai, in the tenth volume of his '*Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio*;' but he assigns it to the thirteenth century. What pretensions it has to refer its origin to apostolic times, as its title indicates,

cates, we cannot discuss in this place; but we must observe that the Cardinal cannot have erred less than six centuries in the date; which he fixes on; for there are two copies of this tract among these Syriac manuscripts, both of which were undoubtedly transcribed in the sixth century of the Christian era.* Of the Apostolic Fathers there are found in this collection two copies of the Recognitions ascribed to St. Clement, one in the very ancient manuscript which we have spoken of before, and the other in a copy which seems to be of the sixth century; and three epistles of St. Ignatius, to St. Polycarp, to the Ephesians, and the Romans. To these we should add several copies of the works ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite. Of other ecclesiastical writers of the second and third centuries—besides various fragments from their works cited by other authors, we recover in this Syriac collection an oration of Melito, bishop of Sardis, to the emperor Marcus Antoninus; which, however, does not agree with that cited by Eusebius in his Ecclesiastical History (Book iv. chap. 26):—the entire Dialogue on Fate by Bardesanes, of which a fragment had been preserved by Eusebius in the 10th chapter of the 6th book of his 'Præparatio Evangelica;' and two or three treatises of Gregory Thaumaturgus, which appear to have been hitherto unknown.

Of ecclesiastical writers of the fourth century,—Titus, bishop of Bostra, against the Manicheans. The original Greek is imperfect, and the last book lost; the Syriac version is complete, and was transcribed A.D. 411. In the same manuscript are contained, as we have seen above, two works of Eusebius, on the Divine Manifestation of our Lord, and on the Martyrs of Palestine. We find here also the five first books of his Ecclesiastical History, transcribed early in the sixth century. Of Athanasius, —his Commentary on the Psalms, Life of St. Anthony, and his Festal Letters, but not complete: of these letters Athanasius

* There is another error less excusable committed by the learned Cardinal, which, as it relates to a matter of considerable interest, the testimony to the antiquity of the British Church received in the East, certainly not later than about the year 500, and probably much earlier (for this is the period of the transcript of the manuscript), we must take this opportunity of correcting. At the end of this work, professing to be 'the Doctrine of the Apostles,' there is an account of the different channels through which the sacerdotal office was transmitted to the various parts of the then Christian world. The passage to which we allude runs thus:—'Rome, the whole of Italy, Spain, Britain, Gaul, and the other countries round about, received the band of priesthood from Simon Cepha, who came from Antioch, and was ruler and governor of the church which he built there.' This we have translated from the Syriac, as it is correctly printed at page 174. But the Latin version runs thus:—'Accepit manum sacerdotalem Roma civitas, et tota Italia, ac Hispania, Bythinia, et Gallia,' &c.—p. 7.

wrote upwards of forty—that is one for every year of his patriarchate—it having been a practice with patriarchs of Alexandria to send a cyclical letter at Christmas to all the bishops of their province to inform them on what day Easter was to be observed. These have all perished in the original Greek, except a fragment of the 39th preserved by Theodorus Balsamon. Of Basil—the Treatise on the Holy Spirit, transcribed A.D. 509, not 130 years after his death; his *Regulæ fusius Tractatæ*, Treatise on Virginity, and various sermons. Of Gregory of Nyssa,—Homilies on the Lord's Prayer, on the Beatitudes, and other sermons, some written in the sixth century. Of Gregory Theologus,—his works translated into Syriac by Paul, an abbot in the island of Cyprus, A.D. 624, with commentaries by Severus, bishop of Nisibis; one copy transcribed A.D. 790, another A.D. 840, and others which appear more ancient. Of Ephraem Syrus,—many sermons, metrical discourses, and hymns; among which are several things not comprised in Assemani's edition of his works—for example, his tract against Julian, supposed to have been lost: one of these manuscripts is dated A.D. 519, or about 150 years after the death of the author; others appear to be still more ancient.

Of Fathers at the end of the fourth century and the commencement of the fifth,—nearly all the works of John Chrysostom, in manuscripts of great antiquity; one copy of the Homilies on St. Matthew is dated A.D. 557, about 150 years after his death; another copy, without date, of the same Homilies appears to be about a hundred years earlier. Several treatises of Proclus, his successor on the patriarchal throne of Constantinople. The '*Historia Lausiaca*' of Palladius; also the account of the Egyptian monks by Evagrius Ponticus, with other of his works; a short treatise on heresies by Epiphanius, written A.D. 562, less than 160 years after his decease, together with extracts from his other works. Almost all the works of Cyril of Alexandria, of very great antiquity; among which we would specify the treatise on Adoration in Spirit and Truth, transcribed A.D. 553, about 110 years after his death; his commentary on St. Luke, in two volumes, of which the original Greek is lost, excepting a very few passages preserved in the catenæ on St. Luke. Some of Cyril's works were translated into Aramaic during his life-time, by Rabulas, who was then bishop of Edessa.

In the beginning of the sixth century, a work of Timotheus, patriarch of Alexandria, against the Council of Chalcedon, transcribed A.D. 562—25 years after his death; various letters of his successors, Theodosius and Theodorus; numerous writings of Severus (Patriarch of Antioch), among which we would specify
a volume

a volume of sermons, transcribed A.D. 569, or only about thirty years after his death: many of his works were translated into Syriac during his life-time, in the year 528, at Edessa, by Paul, bishop of Callinicum. Of these writers of the sixth century nothing more is preserved to us in the Greek than the titles of their works, and not even the whole of these. This arises probably from their having been diligently suppressed by the emperor and the opposite party, by whom they had been condemned: they are, however, most important for throwing light upon the history of the first half of the sixth century, more especially on several important events consequent upon the Council of Chalcedon, concerning which we have little more at present than the statement of one party.

For ecclesiastical history we have in this collection—besides the five first books of Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History, and his Martyrs of Palestine—a contemporary Ecclesiastical History, by John, bishop of Ephesus, from the year A.D. 571 to 583 (this manuscript must have been transcribed about the same time as the last event it records); two imperfect Ecclesiastical Chronicles; a considerable collection of Martyrologies, Lives of Saints, Fathers, and eminent Bishops; which may supply much matter hitherto unknown. In general theology there are several anonymous treatises on Christianity, and works against various heresies, together with some volumes of miscellaneous sermons.

Of Ascetic writers,—numerous treatises of Ammonius, Macarius, Evagrius, Esaias, &c. &c.

Of original Syriac authors, besides Ephraem, above spoken of, there are found among these manuscripts,—works of Mar Isaac, presbyter of Antioch; numerous writings of Mar Jacob, bishop of Serug, or Batnæ—among which one volume of sermons is said to have been purchased A.D. 653, little more than 130 years subsequently to his death, and probably was written much earlier; various works of Philoxenus, bishop of Mabug, one volume of which is dated A.D. 569, or less than fifty years after his death; the treatise of Peter, bishop of Antioch, against Damian; several works of Mar Jacob, bishop of Edessa, and amongst these his valuable recension of the books of the Old and the New Testament, according to the Peshito version and that of Thomas of Heraclea. We might have added many other Syriac authors.

To the above short list of writers purely theological, we should not omit to subjoin the categories of Aristotle, translated into Syriac by Sergius of Rhesina, in the sixth century; commen-

taries on Aristotle by Probus and Severus bishop of Kenneserin; and a Syriac translation of Galen de Simplicibus. These manuscripts are of great antiquity, and touch upon the times at which the translations were made.

In closing a very brief notice of this collection, we cannot refrain from congratulating the learned of Europe generally that these manuscripts have been rescued from perishing in a vault in the desert of Africa; and we shall perhaps be forgiven for indulging in a little national pride when we rejoice that they are deposited in the British Museum. We are, however, constrained at the same time to confess that this our joy is much sobered down by the apprehension that these valuable works, although now safe from the danger of destruction, will still lie upon our shelves in almost as great neglect as they did in the oil-cellar of the monastery. There are but few Oriental scholars in England; and among those few the Syriac has found hardly any attention. The number of persons at present competent to make any use of this matchless collection is very limited, and even of those who may be competent, one is too far removed to be able to avail himself of it, a second too much pressed by other duties. Neither can we foresee any prospect of young scholars rising up to whom we may look forward as future explorers of this extensive mine. The mercantile spirit pervades even our literary pursuits, and that is most studied which seems most likely to turn out to some material advantage, not that which most tends to intellectual profit. We have some Hebrew scholars: there are Hebrew professorships in both the universities; that in Oxford is well endowed. We have a few indifferent Arabic students; there are also chairs for Arabic, indifferently endowed, in both universities. The foundation of the Sanscrit Chair and scholarships in Oxford has already engaged several in the study of that language; and the additional facilities afforded to obtain the means of wealth and distinction in India, by the knowledge of the Persian, have produced several eminent Persian scholars. But the Syriac, a language which by every association would seem to call for our sympathies more than any other, hardly excepting the Hebrew itself, has hitherto been in this country almost entirely neglected. There are no lectures read in this language in the university of London. There is no professorship of Syriac in Oxford or Cambridge; and while no less than three new theological chairs have been lately established in Oxford, the Syriac language, which would afford more light than any other for the critical explanation of the text of the New Testament—perhaps of the Old Testament also—which contains much patristical theology and vast materials for ecclesiastical history that cannot

cannot be elsewhere obtained, has been left without a professor, and consequently, perhaps, without a student. The Syriac Theophania of Eusebius and the Epistles of Ignatius are the only works in that language, with the exception of the whole or parts of the Scripture, which, so far as our knowledge goes, have been published in this country. The glory of such Syriac literature as was brought to England by Huntington was taken from us by foreigners, who transcribed and published the valuable history of Gregory Bar Hebræus from the manuscripts in the Bodleian.

These are melancholy recollections; and our anticipations are shaded with their tints. But still we are pleased and proud that the Government and the Museum have done their duty as respected the Treasure of the Desert.

ART. III.—*Days and Nights of Salmon-Fishing in the Tweed, with a short Account of the Natural History and Habits of the Salmon, Instructions to Sportsmen, Anecdotes, &c.* By William Scrope, Esq., F.L.S., Author of 'The Art of Deer-Stalking.' London, royal 8vo. (with numerous engravings). 1843.

WE have heard it predicted that the taste for Scotch sport, which has become a passion in England, would, like other passions, be of short endurance. We do not think so. Until the madness of our neighbours, or our own, provide the youth of England with the excitement of real war, that mimic warfare seems likely to keep their nerves strung and their hands fit for action.

It is not only that Clubland is left desolate as the 12th of August approaches; that Parliament is prorogued or deserted; that northern steamers and railways for weeks are crowded with sportsmen and their apparatus of sport; that during autumn more glimpses of the fashionable world are to be seen in the streets of Inverness than in St. James's Street: there are certain other indications not to be mistaken. Several accidents have of late thrown a number of Highland estates into the market, and these have been for the most part acquired by Englishmen of fortune, men who have grown to love the scene of their youthful sport only less than the green fields of their Southern homes. The new proprietors have established their summer 'shealings' in some of the remotest fastnesses of the hills, willing to see their sons grow up in the same hardy habits of Highland life which they

they themselves have acquired; and having no fear lest their daughters should lose in delicacy and grace by setting their feet on the heather and breathing the sweet mountain air.

These are not symptoms of an ephemeral passion. But we trust still more to the actual fascination of the Scotch sports, and their adaptation to the national character of Englishmen. It is true, the taste for picturesque scenery—one of the causes of the tide setting northward—is of comparatively recent date. We doubt if the ancients—at least the old Romans—could appreciate any beauty of scenery beyond the clear fountain with its margin of turf, shaded from the mid-day heat by the umbrageous plane. Virgil indeed, when scorched by the Neapolitan sun, loved to fancy himself in the cool glens of Hæmus and under the shade of mightiest boughs. Horace decidedly preferred the ‘burn-side,’ if it was not the dell of a still smaller rivulet, which he has sung in lines of untranslatable beauty:—

Quâ pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat

Lympha fugax trepidare rivo;—

but he looked to Soracte only as a weather-glass. No Roman poet viewed the Apennines as more than a scene of rocky horrors, or thought of the Alps but as a region of ever-during snow. It is not quite a century and a half since a cultivated and refined English clergyman appealed to the sympathy of his friends for being condemned to a living death—a benefice among the dreadful wilds of Derbyshire! Some people, some whole nations seem incapable of the taste. We doubt if the Frenchman—the Frenchman proper—has ever really experienced the awful pleasure of mountain solitude.

But whatever theory may be made, of the taste for the picturesque requiring education, it required no schooling to make the Englishman enjoy the wild free sport of the Scotch mountains, when it was opened to him. His previous habits had fitted him for its toil; his previous sport had given him some foretaste of its excitement. Every English boy bred in the country is a hunter. He who as a boy was one of the Eton ‘eleven,’ and pulled an oar in the Christ Church eight-oar, had ensured a firm foot and good ‘wind.’ He needed but a little practice to make him enter into all the energetic scenes of Highland sport with the vigorous joy of a young native. For him too, by and bye, there was just enough of hardship and danger to give some feeling of adventure, and fatigue enough to make rest delightful. It was the perfection of physical existence. The young knight setting out in quest of adventures,

adventures, never felt more confident in his prowess than the deer-stalker with his rifle on his arm as he climbs the breezy heights of Ben-y-gloe, and prepares for a day of exertion, sustained by the intense interest of the noble sport. And who shall say such pursuits are without their effect on the mind? If, as we love to think, the gentleman of England stands well nigh first in the scale, he owes much of his superiority to that education of the body which men of rank in other countries rarely enjoy. He becomes hardy in person, and his mind acquires manliness with it. He trusts to his own eye and his good hand, and his spirit acquires the same independence. He communes with nature, and learns to live alone, and he is not the worse member of society for being able to do so.

Holding this opinion of the importance of the prevailing taste, let it not be thought unworthy of our gravity to devote a few pages to illustrate it.

Many of the southern counties of Scotland have a great extent of moor and hill, well peopled with game. In Dumfriesshire and Galloway, Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, as well as in the ancient Royal forest—'The Forest' par excellence of Scotland, now Selkirkshire—once full of red-deer, as now teeming with white-faced sheep—and on the high grounds of the other border counties, the red grouse is tolerably abundant, and the black-game in much greater number than in the wilder ranges of the northern Highlands; so that a good gun in the beginning of the season may bring to the bag twenty or thirty brace of black-game in a fair day, including hens, which are not there held sacred. But over that southern division of Scotland the game gets early wild and unapproachable; there is no deer nor ptarmigan; and there is not on the whole such certainty of continued sport as to induce many devotees to hire the right of shooting there. Passing over for the present the fine salmon-fishing of Tweed, we may say that the real sporting-ground of Scotland lies beyond the two Friths and the wall of Antoninus; and, with the exception of the agricultural shire of Fife, there are none of the counties beyond that line in which the game and right of shooting are not now objects of considerable pecuniary value.

We have had access to some details that have been lately collected regarding the tracts let as shootings in several of those counties, from which we propose to condense for the benefit of our readers a little of the statistics of Scotch sport. Without pretending to minute accuracy, we believe our information may be generally relied on; and we trust it may not be imputed to undue egotism if we dwell at times upon matters not purely statistical,

tical, in passing through scenes always dear to us, and to which distance now lends all its enchantment.

Of Stirlingshire and Dumbarton we have the scantiest information. In the former county, grouse-shooting extending over 5000 acres is let for 40*l.*, and another range containing 3400 acres for 30*l.* a year; while a fine range, including the whole of Ben Lomond, the territory of the Duke of Montrose, is for the most part in his Grace's own occupation. As for Dumbarton, we believe the lord of the Lennox does not let his shootings; at least we have learnt nothing of rented shootings in that county. The shooting of Arran, which abounds in grouse and black-game, is entirely in the hands of the Duke of Hamilton, who rents the game of the small fragment of that picturesque island that does not belong to himself.

In Argyllshire also, the great shootings are mostly in the hands of the proprietors, but we have found a few shootings that are in use to be let in this county at the following rents:—

Boverly, 4000 acres	.	.	.	Rent £120
Dalmally, 8 miles by 4	.	.	.	150
Lochawe-side, 4000 acres	.	.	.	50
Tyndrum, 2 to 3 miles square	.	.	.	50

In all these, the rents obtained from the shooting are over and above the agricultural and pastoral rent. No difference is made in the mode of culture or pasture on account of game or sport. But in the northern district of the mainland of this great county, which is more than 100 miles in length, a range of 35,000 acres is devoted to deer-forest by the Marquis of Breadalbane, and nearly as much by Mr. Campbell of Monzie, who give up all pasture rent, and in a great degree the common sport of grouse-shooting, for the sake of the deer, an animal that will not live with sheep and shepherds' dogs, and which must not be disturbed by the frequent crossing of the grouse-shooter.

Perthshire, the greatest of the Highland counties, is also the greatest in amount of rent derived from shootings, notwithstanding the vast territories reserved for the great lords of the soil. In the southern part of the county, Lord Willoughby has a small deer-forest, where Prince Albert found more stags than there were in the days of Fitz-James; and in the north a large tract is devoted to the same purpose by Lord Breadalbane, besides leaving abundance of grouse-ground. The Marquis's territory under deer and (mixed) grouse and sheep in this county is reckoned to extend to 153,000 acres, and to be worth 4085*l.* of yearly game rent. After these and numerous other deductions of moors and forests not let, the extent of acres let for grouse-shooting

shooting has been computed at 534,400, and the annual rent produced at 10,957*l*.*

In Perthshire, therefore, the rate seems to be, on an average, 50 acres for one pound of rent. But it must be kept in view that the game-rent is in addition to the pasture-rent, and moreover, in almost all cases the tenants of the soil benefit greatly by the expenditure of the sportsmen tenants of their glens. Additional accommodation is required beyond the shooting 'bothy;' extra servants, 'gillies,' baggage-horses, shooting ponies, to be furnished and fed. The goodwife cannot supply enough from her dairy and poultry-yard. The very meal and straw for the dogs, and horse corn, are all derived from the same quarter—and all to be paid for. It is remarked that small Highland farmers pay a good portion of their Martinmas rents in English sovereigns, instead of the dear, dirty notes of their own banks.

In Angus, the great lords of the Grampian glens, the Ogilvies and Lord Panmure, do not let their shootings, but are contented with such sport for themselves and their friends as can be combined with sheep-pasturing.

Aberdeenshire contains not only the highest mountain in Bri-

* The details may be interesting to some of our readers:—

Name of Shooting.	Extent in Acres.	Game Rent. £.	Name of Shooting.	Extent in Acres.	Game Rent. £.
Blair Forest	60,000	2000	Tallymurdoch	1,000	10
Fallar and Tarff	20,000	650	Glenlyon and Meggernay . . .	20,000	150
Glen Bruar	12,000	300	Monzie	2,000	80
Dalnaspidal and Mealnalettrich .	16,000	360	Bonskeid and Bo'rannich . . .	1,000	20
Aldvaline and Clunes	8,000	180	Glenfalloch	10,000	80
Glenferate	10,000	150	Fincastle	2,500	35
Dalnacardoch, &c.	7,000	120	Tullymett	3,000	80
Kyrachan and Glenacrombie . .	7,000	105	Baldmund and Balnakeilly . .	1,000	25
Loch Valligan	5,000	90	Kiedroggan, Dernancan, and } Woodhill	10,000	100
Strathmull and Bohespes . . .	4,000	80	Lude and Shierglass	6,000	100
Laighwood	4,000	70	Chesthill	3,000	70
Strowan Point	2,000	25	Glengyle	4,000	50
Loch Ordie	4,000	80	Glenalmond	4,000	80
Grandtully	16,000	400	Currymuchloch and Coynachan .	5,000	70
Logielmond	14,000	200	Innerchagernie	4,000	50
Hirnam, &c.	7,000	150	Dalguse	1,000	20
Slesgarbh	60,000	700	Ardvoirlich	5,000	100
Mount Alexander	4,000	60	Glenbuckie and Stronvaar . . .	10,000	150
Balnaguard	4,000	100	Loch Gary, Kinloch, and Dal- } chunie	3,400	150
Auchlecks, &c.	8,000	150	Inuerchaddan	3,000	80
Trinafour	4,000	100	Glenurrit	5,500	250
Crossmount and Garthlibnitt } House	8,000	300	Ochintertyre	4,500	100
Glenquach	6,000	200	Donavoured	1,500	50
Kinloch	4,000	100	Aberuchill	3,000	90
Edradour	3,000	40	Connachan	5,000	120
Killiehasie with Slick, &c. . . .	4,000	180	Lochearnside	10,000	220
Foss House, &c.	6,000	200	Loch Katrine Side	8,000	150
Slieshmein, belonging to Sir } R. Menzies	60,000	800	Canoglen	1,000	30
Duntanlich, &c.	5,000	100	Powells Wester	1,500	25
Banff	4,000	50	— Easter	2,500	42
Kilbride	3,000	50	Abergoldie and Glenlednaig . .	14,000	300

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tain, but, if we take in a small border of Perthshire, by far the most considerable Alpine range. From Dee to Spey, from Blair to Ballater, a good day's journey in any direction, may be said to form a continued hunting-ground of the highest quality for sport. The Spey and Dee, even so high up in their course, give fair salmon-fishing. The streams which feed them, and the mountain lochs, are full of trout, which afford good sport to the angler, and are delicate on the table, though unsightly to look at. In a June evening at the east end of Loch Tilt, we have taken trout as fast as we could throw for an hour together (stans 'lapide' in uno) sometimes two at a time, small mossy trout with unshapely heads. Loch-nan-Ean—a high mountain tarn in the wilds of Invercauld—has a better kind of trout, which the natives choose to call char. It is readily taken with fly, and is found of good size. We have eaten them at the inn of Spittal of Glenshee of a pound weight and red in the flesh, and (after a walk from Braemar) they required no sauce to make us pronounce them delicious. On the other declivity of this range, the Don rises, which for forty miles of its course gives the finest trout-fishing we know in Scotland. It is less rocky and impetuous than the Dee. Its banks are richer, and its alternate pool and gravelly stream are to the very heart's content of an angler. Time was when we have fished the Don from the 'Cock Brig of Alergue,' where the old military road crosses, all the way down under the ruined towers of Kildrummy, to where the ancient Culdees placed their monastery on the banks of that sweet stream among the rich meadows of Monymusk. Our way was more in the river bed than on any road, and it was superb sport. The fishing-basket each day was several times emptied of the smaller trout, and was frequently brought home filled at night with not one of less than a pound weight, some running to three pounds. The outskirts of all that wild range we have described are perhaps on the whole the best grouse-shooting in Scotland. Lord Elcho lately shot more grouse there in one day than was ever done by one gun before; though we have heard that Mr. Campbell of Monzie has since, in a comparatively narrow beat, far exceeded that number—a feat which we should like to have recorded more accurately. As you penetrate deeper into the fastnesses you get among the great deer-glens of Mar and Athol; and, threading the streams to their heads, you find yourself rapidly leaving first grass, then heather, and lastly the lichen vegetation, where the tops of Ben Macdhui and Cairn Gorm present nothing to the foot or the eye but the débris of red granite. That is the haunt of ptarmigan. The Highlander tells you they live on stones; and it is true their crops are found to contain a quantity
of

of pebbles, necessary for triturating the tough moss and Alpine plants that form their food.

It is long ago, but not the less fresh in our memory, when we first penetrated these mountains from the north, that is, the Spey side. It was a September morning that we rode our pony (hight Glenelg from the country of his breeding) to the highest farmhouse in Abernethy, where we left him to wait our return. Two active lads, sons of the tenant, were delighted to accompany us, and we were on our march when the day was still early. In those days, the lower part of the glen of Nethy was too rank heather for grouse; and for miles we passed over, scarcely letting our dogs hunt it. Towards evening we fell among several good coveys, and had abundance of sport, and more than the gillies liked to carry, before we struck the waters that run to the Awn. But our object was other game, and we were glad to find ourselves getting among the ptarmigan as night fell. A council was held to deliberate where we should sleep. We ourselves inclined for the Clachean, the shelter-stone on the rocky bank of Loch Awn. But it was easy to see our proposal was most distasteful to the natives. It is well enough known that the shelter-stone is under the peculiar charge of the fairy people of Glen Awn, who are pretty hospitable when a shepherd or deer-stalker is driven there by stress of weather, but will not tolerate any wanton attempt to encroach upon their protection. We have since that time passed a night there. But then, the cautious councils prevailed, and our party turned a little eastward, and made, as it got quite dark, a shealing which the shepherds of Glen Awn use for a few months in summer, situated almost at the highest 'forking' of Awn, and, so far as we know, the highest inhabited house that night in Britain. It was a hut of green sod, with a roof of thin black turf. The walls were not above three feet high, and one required to enter as you do into the galleries of the pyramids. Having crept in, we were heartily welcomed by the shepherds, and after eating our supper together (to which they contributed a piece of 'mutton' marvellously like venison), and when we had reconciled their thin active dogs to our tired pointers having a share of the heather in the corner, we lay down in our plaids round the fire of bog-fir and heather-roots, which smouldered in the midst of the hovel. The weather had changed in the course of the night, and one of our party awoke with a feeling of intense cold. He trimmed the fire, and threw upon it a bundle of wet heather, which produced at first only smoke. He had thrust his feet towards the fire, and was again asleep, when we were aroused by a shout of 'fire,' and found, on springing up, the roof of the bothy in a light blaze, caught from
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the heather thrown on the fire blazing up as it dried. To rush out was the first impulse. It was snowing, and the roof was covered with a thin coat of snow, which had no effect in checking the fire. The burn ran close by, and with our bonnets we laved up water on the low roof, and soon got the fire extinguished, but at the expense of leaving a little lake to fill the place so lately occupied by our beds. This was uncomfortable enough, and as we sat under the roof, which still sheltered us from the snow, longing for daylight, we formed certain vows against being caught bivouacking again on the 'burn of the Carouries.' The night had an end, and we sallied out prepared to yield to fate and the weather, and to make for the low country; when the snow suddenly ceased falling. The sun, not yet risen above our horizon, began to tinge with rose the white cairn of Cairngorm. Then top after top caught the glow, till the whole mountains round shone in glorious light. Coming from that dark smoky cabin, the change was magical. It was perfectly still: even on the highest cliffs there was not a breath. As we walked forward, the ptarmigan crowed and rose at our feet. Taking up our dogs, we began shooting, and had several hours of very fine sport. The birds when found were generally down on the white moss beside the little streams that intersect it; but on being flushed, they took short flights and lighted on the steep *corries*, often within sight, so that 'marking' was of as much importance as in a day of Norfolk partridge-shooting. In that our 'henchmen' excelled, and also in directing our approaches to the game when marked. It would be a nervous sort of climbing in other circumstances, but with the game before him, a man thinks little of the danger, and really incurs less from not thinking. Before the weather changed, which it did at mid-day, our bag was well filled. We have seen many a fine day round the black rocks of Loch Awn and on the side of Cairngorm; but that morning rests brightest in our memory.

The Earl of Seafield's shootings which are let—partly in Inverness-shire, but chiefly in Moray and Banff shires—are about 245,000 acres in extent, at rents which seem to average 1*l.* for a hundred acres, varying from one-half to two-thirds of the grazing-rent of the same ground.

In Inverness-shire it has been found impossible to obtain any tolerably accurate statement of the extent of the shootings let. The whole rent derived from shootings in this large county is about 9000*l.*, exclusive however of the portion of rent which may be called the grazing-rent of deer-forests, that is, what could be obtained for the ground for sheep-pasture. The smallness of produce from this favourite county is in some degree accounted for,

for, by several large properties, which were formerly rented for shooting, having been lately purchased by sportsmen, who now keep the game for their own use. Lord Lovat and several of the old proprietors also have large districts in their own occupation.

As the traveller journeys northward by the great Highland road, and, arriving on the banks of the Spey, turns to trace down for many miles its magnificent valley, he has on his right hand the grand range of the Cairngorms, for which the light of the morning or evening sun reflected from their bare scalps of red granite has obtained from the Badenoch shepherd the name of the *Mona Ruadh* (Red Mountains); while, to distinguish them, he calls the range on the opposite or north side of the valley, the *Mona Liadh*, or grey mountains. These last are not much seen from the road, except where they throw out into the valley the prominent heights of 'Craig-dhu,' once the battle-cry of the sept of Macpherson, and 'Craigellachie,' whose name gave the old slogan of the Grants. Behind these, rises the wild high range of the *Mona Liadh*, where the streams collect that feed the river Findhorn. It is a desolate dreary region, intersected by one or two green glens, fringed with dwarf birch and juniper, and studded thick with the 'black towns,' as the little clusters of turf hovels are denominated, where is seen the ancient mode of life and crowded population now banished from most of the Scotch glens. The lord of all this country is the chief of Macintosh, whose forefathers, 'Captains of Clanchattan,' used to draw a formidable band of followers from those glens now so quiet. It was into those fastnesses the unbroken and frowning body of the Highland army retreated after the defeat of Culloden; and they retreated unmolested. It was not ground for Hanoverian horse or Lowland foot to give them much annoyance. For long after the Rebellion, the tract was hardly visited but by the shepherds, and now and then a deer-stalker from Kingusie. Grouse were not worth killing, if the poor Highlander had had the skill and the apparatus for their slaughter. Even after grouse-shooting had become somewhat fashionable, the *Mona Liadh* was neglected. No road led into its wild solitudes, and it was set down in men's minds as the interior of Africa in the old maps, where strange monsters and naked savages are painted to represent the untrodden desert. The first sportsman who penetrated the district was an adventurous officer quartered at Fort George some thirty years ago. He was hardy, and could put up with the shepherd's fare and mode of life; he found grouse in abundance, fine streams, and several lakes full of trout; roe, and a fair sprinkling of red deer, notwithstanding the constant molestation of shepherds and sheep-dogs; and he secured the exclusive sport
of

of the whole territory, said to be 40,000 acres, for 20*l.* a-year. Times are changed in the *Mona Liadh*. A good road now leads up to the door of a comfortable shooting-box ; the lease has just expired, and the 'Laird' proposes to divide the ground, and build another lodge five miles farther up ; and as there is range for six or eight guns, he may expect 500*l.* or 600*l.* per annum for the shooting.

Passing red deer are met with on all the higher ranges of this county. But it is chiefly on the estates of Lord Lovat, Sir G. M. Grant, and Cluny, the chieftain of Macpherson, that large districts are cleared of sheep and devoted exclusively to deer. Where these deer-forests are let, the tenant of course pays the rent of the land as pasture, as well as the shooting-rent. The landlord benefits by an increased rent ; the natives of the glens have no reason to complain ; so far from this practice tending to dispeople the country, the very opposite is the case. Glenfeshie, a fine valley of a tributary of the Spey, was until a few years ago occupied as a sheep-farm ; and an arable farm of one hundred acres round the house of Invereshie being laid down in pasture for wintering the sheep, three shepherds and a boy were all the servants then required, with the addition of a few hands at sheep-shearing. It is now let as a deer-forest. The tenant of the forest employs seven keepers on yearly wages, four watchers during the shooting-season ; and an average of about a dozen 'gillies.' When the last tenant, Mr. Ellice, rented the forest, as many as twenty-six gillies have started on one morning from Invereshie—two attending each sportsman. The tenant and his guests require a number of ponies, which are furnished by the neighbouring farmers. The arable land, instead of being kept in permanent pasture, is regularly cultivated, employing the establishment of servants and cattle required for such a farm. Another tract of Sir G. M. Grant's (the ancient forest of Gawick) is now again brought under deer, and let in the same manner.

Cluny Macpherson's deer-forest, and a large range of grouse-ground, are let to the Marquis of Abercorn, who has 40,000 acres, freed of sheep and kept for deer only. He has established his summer lodge on the lovely banks of Lochlaggan ; and it may be readily imagined what advantage is derived to a Highland glen from such an establishment. In that and many other instances, the occupant of the shootings, though only a tenant, becomes attached to the place, and either secures a long lease or makes it the interest of his landlord to keep him : thus ending the evil which sometimes results from an ephemeral occupancy, and bringing the gentry of the lodge and the people of the glen to regard each other as old friends and permanent neighbours.

Lord

Lord Lovat does not let his deer-forest of Strathfarar and Strathglas. It is rather narrow, but in some places of exquisite beauty.

From the best information we have been able to obtain, the shootings usually let in Ross-shire produce about 4000*l.* a-year.

In Sutherland, which, with the exception of one or two estates of moderate size, is the property of the Duke of Sutherland, we have not heard of any shootings being let.

In Caithness, moors are let only for grouse-shooting, producing an average rent of about 1700*l.* a-year. There are no deer-forests.

It is to the varied sports afforded by this wide region of moor and mountain, lake and river, that we would now introduce such of our southern readers as do not scorn our gentle guidance.

First in rank is the royal sport—the noblest of hill-craft—the chase of the red-deer. To illustrate the art of deer-stalking, Mr. Scrope has devoted his skill as an artist, and his knowledge and experience as a veteran sportsman. We have endeavoured to do justice to his work on that subject in a former Number (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxiii. p. 73). He has painted deer-stalking as he enjoyed it in the Duke of Athol's forest—and in every page we recognise the hand of a thoroughbred and most gallant sportsman. The only defect is that Mr. Scrope's proceedings have usually been on the grandest scale—conducted with all the appliances of a princely establishment—no end of retainers of all classes at his disposal. Accordingly it could be but on rare occasions that he was able to exert in perfection the powers of tact and personal endurance of which some of his chapters prove him to be possessed. We are confident he would have enjoyed the sport still more than he did, had he been compelled to trust more exclusively to his own good eye and sinews. In truth, the superiority of deer-stalking over other sports lies in its calling forth and putting to the test the highest qualifications of a sportsman. To hope to succeed in it, a man must be of good constitution, patient of toil, cold, hunger, and all hardship, and not to be discouraged by ill success. He must be active and quick of foot; he must have a keen eye and steady hand, and unshaken nerves; but, bringing all these preliminary qualifications, the young deer-stalker must still further learn to know the nature of the ground and the habits of the animal: he is to contend against the lord of the mountain. The red-deer is unmatched in strength, and speed, and endurance; he is very watchful; his sight is perfect; his hearing perfect; his sense of smell so acute that it detects the taint of a human enemy on the wind at the distance of miles. It is against these qualities and instincts, in a region best suited for their display, the deer-stalker has to match himself; and it is no inglorious triumph for human reason if he has the superiority. We think the individual exertion,

tion, the perseverance and sagacity, necessary for success when the devotee goes forth, single-handed, are well shown in a few pages from a journal of a sportsman to which we have had access. We have used the liberty of abridging it, but have neither added nor altered anything of the sense, and can vouch for its being literally and wholly true. At the time of the adventures described, the writer was a very young man, fresh from a London life; but he was 'come of a good kind,' and took to the rough doings of the mountain life with that hearty enthusiasm and resolution not to be beat, which we love to think characteristic of Englishmen:—

'*Sunday*.—This evening, Malcolm, the shepherd of the shealing at the foot of Benmore, returning from church, reported his having crossed in the hill a track of a hart of extraordinary size. He guessed it must be "the muckle stag of Benmore," an animal that was seldom seen, but had long been the talk and marvel of the shepherds for its wonderful size and cunning. They love the marvellous, and in their report "the muckle stag" bore a charmed life; he was unapproachable and invulnerable. I had heard of him too; and having taken my informations, resolved to adventure to break the charm, though it should cost me a day or two.

'*Monday*.—This morning's sunrise saw me with my rifle, Donald carrying my double barrel, and Bran, on our way up the glen to the shealing at the foot of Benmore. Donald is a small wiry old Highlander, somewhat sleepy in appearance, except when game is in sight, but whose whole figure changes when a deer comes in view. I must confess, however, he had no heart for this expedition. He is not addicted to superfluous conversation, but I heard him mutter something of a "feckless errand—as good deer nearer hame." Bran is a favourite: he is a sort of lurcher—a cross between a high-bred Highland stag-hound and a bloodhound; not extremely fast, but untiring, and of courage to face anything on four legs—already the victor in many a bloody tussle with hart and fox. We held generally up the glen, but turning and crossing to seek every likely corrie and burn on both sides. I shot a wild cat, stealing home to its cairn in the early morning; and we several times in the day came on deer, but they were hinds with their calves, and I was bent on higher game. As night fell, we turned down to the shealing rather disheartened; but the shepherd cheered me by assuring me the hart was still in that district, and describing his track, which he said was like that of a good heifer. Our spirits were quite restored by a meal of fresh-caught trout, oat-cake and milk, with a modicum of whisky, which certainly was of unusual flavour and potency.

'*Tuesday*.—We were off again by daybreak. I must pass several minor adventures, but one cannot be neglected. Malcolm went with us to show where he had last seen the track. As we crossed a long reach of black and broken ground, the first ascent from the valley, two golden eagles rose out of a hollow at some distance. Their flight was lazy and heavy, as if gorged with food, and on examining the place we found the carcass of a sheep half-eaten, one of Malcolm's flock. He
vowed

vowed vengeance; and, merely giving us our route, returned for a spade to dig a place of hiding near enough the carcass to enable him to have a shot if the eagles should return. We held on our way, and the greater part of the day without any luck to cheer us, my resolution "not to be beat" a good deal strengthened by the occasional grumbling of Donald. Towards afternoon, when we had tired ourselves with looking at every corrie in that side of the hill with our glasses, at length, in crossing a bare and boggy piece of ground, Donald suddenly stopped, with a Gaelic exclamation, and pointed—and there to be sure was a full fresh foot-print, the largest mark of a deer either of us had ever seen. There was no more grumbling. Both of us were instantly as much on the alert as when we started on our adventure. We traced the track as long as the ground would allow. Where we lost it, it seemed to point down the little burn which soon lost itself to our view in a gorge of bare rocks. We proceeded now very cautiously, and taking up our station on a concealed ledge of one of the rocks, began to search the valley below with our telescopes. It was a large flat, strewn with huge slabs of stone, and surrounded on all sides but one with dark damp rocks. At the farther end were two black lochs, connected by a sluggish stream;—beside the larger loch, a bit of coarse grass and rushes, where we could distinguish a brood of wild ducks swimming in and out. It was difficult ground to see a deer, if lying; and I had almost given up seeking, when Donald's glass became motionless, and he gave a sort of grunt as he hitched on his belly, without taking the glass from his eye. "Ugh! I'm thinking yon's him, sir: I'm seeing his horns." I was at first incredulous. What he showed me close to the long grass I have mentioned, looked for all the world like some withered sticks; but the doubt was short. While we gazed, he rose and commenced feeding; and at last I saw the great hart of Benmore! He was a long way off, perhaps a mile and a half, but in excellent ground for getting at him. Our plan was soon made. I was to stalk him with the rifle, while Donald, with my gun and Bran, was to get round, out of sight, to the pass by which the deer was likely to leave the valley. My task was apparently very easy. After getting down behind the rock, I had scarcely to stoop my head, but to walk up within shot, so favourable was the ground and the wind. I walked cautiously, however, and slow, to give Donald time to reach the pass. I was now within three hundred yards of him, when, as I leant against a slab of stone, all hid below my eyes, I saw him give a sudden start, stop feeding, and look round suspiciously. What a noble beast! what a stretch of antler! with a mane like a lion! He stood for a minute or two, snuffing every breath. I could not guess the cause of his alarm; it was not myself; the light wind blew fair down from him upon me. I knew Donald would give him no inkling of his whereabouts. He presently began to move, and came at a slow trot directly towards me. My pulse beat high. Another hundred yards forward, and he is mine! But it was not so to be. He took the top of a steep bank which commanded my position, and he saw me in an instant, and was off, at the speed of twenty miles an hour, to a pass wide from that where Donald was hid. While clattering up the

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hill, scattering the loose stones behind him, two other stags joined him, who had evidently been put up by Donald, and had given the alarm to my quarry. It was then that his great size was conspicuous. I could see with my glass they were full-grown stags, and with good heads, but they looked like fallow-deer as they followed him up the crag. I sat down, disappointed for the moment; and Donald soon joined me, much crestfallen, and cursing the stag in a curious variety of Gaelic oaths. Still it was something to have seen "the muckle stag," and *nil desperandum* was my motto. We had a long and weary walk to Malcolm's shealing; and I was glad to get to my heather bed, after arranging that I should occupy the hut Malcolm had prepared near the dead sheep next morning.

' *Wednesday*.—We were up an hour before daylight—and in a very dark morning, I sallied out with Malcolm to take my station for a shot at the eagles. Many a stumble and slip I made during our walk, but at last I was left alone fairly ensconced, and hidden in the hut, which gave me hardly room to stand, sit, or lie. My position was not very comfortable, and the air was nipping cold just before the break of day. It was still scarcely grey dawn when a bird, with a slow, flapping flight, passed the opening of my hut, and lighted out of sight, but near, for I heard him strike the ground; and my heart beat faster. What was my disappointment when his low crowing croak announced the raven! and presently he came in sight, hopping and walking suspiciously round the sheep, till, supposing the coast clear, and little wotting of the double-barrel, he hopped upon the carcase, and began with his square cut-and-thrust beak to dig at the meat. Another raven soon joined him, and then two more, who, after a kind of parley, quite intelligible, though in an unknown tongue, were admitted to their share of the banquet. I was watching their voracious meal with some interest, when suddenly they set up a croak of alarm, stopped feeding, and all turned their knowing-looking eyes in one direction. At that moment I heard a sharp scream, but very distant. The black party heard it too, and instantly darted off, alighting again at a little distance. Next moment, a rushing noise, and a large body passed close to me; and the monarch of the clouds lighted at once on the sheep, with his broad breast not fifteen yards from me. He quietly folded up his wings, and, throwing back his magnificent head, looked round at the ravens, as if wondering at their impudence in approaching his breakfast-table. They kept a respectful silence, and hopped a little farther off. The royal bird then turned his head in my direction, attracted by the change of the ground which he had just noticed in the dim morning light. His bright eye that instant caught mine as it glanced along the barrel. He rose; as he rose I drew the trigger, and he fell quite dead half a dozen yards from the sheep. I followed Malcolm's directions, who had predicted that one eagle would be followed by a second, and remained quiet, in hopes that his mate was not within hearing of my shot. The morning was brightening, and I had not waited many minutes when I saw the other eagle skimming low over the brow of the hill towards me. She did not light at once. Her eye caught the change in the ground or the dead body of her

her mate, and she wheeled up into the air. I thought her lost to me, when presently I heard her wings brush close over my head, and then she went wheeling round and round above the dead bird, and turning her head downwards to make out what had happened. At times she stooped so low, I saw the sparkle of her eye and heard her low complaining cry. I watched the time when she turned up her wing towards me, and fired, and dropped her actually on the body of the other. I now rushed out. The last bird immediately rose to her feet, and stood gazing at me with a reproachful, half-threatening look. She would have done battle, but death was busy with her, and, as I was loading in haste, she reeled and fell perfectly dead. Eager as I had been to do the deed, I could not look on the royal birds without a pang. But such regrets were now too late. Passing over the shepherd's rejoicing, and my incredible breakfast, we must get forward in our own great adventure. Our line of march to-day was over ground so high that we came repeatedly in the midst of ptarmigan. On the very summit, Bran had a rencontre with an old mountain fox, toothless, yet very fat, whom he made to bite the dust. We struck at one place the tracks of the three deer, but of themselves we saw nothing. We kept exploring corrie after corrie till night fell; and as it was in vain to think of returning to the shealing, which yet was the nearest roof, we were content to find a sort of niche in the rock, tolerably screened from all winds; and having almost filled it with long heather, flower up, we wrapped our plaids round us, and slept pretty comfortably.

'Thursday.—A dip in the burn below our bivouac renovated me. I did not observe that Donald followed my example in that; but he joined me in a hearty attack on the viands that still remained in our bag; and we started with renewed courage. About mid-day we came on a shealing beside a long narrow loch, fringed with beautiful weeping-birches, and there we found means to cook some grouse I had shot to supply our exhausted larder. The shepherd, who had "no Sassenach," cheered us by his report of "the deer" being lately seen, and describing his usual haunts. Donald was plainly getting disgusted and home-sick. For myself, I looked upon it as my fate that I must have that hart; so on we trudged. Repeatedly, that afternoon, we came on the fresh tracks of our chace, but again he remained invisible. As it got dark, the weather suddenly changed, and I was glad enough to let Donald seek for the bearings of a "whisky bothie" which he had heard of at our last stop. While he was seeking for it, the rain began to fall heavily, and through the darkness we were just able to distinguish a dark object, which turned out to be a horse. "The lads with the still will no be far off," said Donald. And so it turned out. But the rain had increased the darkness so much, that we should have searched in vain if I had not distinguished at intervals, between the pelting of the rain and the heavy rushing of a black burn that ran beside us, what appeared to me to be the shrill treble of a fiddle. I could scarcely believe my ears. But when I told my ideas to Donald, whose ears were less acute, he jumped with joy. "It's all right enough; just follow the sound; it's that drunken deevil, Sandy Ross; ye'll never haud a fiddle frae him, nor him frae a whisky-still."

still." It was clear the sound came from across the black stream, and it looked formidable in the dark. However, there was no remedy. So grasping each the other's collar, and holding the guns high over head, we dashed in, and staggered through in safety, though the water was up to my waist, running like a mill-race, and the bottom was of round slippery stones. Scrambling up the bank, and following the merry sound, we came to what seemed a mere hole in the bank, from which it proceeded. The hole was partially closed by a door woven of heather; and, looking through it, we saw a sight worthy of Teniers. On a barrel in the midst of the apartment—half hut, half cavern—stood aloft, fiddling with all his might, the identical Sandy Ross, while round him danced three unkempt savages; and another figure was stooping, employed over a fire in the corner, where the whisky-pot was in full operation. The fire, and a sliver or two of lighted bog-fir, gave light enough to see the whole, for the place was not above ten feet square. We made our approaches with becoming caution, and were, it is needless to say, hospitably received; for who ever heard of Highland smugglers refusing a welcome to sportsmen? We got rest, food, and fire—all that we required—and something more; for long after I had betaken me to the dry heather in the corner, I had disturbed visions of strange orgies in the bothy, and of my sober Donald exhibiting curious antics on the top of a tub. These were perhaps productions of a disturbed brain; but there is no doubt that when daylight awoke me, the smugglers and Donald were all quiet and asleep, far past my efforts to rouse them, with the exception of one who was still able to tend the fire under the large black pot.

'*Friday*.—From the state in which my trusty companion was, with his head in a heap of ashes, I saw it would serve no purpose if I were able to awake him. He could be good for nothing all day. I therefore secured some breakfast and provisions for the day (part of them oat-cake, which I baked for myself), tied up Bran to wait Donald's restoration, and departed with my rifle alone. The morning was bright and beautiful, the mountain-streams overflowing with last night's rain. I was now thrown on my own resources, and my own knowledge of the country, which, to say the truth, was far from minute or exact. "Ben-na-skiach" was my object to-day, and the corries which lay beyond it, where at this season the large harts were said to resort. My way at first was dreary enough, over a long slope of boggy ground, enlivened, however, by a few traces of deer having crossed, though none of my "chace." I at length passed the slope, and soon topped the ridge, and was repaid for my labour by a view so beautiful, I sat down to gaze, and I must even now present it to you, though anxious to get forward. Looking down into the valley before me, the foreground was a confusion of rocks of most fantastic shape, shelving rapidly to the edge of a small blue lake, the opposite shore of which was a beach of white pebbles, and beyond, a stretch of the greenest pasture, dotted with dropping white-stemmed birches. This little level was hemmed in on all sides by mountains, ridge above ridge, first closely covered with purple heath, then more green and broken by ravines, and ending in sharp serrated
peaks

peaks tipped with snow. Nothing moved within range of my vision, and nothing was to be seen that bespoke life but a solitary heron standing on one leg in the shallow water at the upper end of the lake. From hence I took in a good range, but could see no deer. While I lay above the lake, the day suddenly changed, and heavy wreaths of mist came down the mountain-sides in rapid succession. They reached me soon, and I was enclosed in an atmosphere through which I could not see twenty yards. It was very cold too, and I was obliged to move, though scarcely well knowing whither. I followed the course of the lake, and afterwards of the stream which flowed from it, for some time. Now and then a grouse would rise close to me, and, flying a few yards, light again on a hillock, crowing and croaking at the intruder. The heron, in the darkness, came flapping his great wings close past me; I almost fancied I could feel their air. Nothing could be done in such weather, and I was not sure I might not be going away from my object. It was getting late too, and I made up my mind that my most prudent plan was to arrange a bivouac before it became quite dark. My wallet was empty, except a few crumbs, the remains of my morning's baking. It was necessary to provide food; and just as the necessity occurred to me, I heard through the mist the call of a cock grouse as he lighted close to me. I contrived to get his head between me and the sky as he was strutting and croaking on a hillock close at hand; and aiming at where his body ought to be, I fired my rifle. On going up to the place, I found I had not only killed him, but also his mate, whom I had not seen. It was a commencement of good luck. Sitting down, I speedily skinned my birds, and took them down to the burn to wash them before cooking. In crossing a sandy spot beside the burn, I came upon—could I believe my eyes?—"the Track." Like Robinson Crusoe in the same circumstances, I started back; but was speedily at work taking my informations. There were prints enough to show the hart had crossed at a walk leisurely. It must have been lately, for it was since the burn had returned to its natural size, after the last night's flood. But nothing could be done till morning, so I set about my cooking; and having after some time succeeded in lighting a fire, while my grouse were slowly broiling, I pulled a quantity of heather, which I spread in a corner a little protected by an overhanging rock: I spread my plaid upon it, and over the plaid built another layer of heather. My supper ended, which was not epicurean, I crawled into my nest under my plaid, and was soon sound asleep. I cannot say my slumbers were unbroken. Visions of the great stag thundering up the hills with preternatural speed, and noises like cannon (which I have since learnt to attribute to their true cause—the splitting of fragments of rock under a sudden change from wet to sharp frost), and above all, the constant recurrence of weary struggles through fields of snow and ice—kept me restless, and at length awoke me to the consciousness of a brilliant skylight and keen frost—a change that rejoiced me in spite of the cold.

'*Saturday.*—Need I say my first object was to go down and examine the track anew. There was no mistake. It was impossible to doubt that "the muckle hart of Benmore" had actually walked through that
burn

burn a few hours before me, and in the same direction. I followed the direction of the track, and breasted the opposite hill. Looking round from its summit, it appeared to me a familiar scene, and on considering a moment, I found I overlooked from a different quarter the very rocky plain and two black lochs where I had seen my chace three days before. I had not gazed many minutes when I made sure I distinguished a deer lying on a black hillock quite open. I was down immediately, and with my glass made out at once the object of all my wanderings. My joy was somewhat abated by his position, which was not easily approachable. My first object, however, was to withdraw myself out of his sight, which I did by crawling backwards down a little bank till only the tops of his horns were visible, which served to show me he continued still. As he lay looking towards me, he commanded with his eye three-fourths of the circle, and the other quarter, where one might have got in upon him under cover of the little hillock, was unsafe from the wind blowing in that direction. A burn ran between him and me, one turn of which seemed to come within two hundred yards of him. It was my only chance, so, retreating about half a mile, I got into the burn in hidden ground, and then crept up its channel with such caution that I never allowed myself a sight of more than the tips of his horns, till I had reached the nearest bend to him. There, looking through a tuft of rushes, I had a perfect view of the noble animal, lying on the open hillock, lazily stretched out at length, and only moving now and then to scratch his flank with his horn. I watched him for fully an hour, the water up to my knees all the time. At length he stirred, gathered his legs together, and rose; and arching his back, he stretched himself just as a bullock does, rising from his night's lair. My heart throbbed, as turning all round he seemed to try the wind for his security, and then walked straight to the burn at a point about one hundred and fifty yards from me. I was much tempted, but had resolution to reserve my fire, reflecting I had but one barrel. He went into the burn at a deep pool, and standing in it up to his knees, took a long drink. I stooped to put on a new copper cap and prick the nipple of my rifle, and—on looking up again, he was gone! I was in despair, and was even about moving rashly, when I saw his horns again appear a little farther off, but not more than fifty yards from the burn. By-and-by they lowered, and I judged he was lying down. "You are mine at last," I said, and I crept cautiously up the bed of the burn till I was opposite where he had lain down. I carefully and inch by inch placed my rifle over the bank of the burn, and then ventured to look along it. I could see only his horns, but within an easy shot. I was afraid to move higher up the bed of the burn, where I could have seen his body; the direction of the wind made that dangerous. I took breath for a moment and screwed up my nerves, and then with my cocked rifle at my shoulder and my finger on the trigger, I kicked a stone which splashed into the water. He started up instantly, but exposed only his front towards me. Still he was very near, scarcely fifty yards, and I fired at his throat just where it joins the head. He dropped on his knees to my shot, but was up again in a moment and went staggering up the hill. Oh, for one hour of Bran! Although the deer

deer kept at a mad pace, I saw he was soon too weak for the hill, and he swerved and turned back to the burn, and came headlong down within ten yards of me, tumbling into it apparently dead. Feeling confident, from the place where my ball had taken effect, that he was dead, I threw down my rifle and went up to the deer with my hunting-knife. I found him stretched out, and as I thought dying, and I laid hold of his horns to raise his head to bleed him. I had scarcely touched him when he sprang up, flinging me backwards on the stones. It was an awkward position. I was stunned by the violent fall; behind me was a steep bank of seven or eight feet high; before me the bleeding stag with his horns levelled at me, and cutting me off from my rifle. In desperation I moved, when he instantly charged, but fortunately tumbled ere he quite reached me. He drew back again like a ram about to but, and then stood still with his head lowered, and his eyes bloody and swelled, glaring upon me. His mane and all his coat were dripping with blood and water, and as he now and then tossed his head with an angry snort, he looked like some savage beast of prey. We stood mutually at bay for some time, till I, recovering myself, jumped out of the burn so suddenly, that he had not time to run at me, and from the bank above, I dashed my plaid over his head and eyes, and threw myself upon him. I cannot account for my folly, and it had nearly cost me dear. The poor beast struggled desperately, and his remaining strength foiled me in every attempt to stab him forwards, and he at length made off, tumbling me down, but carrying with him a stab in the leg that lamed him. I ran and picked up my rifle, and then kept him in view as he rushed down the burn on three legs towards the loch. He took the water and stood at bay up to his chest in it. When he halted, I commenced loading my rifle, when to my dismay I found that all the remaining balls I had were for my double-barrel, and were a size too large for my rifle. I sat down and commenced scraping one to the right size, an operation that seemed interminable. At last I succeeded; and, having loaded, the poor stag remaining perfectly still, I went up within twenty yards of him, and shot him through the head. He turned over and floated, perfectly dead. I waded in and floated him ashore, and then had leisure to look at my wounds and bruises of the fight, which were not serious, except my shin-bone scraped from ankle to knee with the horn. I soon had cleaned my quarry and stowed him as safely as I could, and then turned down the glen at a gay pace. I found Donald with Bran reposing at Malcolm's shealing; and for all reproaches on his misconduct, I was satisfied with sending him in person to bring home the "Muckle hart of Benmore," a duty which he successfully performed before night-fall.'

In giving the preference to the true deer-stalking, the sport that brings man's sense in fair opposition to the instinct of the brute, we must not be supposed to have overlooked Mr. Archibald M'Neill of Colonsay's picturesque description of a very exciting sport, as practised by his brothers and himself in the forest of Jura—the coursing of red-deer with the large rough greyhound

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—‘the noblest of all the Highland sports,’ as the zealous Hebridean, with allowable partiality, styles it.* We have not enjoyed all Mr. McNeill’s advantages; but we have seen red-deer pulled down in gallant style by dogs of an ancient Skye breed; and it seems to us there are wanting some particulars to render this sport the noblest of all. In the first place, the ground being unfit for a horse at speed, the course can rarely be seen through all its length. Secondly, the risk of injury to the dogs is too great. What would an English lover of coursing think of a sport where the chance seems pretty even that a dog shall be killed or maimed in every course? Lastly, though we freely admit the skill in laying on the dogs, the exertion and the merit are, after all, more in the dogs than in the men.

One word in passing, of the noble race of dogs to which Mr. McNeill has turned his attention, just in time to save it from extinction; and has at the same time bestowed some research in tracing their pedigree. Arrian remarks that Xenophon, in his work on hunting, had omitted some things—*οὐχὶ ἀμελεία, ἀλλ’ ἀγνοία* του γένους των κυνῶν του Κελτικου καὶ του γένους των ἵππων του Σκυθικου τε καὶ Λιβυκου (cap. i.). Those Celtic dogs, he afterwards informs us, were called in the language of the Celts *οὐετραγοι*, from their swiftness—*ἀπὸ της ὠκύτητος*, and he describes them as *καλὸν τι χεῖμα*—and, the highest breed of them, in eye, shape, and coat, a treat to a sportsman’s eye, *ἡδιστον θεαμα ἀνδρὶ θηρευτικῷ* (cap. iii.). These appear, however, to have been very distinct from the great Highland hound, and to have been rather the progenitors of the smooth greyhound, and perhaps of the long silky-haired greyhound still used in Persia and Greece. The great greyhound of Ireland and Scotland was long used against the wolf as well as the deer; and it was when the former enemy disappeared, and the latter became scarce and more easily obtained by new inventions, that these noble dogs were neglected and allowed to decay. Now that deer are no longer so scarce, all sportsmen must feel grateful to those who have saved the race from extinction. Capt. McNeill’s dog ‘Buskar,’ of a pale yellow, with wiry hair, measured in height at the shoulder twenty-eight inches; in girth of chest, thirty-two inches; and his weight, when in running condition, was eighty-five pounds. Taken altogether, we think this is the noblest specimen of the canine family in Britain. We do not except even the grand old English mastiffs at Chatsworth.

Mr. Scrope’s book, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, has done for the sport of salmon-fishing what its predecessor performed for deer-stalking. He has given the latest facts

* See Scrope’s *Deer-Stalking*, chap. xii.

and theories regarding the breeding and progressive stages of the fish, whose natural history still wants further investigation; and it is a reproach to Scotland to allow any doubt to hang over a subject of such interest and importance. He has also given all necessary information for the salmon-fisher *in genere*, and particularly what is applicable to his two favourites, the Tweed and Tay; and he has embellished his book with the taste which we had a right to expect from such an artist and patron of art. If we were disposed to find fault with these two books, both so agreeable, we should venture to hint, that Mr. Scrope has not always caught the vein of Scotch character and humour, and that his narratives are in general better than the dialogues which he means to exhibit it. It is indeed a dangerous thing to meddle with. At the same time there are specimens to which we can offer no objection whatever. In particular, Sir Walter Scott's trusty henchman *Tom Purdie*, with whom Mr. Scrope was long familiar, seems to us to sustain his part exceedingly well: and it is, we know, admitted in Tiviotdale that in this case we have a true as well as striking portraiture.

Mr. Scrope was an angler from his childhood, and some of his early experiences are picturesquely told in this volume:—

'When I could escape control, I divided my time between the water and the meadows; in warm weather the water, in cold the land possessed me. Then I began to tamper with the minnows; and, growing more ambitious, after a sleepless night full of high contrivance, I betook me at early dawn to a wood near the house, where I selected some of the straightest hazel sticks I could find, which I tied together and christened a fishing rod: a rude and uncouth weapon it was. I next sought out *Phyllis*, a favourite cow so called, in order to have a pluck at her tail to make a line with. But *Phyllis* was coy, and withheld her consent to spoliation; for when I got hold of her posterior honours, she galloped off, dragging me along, tail in hand, till she left me deposited in a water-course amongst the frogs. The dairy-maid, I think, would have overcome this difficulty for me, had I not discovered that horse-hair, and not cow's tail, was the proper material for fishing-lines; so the coachman, who was much my friend, plucked *Champion* and *Dumplin*, at my request, and gave me as much hair (black enough to be sure) as would make a dozen lines. For three whole days did I twist and weave like the Fates, and for three whole nights did I dream of my work. Some rusty hooks I had originally in my possession, which I found in an old fishing-book belonging to my ancestors. In fact, I did not put the hook to the rod and line, but my rod and line to the hook. I next proceeded to the pigeon-house, and picking some coarse feathers, made what I alone in the wide world would have thought it becoming to have called a fly; but call it so I did, in spite of contradictory evidence. Thus equipped I proceeded to try my skill; but exert myself as I would, the line had domestic qualities, and was resolved to stay at home.

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I never could get it fairly away from the hazel sticks ; therefore it was that I hooked no fish. But I hooked myself three times : once in the knee-strings of my shorts, once in the nostril, and again in the lobe of the ear. At length, after sundry days of fruitless effort, like an infant Belial, I attempted that by guile which I could not do by force ; and dropping my fly with my hand under a steep bank of the stream, I walked up and down trailing it along. After about a week's perseverance, I actually caught a trout. Shade of Izaak Walton, what a triumph was there ! That day I could not eat,—that night I slept not. Even now I recollect the spot where that generous fish devoted himself.

' As I grew up I became gradually more expert, and at length saved money sufficient to buy a real fishing-rod, line, reel and all, quite complete. Down it came from London, resplendent with varnish, and many cunning feats did I perform with it. About this time I learned to shoot ; not that I was strong enough to hold a gun, but that the keeper put the said implement to his shoulder, when I took aim at larks and sparrows, and those sort of things, and pulled the trigger. So I waxed in years and wisdom. All the time I could steal from my lessons (for I was not quite a Pawnee) I spent in this edifying manner.

' At a rather more advanced period of my life I used to make long fishing excursions, generally with prosperous, but occasionally with disastrous, results. I remember well, when a pair of bait-hooks was to me a valuable concern, I hooked two large black-looking trouts in a deep pool at the same time. As I had to pull them several feet upwards against the pressure of the stream, my line gave way, and left me proprietor of a small fragment only. For some time I looked alternately at my widowed rod and my departed fish ; which last were coursing it round and round the pool, pulling in opposite directions, like coupled dogs of dissenting opinions : *Durum—sed levius fit patientiâ*. So I sat down with somewhat of a rueful countenance, and began to spin with my fingers some horse-hair which I had pulled that morning, at the risk of my life, from the grey colt's tail. This being done in my own peculiar manner, and my only remaining hook being tied on with one of the aforesaid hairs, I continued to follow my sport down the stream for about half a mile. After the lapse of a considerable time, I had occasion to cross bare-legged from one bank to the other. In my transit through the current, I found something like a sharp instrument cutting the calves of my legs. I scampered ashore, under the impression that I was trailing after me some sharp-toothed monster, perhaps a lamper-eel ; when, upon passing down my hand to ascertain the fact, I found, to my great astonishment and delight, that I was once more in possession of my lost line, hooks, fish, and all. The fish had fairly drowned each other, and, by a curious coincidence, were passively passing in the current at the time my legs stemmed it. Originally I had what in Scotland is called a *poke*, or bag, to carry my trouts in. This being rather of a coarse appearance, I panted after a basket. One of my school-fellows had exactly the thing ; and I bargained for it by giving in return all my personal right in perpetuity to two young hawks.

Proud

Proud of my acquisition, I set out with no small share of vanity, carrying my basket through the whole length of a neighbouring village, which was considerably out of the way. When I arrived at the happy spot where my sport lay, I was successful as usual. At length the declining sun admonished me of some ten miles betwixt me and home; so I resolved only to take a few casts in a dark and deep pool which was close at hand, and then to bend my course homeward. There I hooked a fine fish, which I was obliged to play for some time, and then, after he was fairly tired, to lift out with my hands, not having yet arrived at the dignity of a landing-net. In stooping low to perform this process, the lid of my new pet basket, which, from want of experience, I had omitted to fasten, flew open, and two or three of my last-killed fish dropped into the deep water immediately before me. In suddenly reaching forward to secure these, round came my basket, fish and all, over my head, and fairly capsize me. With some difficulty, and even risk of drowning, I got my head above water, and my hand on the crown of a sharp rock. There I stood, streaming and disconsolate, casting a wistful look at the late bright inmates of my basket, which were tilting down the weeds through the gullet into a tremendous pool, vulgarly called Hell's Cauldron.—p. 75.

Such was the infant angler. A scene in his maturer life reveals him to us, now smitten with the love of Scotch salmon fishing, on the banks of 'fair Tweed' at the 'cast' of the Kingswell Lees:—

'Now every one knows that the Kingswell Lees, in fisherman's phrase, fishes off land; so there I stood on *terrâ durâ* amongst the rocks that dip down to the water's edge. Having executed one or two throws, there comes me a voracious fish, and makes a startling dash at "Meg with the muckle mouth." Sharply did I strike the caitiff; whereat he rolled round disdainful, making a whirl in the water of prodigious circumference: it was not exactly Charybdis, or the Maelstrom, but rather more like the wave occasioned by the sudden turning of a man-of-war's boat. Being hooked, and having by this turn set his nose peremptorily down the stream, he flashed and whizzed away like a rocket. My situation partook of the nature of a surprise. Being on a rocky shore, and having a bad start, I lost ground at first considerably; but the reel sang out joyously, and yielded a liberal length of line, that saved me from the disgrace of being broke. I got on, the best pace I was able, and was on good ground, just as my line was nearly run out. As the powerful animal darted through *Meg's Hole*, I was just able to step back and wind up a few yards of line; but he still went a killing pace, and when he came near Melrose Bridge he evinced a distressing preference for passing through the farther arch, in which case my line would have been cut by the pier. My heart sank with apprehension, for he was near the opposite bank. Purdie, seeing this, with great presence of mind took up some stones from the channel, and threw them one by one between the fish and the said opposite bank. This naturally brought master *Salmo* somewhat nearer; but still for a few moments we had a doubtful struggle for it. At length, by lowering the head

head of the rod, and thus not having so much of the ponderous weight of the fish to encounter, I towed him a little sideways; and so advancing towards me with propitious fin, he shot through the arch nearest me.

'Deeply immersed, I dashed after him as best I might; and arriving on the other side of the bridge I floundered out upon dry land, and continued the chase. The salmon, "right orgillous and presumptive," still kept the strength of the stream, and abating nothing of his vigour, went swiftly down the *Whirls*, then through the *Boatshiel*, and over the shallows, till he came to the throat of the *Elm-Wheel*, down which he darted amain. Owing to the bad ground, the pace here became exceedingly distressing. I contrived, however, to keep company with my fish, still doubtful of the result, till I came to the bottom of the long cast in question, when he still showed fight, and sought the shallows below. Unhappily the alders prevented my following by land, and I was compelled to take the water again, which slackened my speed. But the stream soon expanding and the current diminishing, my fish likewise travelled more slowly; so I gave a few sohs and recovered my wind a little, gathered up my line, and tried to bring him to terms. But he derided my efforts, and dashed off for another burst, triumphant. Not far below lay the rapids of the *Slaughterford*: he would soon gain them at the pace he was going, that was certain; see, he is there already! But I back out again on dry land, nothing loth, and have a fair race with him. Sore work it is. I am a pretty fair runner, as has often been testified; but his velocity is surprising. On, on,—still on he goes, ploughing up the water like a steamer. "Away with you, Charlie! Quick, quick, man,—quick for your life! Loosen the boat at the Cauld Pool, where we shall soon be." And so indeed we were, when I jumped into the said craft, still having good hold of my fish.

'The Tweed is here broad and deep, and the salmon at length had become somewhat exhausted; he still kept in the strength of the stream, however, with his nose seawards, and hung heavily. At last he comes near the surface of the water. See how he shakes his tail and digs downwards, seeking the deep profound—that he will never gain. His motions become more short and feeble; he is evidently doomed, and his race well nigh finished. Drawn into the bare water, and not approving of the extended cleik, he makes another swift rush, and repeats this effort each time that he is towed to the shallows. At length he is cleiked in earnest, and hauled to shore: he proves one of the grey scull, newly run, and weighs somewhat above twenty pounds. The hook is not in his mouth, but in the outside of it; in which case a fish being able to respire freely, always shows extraordinary vigour, and generally sets his head down the stream.'—p. 171.

This is very spirited, and Mr. Scrope's description of 'Burning the Water,' as spearing salmon by torch-light is called, is equally so; indeed it would be easy for us to fill twenty of our voracious pages with charming extracts; but we cannot at present afford room for more.

We confess our heresy! We do not value 'the best salmon-fishing

fishing in Scotland.' A man may kill his twenty fish in 'the Kelso water,' and dine upon one at the King's Arms afterwards, and declare, as he sips his wine, he has had a glorious day's sport. Compared with the fishing in the 'far north,' it is like a day of pigeon-shooting at the Red House compared with ptarmigan-shooting on Cairn-gorm.

Happy the man who can cast off his town coat and town habits, and turn his course northwards during the month of May, and say, 'I will return when I see good.' It would require the pen of inimitable 'Christopher of the Sporting Jacket' to describe his feelings. With what delight, with what boyish eagerness, does he hasten for the first time in the season, to the banks of his remote Highland river; and visit every familiar pool and stream where he has of old slain the bright salmon! Every rock, every stunted oak bears the impress of an old friend. Each is associated with the memory of some adventure, some success or danger. Let us follow him to the banks of the Findhorn. But let not the word 'banks' mislead. These are no banks of soft grass or sloping gravel. Where we have placed our angler, the river is hemmed in by high, black rocks, fringed at the top with the weeping-birch and birdcherry with its clustered flowers now perfuming the whole air. An almost imperceptible path leads down the rock to that black eddying pool, and thither our angler must scramble his descent. It is perilous footing, but he knows every step, and takes advantage of each hanging root and spray, and at length he stands safe on a rugged ledge a few feet above the water where it rushes in a coffee-coloured cataract into the black pool. Now, then, throw your fly into the strong current, and bring it back gently till it float quietly round that sunken stone, whose top makes a dimple in the smoother water. If a fish will rise in the pool, that is the spot. That was well done; but no rise yet:—try again. There, now! the fish, 'the monarch of the pool,' rises from his dark chamber, balances himself for an instant opposite your fly—darts at it, and then turns quietly away—safely hooked, however. Ah! he feels himself caught, and off he goes! Now look to your footing, or you are off too, from that ledge into the river below, where the salmon would have the best of it. But our angler is ready for all events, and keeps his head, while the fish darts first up the pool, then down it like lightning, now running out a hundred yards of line, now close at his feet. If the line slacken for a moment, he is off; but no—well done!—all is safe still. There he goes, right across the river, making twenty leaps into the air as quick as thought! If you get him safe through that, you may hope to kill him. Now his jumping is over, and he makes for the head of the pool, as if he would try the fall. But it is too heavy for him, and he turns down stream again, and, splashing
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and floundering, he perseveres steadily downwards. You cannot resist him; you must follow—with as short a line as you can—but follow you must. Scramble round that point of rock, holding on as you best may: you know the crevice that gives *one* sure hold for the hand; but don't slip, or you are drowned. There goes the fish, still straight downwards, rolling through the fall where the river again thunders out of the black pool. Well done! cleverly round the point! but you must still hold on, the fish has now a long stretch of tolerably even water, and is still making down the stream. At length you are on a level, with standing room nearly two yards square: now is the time to collect the nerves, and prepare for the last tussle. Feel his strength a little, and try to wind him up towards you. See! he begins to get tired, and shows his white side, and, better symptom still, I see the gillie preparing his gaff. There is a shelving slab of rock, and under it the gaffer has ensconced himself. You haul him up there close to the rock within reach of the clip. Now, gillie, gently! Take care you don't touch the line. No fear!—There he is, with the clip through his silvery side, safely landed!

Rushing down between the forests of Darnaway and Altyre, the Findhorn makes a continual succession of rapids and falls. How the salmon make their way up is most wonderful; but yet they do so, and rest but little on the way, till they reach the very head of the river among the wilds of the Mona-liadh. Few indeed live to return, the greater part being speared by torch-light, in spite of the water-bailiffs.

It is certainly astonishing what a supply of salmon is extracted from many of our northern rivers, notwithstanding their numerous enemies. What are killed by rod and line, by the *leister* (or harpoon) of the *black fisher*, and even by the more wholesale destruction of the net, are few in comparison with what are destroyed by their natural enemies—fish, bird, and beast. The full-grown salmon falls a prey in great numbers to seals in the sea, and otters in fresh water. The osprey sometimes attacks and kills salmon, though probably this kind of eagle cannot carry off a whole fish of great size. Thousands of gulls and sea-fowl feed for weeks on the fry as they descend the rivers to the sea. Common trout and eels, and the voracious heron also, feed on them while in the fresh water. The spawn is destroyed in prodigious quantities by fish of all kinds and by many birds. The water-ouzel is particularly destructive of them. This pretty little bird walks under the water (although Mr. Waterton denies it), and scratches up and feeds on the spawn, sending adrift great quantities that it does not devour.

Though enough has been written of grouse-shooting, we cannot pass it by altogether. The red-grouse is found in no other part
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of the world but these islands. Other countries would seem equally adapted for it, both as to food and climate, but the common red-grouse crows on no hills but our own. Its eggs are generally laid in a tuft of high heather, and the hen, sitting very close, is often killed by dogs or vermin. When hatched, both cock and hen take the greatest care of the young, and will fight crow or hawk courageously in their defence. We have seen the cock-grouse keep a hooded crow at bay while the hen led the young off and concealed them in the rank heather. Their food consists almost entirely of the young shoots of the heather, till oats are ripe, when, if there are any patches near, they are very greedy of it. Everybody knows how tame the birds are during the season when the youthful sportsman loves to see his deeds—the numbers of his slain—recorded in the newspapers. But that seldom lasts long. In most districts and in common seasons, the grouse is shy and watchful in September, and wild in October. When they pack in large flocks, at the approach of storm and wet, they are quite unapproachable, except by stalking, and keep so good a look-out, that even that is difficult. It is in a September day the sport of grouse-shooting is seen to most advantage, and the real sportsman contrasts best with the shooter who can use his gun, but is wanting in judgment, patience, and knowledge of the game and ground. Even if full-grown in August, they are changing their plumage and looking ragged. Nothing can be more thoroughly high-bred in looks than a grouse in September.

It were a long roll to enumerate all the enemies of the poor grouse. We may give the first place in honour, certainly not in amount of slaughter, to the double-barrel of the fair sportsman. Then come the poachers of every denomination, from the gang who cross a country in strength, prepared to resist all interruption, to the cotter's boy who snares the grouse on the late sheaves with a gin of horse-hair. We might estimate the amount of poaching if we could reckon the quantity of game passing through the shops of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen. We may be satisfied that at least nine-tenths are poached, the small remainder being sent for sale by the few persons who, having moors of their own, or renting shooting-ground, choose to sell their game. Then comes the catalogue of 'vermin,' ground and winged, who feed themselves and their young altogether or partly on grouse and grouse-eggs. Hawks of all sorts, from the eagle to the merlin, destroy numbers. The worst of the family, and the most difficult to be destroyed, is the hen-harrier. Living wholly on birds of his own killing, he will come to no laid bait; and hunting in an open country, he is rarely approached near enough to be shot: skimming low, and quartering

quartering his ground like a well-trained pointer, he finds almost every bird, and with sure aim strikes down all he finds. The buzzard-hawk seldom takes any but very young birds, but immense numbers of young grouse go to feed his family. Then come the raven and the hooded-crow, numbers of which breed in the rocky burns and fir-woods adjoining the grouse-moors, and live mostly on grouse. Foxes, marten-cats, weasels, cats, wild and tame, all hunt for grouse; and a hungry shepherd's dog, always on the hill, does as much as any of them. Be it remembered, these enemies do not respect the close time. A hen sitting on her eggs is easily approached, and whether the mother is eaten, or only the eggs, the hope of that brood perishes equally. The very sheep, driven in great flocks, often break the eggs, while the shepherds' boys must require a good many to furnish the strings of them one meets in every cottage window. (We do not wonder at the little vagabonds for admiring them. They are beautifully marked with brown and black, and as game-looking as the bird, the rich red brown of the shell being very like its feathers.) It speaks the hardiness of the bird that he continues to exist under such persecution. But the grouse not only maintains its numbers; it is increasing. Some proprietors were at first alarmed at the numbers slain by eager Southrons; but now they admit that there is no number which the fair sportsman can kill that is not more than counterbalanced by the trapping of vermin, and preserving, now introduced.

Grouse and salmon are the staple of Highland sport, the everyday enjoyment. Ptarmigan is only found in ground so high and distant, and in a region of such uncertain clime, it must not be relied on for a day of sport. In the best forest, deer-stalking gives more blanks than prizes. Trout-fishing, again, everywhere abundant, is nowhere so much better than is found in many districts of England, as to tempt Southern sportsmen to travel so far.

But let it not be thought that these are the only sports of the mountains. There is capital snipe shooting in the mosses and by inland lochs, at a season when snipe are not met with in England. There is wood-shooting of more variety than England can boast; even if no pheasants swell the *battue*, black-cock, woodcock, hare, rabbit, roe, and often red-deer, are the produce of a lucky day of Highland wood-sport. Most other kinds of shooting are enjoyed at least as well singly, whilst this is distinctively a social sport. There is nothing more cheerful than one of those days, late in the season, when half-a-dozen friends meet at breakfast, and adjourn to the covert side, attended by a couple of old slow hounds, and a few terriers or spaniels.

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The sharp bracing air, the grass just crisped with frost, the bright sky, the woods ringing to the chiding of dogs, from the shrill squeak of the cocker to the bay of the deep-mouthed hound, the occasional shout of beaters as they flush the game, the pleasant uncertainty of what is to be the next to shoot at—all tend to make this one of the most exhilarating of sports.

Then, on inland lakes, and still more on those sea-lochs of the western coast—those inlets of indescribable beauty, where the weeping-birch and ash drop their tresses from every rocky headland into the deep, and the ocean-stream winds its blue length round some shadowy mountain in the distance, giving dim visions of mysterious solitude and romance—there are sports on a new element. Wild-fowl are there in abundance, stimulating the ingenuity of the sportsman to devise how to approach them. Sea-fishing is at least a variety of occupation, and one which the housekeeper much approves. Shooting and *hunting* seals (for the latter term suits the practice of some districts) is interesting, and sometimes very exciting, while you persuade yourself you are acting only for the protection of fish in warring against their voracious enemy.

When other sports fail, let the young sportsman fare forth alone, or with some skilful trapper, to make himself acquainted with the habits of what the keeper styles 'vermin'—foes to the game and to him. He will soon find wherewith to repay the trouble of his observation. Many men walk in deep covert, or among the confused rocks of a mountain cairn, and fancy all around a solitude, or that the air alone is inhabited by its buzzing, shining people; while he whose eyes and ears have been opened, finds proofs of the neighbourhood of interesting inhabitants in the foot-prints that mark the soft mud or the sandy watercourse—in the oak-twigs nibbled so high that only deer could reach them—in the scratching of the green moss, which marks the couch of the roe—in the track, beaten like a highway, of the badger. Every old wall, every rocky burn is full of weasels; and the polecat and marten may be tracked by their prints as surely as the fox or deer. At night there is the wail of the wild-cat, the sharp barking of foxes, and all the sounds peculiar to the birds of night.

Let us take a glance at the otter, by far the most destructive enemy of the grown salmon, and spoiling most effectually the angler's sport; for when you find the fresh trail of an otter about a pool in the morning, you need not fish it for hours; not a fish will stir; so much has their enemy frightened those he has not destroyed. He is a silent and seldom seen creature, whose habits are but little known. An unobservant angler may fish a whole season on a river swarming with otters, and never see one. Keeping perfectly quiet all day in a concealed hole, having

perhaps its only entrance under water, he issues out after dusk, and glides like a ghost down the river to feed. He is an epicure in his diet, and kills many salmon for a single meal, eating only a morsel under the throat, and leaving the remainder for crows and ravens. Indeed the lordly eagle does not disdain the leavings of the otter. The largest we have ever seen was shot while feeding on a salmon killed by an otter. It was a white-tailed eagle; but the golden eagle has the same taste in this respect. When he has fed to satiety, the otter returns as noiselessly to his den as he left it, and generally before daylight. Still, an otter is sometimes seen in the day-time. If you come upon him on the bank unawares, he instantly glides into the water, making scarcely a ripple, and sinking quietly to the bottom, lies looking like a log of wood till you pass, when, rising, he gets his nose above water among weeds or branches, or in the concealment of some overhanging bank. Then, if you have your gun, rush by a circuit to the shallow at the tail of the stream, and wait patiently; for he will undoubtedly show himself there if you remain quiet. When disturbed, they take down stream, seeming to know that, floating down it, they are less conspicuous than if swimming against it. Down he comes, drifting mostly under water, looking like a rag, or a bundle of weeds, till the water becomes so shallow that he must needs foot it; and then he walks quietly, as he does everything. Then you have him at your mercy. But woe to the dog that attacks him! The teeth of the otter close on him and hold on with the grip of a bull-dog. Their sense of smell is very acute. Sometimes, when suspecting danger, but not too much alarmed, the otter will lift himself half out of the water, and standing as it were upright, watch for a time in the direction he expects an enemy, then sink without the smallest splash. It is in this attitude that he has furnished the prototype to the superstitious Highlander, of the 'kelpie' or water-spirit. Otters are very affectionate, and laying down a dead one on the river bank is a sure way of attracting other otters to the place. If caught young, no animal is more easily tamed, and they may be trained to fish for their master. Though the otter will seldom come to a bait, he is easily trapped, from his habit of coming out of the water generally at the same places. Your trap must be strong, however, and firmly fixed, unless you prefer attaching it to a log, which the poor beast, when caught, drags into the river, and which, floating on the stream, generally drowns him, but surely shows his position. Audubon, who knew the creature's habits well, has painted an otter in the act of gnawing off its leg to liberate itself from a trap.

In Scotland the fox holds the first place among 'vermin.' We
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do not think a mountain-fox would live long before a pack of regular fox-hounds, but certainly in his own country he is as able to take care of himself as his English cousin. What a handsome powerful fellow he is, more like a wolf than a Lowland fox in size and strength! and well may he show such signs of feeding, since his food consists of mutton and lamb, grouse and venison. His stronghold is under some huge cairn, or among the fragments that strew the bottom of some rocky precipice, perhaps three thousand feet above the sea. In those mountain solitudes he does not confine his depredations to the night; we have encountered him often in broad daylight, and through our deer-glass have watched his manner of hunting the ptarmigan, which is not so neat, but appears quite as successful, as the tactics of the cat. By an unobservant eye, the track of a fox is readily mistaken for that of a dog. The print is somewhat rounder, but the chief difference is the superior neatness of the impression, and the exactness of the steps, the hind-foot just covering the print of the fore-foot; compared with the dog's track, there is much the same difference as a back-woodsman distinguishes between the footstep of an Indian and that of a white man. The fox makes free with a great variety of game, and the demands of his nursery require a plentiful supply. In the hills he lives on lambs, sheep, grouse, and ptarmigan; in the low country, the staple of his prey is rabbits, where these are plentiful; but nothing comes amiss, from the field-mouse upwards. The most wary birds, the wood-pigeon and the wild-duck, do not escape him. He destroys a considerable number of the young of the roe. The honey of the wild bee is a favourite delicacy; and vermin-trappers have found no bait more effective to lure him than a piece of honeycomb. His nose is very fine, and he detects the taint of human footstep or hand, for days after it has been communicated. Several ways are tried for evading his suspicions. Some trappers place three or four traps in a circle, and leave them well covered for some days without any bait, and at the end of that time, when all taint must have left the traps, they place a bait in the centre. Another way is to place the traps in shallow water, and a bait on some bank where he cannot reach it without running a good chance of treading on them. Even when the enemy is in the trap, the victory is not won, and if the fox escapes, whether whole or maimed, after being trapped, he is too well warned ever to be caught again. Altogether, trapping has never been very successfully practised against the fox in the Highlands, and the old native practice of 'fox-hunting' is still much preferred.

Of all ways of earning a livelihood, perhaps there is none that requires a greater degree of hardihood and acuteness than the

trade of a vermin-killer in the Highlands—meaning by vermin, not magpies, crows, and ‘such small deer,’ but the stronger and wilder carnivorous natives of the mountain and forest—the enemies of the sheep and lambs. In the Highlands he is honoured with the title of ‘The Fox-hunter;’ but the Highland fox-hunter leads a different life, and heads a different establishment, from him of Leicestershire. You come upon him in some wild glen; and in another country you might start with some misgiving at his personal appearance. He is a wiry active man, past middle age, slung round with pouches and belts for carrying the utensils of his trade; on his head a huge cap of badger-skin, and over his shoulder a long-barrelled fowling-piece. At his feet follow three couple of strong gaunt slow-hounds, a brace of greyhounds, rough, and with a good dash of the lurcher, and a miscellaneous *tail* of terriers of every degree.

Let us borrow a leaf from the same journal which has already been useful to us, describing a successful day with ‘the fox-hunter:’—

‘The fox having been too free with the lambs, the sheep-farmer of the glen has summoned the fox-hunter’s assistance, and I join him with my rifle. Before daylight the fox-hunter and myself, with two shepherds, and the usual following of dogs, are on the ground, and drawing some small hanging birch-woods near the scene of the latest depredations. While the whole kennel were amusing themselves with a marten-cat in the wood, we found a fresh fox-track on the river bank below it, and after considering its direction leisurely, the huntsman formed his plans. The hounds were coupled up, and left to the charge of the two shepherds, whilst we started with our guns for a steep corrie, where the huntsman expected we could command the passes. It was a good hour and half, of a jog-trot, which seemed a familiar pace to my companion. We at length turned off the great glen, and up a small, rapid, rocky burn, tracing it to where it issued through a narrow fissure in the rocks, down which the water ran like a mill-race. Scrambling up to the head of the ravine, we found ourselves in the corrie, a magnificent amphitheatre of precipitous grey rocks. The fox’s favourite earth was understood to be far up on the cliff, and as only two passes could easily lead to it, we endeavoured to command them both. My station was high up, on a dizzy enough crag, which commanded one of the passes for a considerable way, and sufficiently screened me from all the lower part of the corrie. I had with some difficulty got to my place, and arranged the best vista I could command while unseen myself, and had a few minutes to admire the wild scene below me. It was a narrow corrie, with a little clear stream twisting and shining through an endless confusion of rugged grey rocks. I had not been placed many minutes when a deep bay reached me down the clear morning air. I listened with eagerness, and soon heard the whole pack in full cry, though at a great distance, and apparently not coming quite in our direction. While watching,

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however, the different entries to the corrie, I saw a fox come leisurely down a steep slope of loose stones, towards where the huntsman was concealed. Presently he stopped, and quietly sitting down, appeared to listen for the dogs, and, not hearing their cry come nearer, he came quietly and leisurely along, till he had reached the track where we had crossed the corrie, when, cautiously stopping with his nose to the ground, he changed his careless manner of running to a quick canter, halting now and then, and snuffing the air, to find out where the enemy was concealed. Just then, too, the hounds appeared to have turned to our direction, and another fox came in view, entering the corrie to my right hand at a great pace, and making directly towards me, though still at a mile's distance. The first fox had approached within sixty or seventy yards of the huntsman, when I saw a small stream of smoke issue from the rocks, and the fox stagger a little, and then heard the report of the gun. The foxes both rushed down the hill again, away from us, one evidently wounded; when, the echo of the shot sounding in every direction, first on one side of the corrie, then on another, and then apparently on every side at once, the poor animals were fairly puzzled. The wounded fox turned back again, and ran straight towards where the huntsman was, while the other came towards me. He was within shot, and I was only waiting till he got to an open bit of ground, over which I saw he must pass, when the hounds appeared in full cry at the mouth of the corrie by which he had entered. Reynard stopped to look, and stretching up his head and neck to do so, gave me a fair shot at about sixty yards off. The next moment he was stretched dead, with my ball through him, while the other, quite bewildered, ran almost between the legs of my fellow-chasseur, and then turned back towards the dogs, who, meeting him full in the face, wounded as he was, soon caught and slew him. In a short time the whole of our troops, dogs, shepherds, and all were collected, and great were the rejoicings over the fallen foe. I must say, that though our game was ignoble, the novelty of the proceedings, and the wildness and magnificence of the scenery, had kept me both amused and interested. I forget the name of the corrie: it was some unpronounceable Gaelic word, signifying the "Corrie of the Echo."

The eagle is becoming every year more rare, and will at no great distance of time, apparently, be extinct in Great Britain. A few years ago, in Sutherland and the heights of Mar and Athol, one seldom passed a day on the mountains without meeting one or more; now, excepting in some of the islands, and on parts of the north coast, they are rarely seen. Large premiums given by the sheep-farming societies first reduced their numbers; and English gamekeepers and English traps have done the rest. The golden eagle, *aquila chrysaetos*, is the most frequently seen in the Highlands. They build in some recess of a perpendicular rock, overhung by a projecting shelf, and seldom to be reached by human foot; though occasionally in the more unfrequented districts, where there is less risk of being disturbed, they

they inhabit places more easy of access. The nest, which is formed of sticks, the stems and roots of heather, lasts for many years. A slight repair in the spring prepares it for the ensuing breeding-season. The large, strong-shelled eggs, generally three in number, are laid on the sticks without any softer lining. Seldom more than two young ones are brought out. The male eagle assists in the domestic arrangements, and takes his turn of sitting on the eggs. Indeed, if the female is killed, he will take the entire charge of the young or eggs—frequently, however, taking to himself a second mate to assist him. The young birds remain but for a short time with their parents after they have left the nest, and are soon banished from their paternal dominions.

We are accustomed to talk of the eagle as an impersonation of magnanimity and activity, a character which he hardly deserves. He is a greedy, foul-feeding bird, and lazy, until pressed by hunger. With strength of talons and beak to tear open the skin of a camel, he prefers his game kept till it is putrid; and for all his unrivalled strength and quickness of flight, he likes feeding on any carrion better than hunting for himself. If he find a dead sheep, or, his peculiar dainty, a dead and putrid dog, he will gorge himself on his disgusting food till he is hardly able to rise; and more than one instance has come to our knowledge in the Highlands, of an eagle in that situation being knocked down and killed with a stick. His common food in the Highlands consists of dead sheep, and lambs which he can carry off whole to his nest; and when these fail, white hares and ptarmigan. After floods in the mountain torrents, or the breaking up of a snow-storm, the eagle revels on the drowned and smothered sheep. Many a time he makes a substantial meal off some stag, who has carried off his death-wound from the hunter's rifle, to die in the hill. When he has young to bring up, he prefers hunting for live food, and at that season lambs and fawns are the easiest provision to be had. Sometimes, but rarely, he takes grouse on the wing.

Though not the heroic bird he is called, when hungry or acting in defence of his young, the eagle is bold enough to attack anything, as a Highlander still alive can testify. Some years ago, in Sutherland, an active lad, named Monro, stimulated by the premiums offered by a farmers' society, determined to attempt robbing an eagle's nest in his neighbourhood, which appeared to him comparatively easy of access. He took no assistant with him, that there might be no division of the prize-money, and set about scaling the rock alone. Holding on like a cat, by projections of the rock, and some roots of ivy, he had mounted to within a few yards of the nest, and was on the point of reaching it, when the

female

female eagle came home, bearing a young lamb in her talons. Instantly, when she saw the intruder, she dropped her game, made a rapid wheel, and attacked him. Monro had no firm support for his feet, and was obliged to hold with one hand by a root of ivy. The eagle fixed one talon in his shoulder and the other in his cheek, and thus commenced the battle. Monro had but one hand free; to quit his hold of the ivy with the other was to ensure a fall of a hundred feet. In these circumstances of peril, his presence of mind did not forsake him. He remembered what he called 'a bit wee knife' in his waistcoat pocket; this he reached, opened it with his teeth, and with it attacked in his turn the eagle, unable to extricate her talons from his clothes and flesh; and stabbed and cut her about the throat till he killed her. He did not care to carry the adventure farther, but descended, without waiting for the return of the other eagle, faint and half blind with his own blood. It is several years ago, but he carries the marks of the eagle's talons in his face and shoulder to this day.

The deer in the island of Rum are said to have been quite extirpated by the eagles; and certainly in no other part of Scotland does one see so many eagles. At present, their principal food must consist of the dead fish cast on the shore.

The male and female eagle assist each other very often in pursuit of their prey, coursing, as it were, the animal, whatever it may be, and turning it from one to the other, like a couple of greyhounds in pursuit of a hare. At other times, wheeling at an immense height in the air, at some distance from each other, in search of dead sheep or other carrion, when one bird has discerned a prize, by a shrill bark-like cry it warns the other. The eagle only soars at a great height when the atmosphere is clear, and the hills free from mist. When rain and fog cover the mountain side, the sportsman or shepherd is frequently startled by the sudden and noiseless appearance of this monarch of the clouds passing quietly past him, at the height of a few feet from the ground. The only notice the bird takes of a person in these rencontres, is to turn his head quickly from side to side, to get a good view of the enemy; and he then passes unconcernedly on.

We doubt very much whether this bird is capable of being tamed or trained for hunting. Their attachment to their keeper and feeder seems to be but uncertain, and liable to interruption on the slightest occasion. But we must hasten to a conclusion.

The interest and occupation of Highland sport, the energy exerted and the difficulties overcome, would be captivating in any country. But we regard it as their chief advantage that they lead
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men necessarily among such scenes as are found only among the Highlands. The mountain precipice, the deep secluded glen, the rushing torrent, the lonely loch, even the bare, desolate moor, each connected with some adventure, fix themselves in the memory, and impart to the most unimaginative something of the ideal that raises a man above what is merely worldly and sordid in the path of life.

It would be painful to think the advantages were all on the side of the sportsman; but while the taste for mountain sport is attracting to the Highlands crowds of young men of fortune, to whom it thus forms not the least important part of their education; their residence and its objects are working an important change on the state of the native population. We have already alluded to the number of hands required by the wealthy occupants of Highland shootings. The superabundant population of the glens, not perhaps well suited for patient and sustained industry, either of agriculture or fishing, was almost of its own nature a population of sportsmen, and the man who had roamed over every foot of the hills as a shepherd, was soon found to make an admirable keeper. It is true he has not yet reached the mystery of dog-breaking, and is apt to undervalue a dog that will not help its master in more than merely *setting* game. But, as a patient watcher on the mountain tops, as the steady attendant of the sportsman in a new region, where it is of much consequence to know the ground and the habits of the game, he is invaluable. His power of mountain travel, his endurance of weather and hardship, and his knowledge of hill game, especially of deer, make the Highlander preferable to an English game-keeper, even if you discount the pleasure of his conversation, which is indeed very different from that of the business-like, matter-of-fact Norfolk keeper. How often have we forgot the length and roughness of the way, and the want of sport, as we listened to a young Celt pouring out the traditions of his native glen, and reaching unconsciously almost to poetry!

By the fortunate accident of the rise of a new fashion, the active lads who, if not required for tending sheep, and unwilling to join their kinsmen in Canada, seemed destined to be driven to poaching or smuggling, are now employed in different grades as assistants of sport, a situation which no Highlander, however averse to other servitude, finds degrading, and which, requiring all and more than all the qualities of a shepherd, is raising a hardy population, with improved intelligence and tastes somewhat beneficially heightened.

It is remarkable that, while a misdirected and sickly passion for preserving game in one end of the island is threatening to
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bring back some of the mischiefs of the cruel old Norman forest-law, with no commensurate advantages; the same taste for sport, finding a more healthy outlet in the mountains of the north, benefits alike both classes of the community, and is in our estimation productive of unmixed good.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Eloge Historique de James Watt*. Par M. Arago, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences. Paris, 1839.
2. *Address of the Rev. William Vernon Harcourt, at the 9th Meeting of the British Association at Birmingham* (1839);—in the 8th volume of the *Reports of the British Association*.
3. *Lives of Men of Science of the Time of George III.* By Henry, Lord Brougham, &c. &c. London, 1845. 8vo.

WE took occasion, in our Number for June last, to criticise the Biographies of Men of Letters in Lord Brougham's recent publication: we propose now, in conformity with an intimation which we then gave, to call the attention of our readers to the Biographies of Men of Science included in the same volume—particularly of Black, Cavendish, Priestley, and Watt, as connected with those great discoveries in pneumatic chemistry which terminated in the generalizations of Lavoisier and the other chemists of the French school: and we further propose to examine, in some detail, the claim put forward by M. Arago and others, in favour of Mr. Watt, to the great discovery of the *composition of water*, which Lord Brougham has adopted without modification—notwithstanding the decisive determination which that question had received in the Address of Mr. William Vernon Harcourt and in the documentary and other evidence with which that remarkable Address is accompanied.

In the age which preceded the labours of the founders of modern chemistry, the *phlogistic* theory of Stahl was universally adopted. It assumed the existence of an inflammable principle in all combustible bodies, to which the name of *phlogiston* was given: whose nature was not attempted, in the first instance, to be defined, but which was assumed to be extricated in all processes of combustion and solution, and which produced light and heat by the violent vibration and movement of its particles. The body from which this principle escaped, when no longer capable of supporting combustion, was said to be *dephlogisticated*; conversely, the body of whatever nature, whether solid, liquid, or aerial, with which the phlogiston was combined, or by which it was absorbed, was said to be *phlogisticated*: and it was the absolute identity of this principle or substance, when separated from a combustible

combustible body of whatever kind, which it was one of the chief objects of this theory to establish.

We will endeavour, very briefly, to exemplify the reasoning which Stahl and his followers employed for this purpose.

If phosphorus be burnt in the open air, it gives out light and heat, and is dissipated with a white smoke; but if this process be conducted in a closed vessel, the products of the combustion are collected on its sides, and will rapidly attract moisture from the atmosphere, forming an acid substance called phosphoric acid, and which is considered to be dephlogisticated, or nearly so; but if we proceed to mix it with charcoal powder, and expose it to a strong heat in a glass retort, the phosphorus will be reproduced: and the theory assumes that it is the charcoal which has parted with its phlogiston for this purpose.

Again, if instead of charcoal powder we should employ lamp-black, or resin, or sugar, or even metallic bodies, and subject them severally, under the same circumstances, to the requisite heat, the same phosphorus would be equally reproduced in every case. It was very reasonably concluded, therefore, that it was the same phlogiston which was derived from all those combustible substances, however different in their nature.

A similar succession of phenomena are presented by sulphur. If it be burnt, it forms sulphuric acid; but if the acid thus formed be heated with phosphorus, or charcoal, or coal, or sugar, or even with sulphur itself, it is equally restored to its primitive state.

In all these cases, if one step of the process was granted to be true, the conclusion deducible from the others seemed to be unavoidable. The same effect appeared to be produced, whatever was the source from which the phlogiston was presumed to be derived; and it was thence inferred that the phlogiston, which was thus supplied, was likewise the same principle in all cases.

Metallic bodies also, in the process of calcination or solution, whether by the operation of heat or of acids, presented a series of analogous changes, which were equally calculated to give currency to the same theory.

Thus, if lead be exposed to the requisite heat, it will, in process of time, be reduced to a calx (or oxide) of lead; and if the same lead be placed in concentrated nitric acid, it effervesces violently, and the solution, when evaporated, forms a calx of the same kind: and it was presumed that the same phlogiston is liberated by combustion in one case and by effervescence in the other; but if these calces or oxides are heated again with combustible matters of any kind whatsoever, they are similarly restored to the same metallic state.

But it is in the operation of double affinities that this theory appeared

appeared to receive one of its most striking illustrations. If a plate of iron be placed in dilute sulphuric acid, it dissolves, and its phlogiston escapes with violent effervescence; but if the same plate be immersed in a solution of copper in the same acid, then it is dissolved with little or no effervescence, transferring its phlogiston tranquilly to the calx of the copper, which is precipitated in its pure metallic form.

In the phlogistic theory the metals and other combustible bodies are considered as compound and their calces as simple, the acid in the preceding case supplying simply the medium through which the affinities act, aiding the separation of the phlogiston from the iron, and its absorption by the calx of the copper: but the modern theory of chemistry would reverse the order of these characters and operations,—the acid yielding, under the influence of the predominant affinity, its oxygen to the iron considered as a simple body; and the calx of copper, considered as composed of copper and oxygen, surrendering the second of its constituents to the acid to replace the oxygen which the iron had absorbed.

If we compare these theories with each other, without reference to the relative weights of the metals and their calces, they appear to be equally clear, simple, and satisfactory: they furnish the same results; the medium through which the operations are conducted remains the same in both cases: they are almost equally applicable to the explanation of the infinite variety of facts which chemical agency in its various forms presents to our observation: and it would be difficult to point out, in the history of the sciences, another equally remarkable example of the absolute parallelism of truth and error.

The balance, however, when once applied in these and similar cases, where the process of combustion or solution does not dissipate the materials subjected to its operation, or where their gaseous and other products are carefully collected and weighed, pointed out a consequence which the phlogistic theory was incompetent to explain: the calces or oxides of metal were heavier than the metals from which they were derived; if the calx therefore differs from the derivative metal simply in the loss of its phlogiston, how was this fact to be explained? Does the separation of phlogiston increase the weight of the body from which it escapes? Does this mysterious substance act in opposition to gravity, or does it produce some change in the physical condition of the body with which it was incorporated by which the absolute gravity of its particles is diminished? Newton had shown, both from *à priori* and *à posteriori* considerations, that the weight of bodies is proportionate to the mass of matter which they contain; and the 'Principia' contains few investi-

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gations which are more refined and beautiful than those by which this very important proposition was established: but chemists were not sufficiently disposed to associate the minuter influences with which they had to deal with the great laws which regulated the movements of the planetary system, and they were little startled with a consequence of their favourite theory, which, if maturely considered, must have been fatal to its truth: even Dr. Black, whose mind had been trained in the strictest habits of inductive philosophy, and who, in his celebrated *Essay on the true cause of the causticity of the alkalies*, had given so remarkable an example of its correct and rigorous application, was never entirely convinced of the accuracy or relevancy of Newton's reasoning on this subject, and did not consider the argument derived from it against the theory of phlogiston as altogether irrefragable.*

It is less our object, however, to state objections to a theory which we know to be false, than to explain the reason why it was so long considered to be true. Much must undoubtedly be attributed to the influence of the persuasion which had completely occupied the minds of the chemists of all nations that the bases of this theory were satisfactorily established, and that it was fully competent to explain the results of chemical action which had been hitherto observed. Even the great theories of Newton in optics and physical astronomy were not accepted by men of science with a more entire and unhesitating faith: Black, Priestley, Watt, and Kirwan in England, Bergman and Scheele in Sweden, Macquer and Morveau in France, not merely acquiesced in its general truth, but warmly defended it: whilst in Germany, the country of its birth, it continued to maintain its empire undisturbed long after it had been elsewhere abandoned as altogether untenable. Cavendish, whose mind had received the most enlarged philosophical training of all the great chemists of his age, whilst he admitted generally its conclusions, cautiously guarded himself against any undue influence which they might exercise upon the character of the deductions which could properly be drawn from his own experiments: it was Lavoisier alone who, from the first opening of his chemical life, struggled with remarkable foresight and undaunted resolution against the principles of the phlogistic theory, when the state of chemical science was not sufficiently advanced to remove very serious objections to his own. It was the great discovery of the

* Black's *Lectures*, by Robison, vol. ii. p. 544. It was in consequence of Dr. Black's doubts on this subject that Dr. Robison repeated Newton's experiments on pendulums with precautions calculated to eliminate any errors which might arise, as had been contended, from uncertainty in the position of the centre of oscillation: it is hardly necessary to say that the results fully confirmed the accuracy of Newton's conclusions. The whole theory has since been made the subject of a most elaborate paper by Bessel in the *Berlin Memoirs*.

composition of water which alone could clear away the difficulties which opposed the establishment of the true theory.

Again, in the first half of the last century, there were in use no means of accurately examining the products of combustion, or of other chemical operations: no proper apparatus had been invented for collecting, keeping, and examining the gases which escaped in such processes, or the volatile materials which are dissipated if not confined. The balance was rarely appealed to, even when its indications could not be vitiated by the intrusion of foreign products: the influence of the agencies of bodies external to those which were the subjects of chemical action, such as the atmosphere, the various acids and solvents, and more especially water, which it was not easy to exclude, had rarely been attempted to be estimated: the doctrine of the latent and specific heat of bodies, so important from its connexion with the conditions of their existence in a solid, liquid, or aerial form, and of their transition from one of those states to another, was altogether unknown: and various as were the processes of manipulation which had been discovered, remarkable as were the new forms of substances which had been produced, vast as had become the collection of facts which the labours of many ages had accumulated, it would be difficult to quote a single process or experiment, more particularly as regards the operations of chemical affinities, whose circumstances were so clear, definite, and unequivocal as was sufficient to form the basis of a true theory, however rigorously it had been examined, and however strictly the just principles of inductive reasoning had been applied to its explanation.

Neither must it be supposed that the first steps of the great series of researches in pneumatic chemistry, which ended in the discovery of the composition of water and the establishment of the new theory, were very manifestly subversive of the old: one of the most important of these was Dr. Black's discovery of the cause of causticity of the alkalies and of the *fixed* air which they contain in their mild state. It formed, as is well known, the subject of an Inaugural Dissertation for his degree of M.D., and which was afterwards extended into a separate Essay. Lime and magnesia, in the form which we now call their *carbonates*, become caustic upon the evolution, by means of heat, of a large quantity of air, which he called *fixed air*, and which is now called *carbonic acid*, and they become mild again by its re-union or re-absorption: this gas is easily collected, and it is the same which is evolved in the combustion of charcoal, in the process of fermentation, and in various other natural and chemical operations: it is the same air which is expired by the lungs, and it constitutes the choke-damp
of

of the miners: and in every case its presence is detected by its precipitating lime in its mild form, from water which has been previously impregnated by quicklime; in other words, it re-converts quicklime into carbonate of lime, and thus leaves the theory of its composition unquestionable.

Lord Brougham, in the account which he has given of this remarkable discovery, has stated in addition, that Dr. Black determined the fixed air of the alkalies to be heavier than common air: that it possessed acid properties: that it was the first example ever given of the evolution of a permanently elastic fluid, differing from common air not merely in some of its properties, but in its essence: that it was the basis and foundation of all subsequent discoveries in pneumatic chemistry.

A more accurate examination of the facts, however, would show that the first of these properties, and perhaps the most important and distinctive of all those connected with it, was the exclusive discovery of Mr. Cavendish in 1766: that the second was indicated for the first time by Priestley and his fellow-labourers, and only completely established by Lavoisier, who showed fixed air to be carbonic acid, or a combination of oxygen and carbon: it would appear likewise that Hales and others had evolved airs or gases of remarkable properties from various substances both liquid and solid (amongst others the nitrous gas, whose power of diminishing the bulk of atmospheric air Hales had ascertained), leaving it uncertain whether they were compound or simple, or whether their composition was determined by chemical affinity or by the mere admixture of foreign substances with one common and fundamental element, which is the air we breathe. Van Helmont, in the preceding century, had indicated the general identity of the fixed air as evolved from charcoal, or in fermenting liquors, or as it exists in the Grotto del Cane near Naples, under the common name of *gas sylvestre*, and Dr. Black himself informs us that he was directed to the application of his test of the presence of fixed air in some of those products by the hints given in the works of this visionary but sagacious enthusiast.

The question which thence arises is, what constitutes an essential character of one body, whether gaseous, liquid, or solid, as distinguished from every other? Why should fixed air, which invariably precipitates lime from lime-water, not be a compound of common air with some substance with which it is united or impregnated? Such was the opinion of Kirwan,* a chemist of great learning and research, founded upon numerous experiments of Dr. Priestley, who maintained that it was separated

* Experiments and Observations concerning the Attractive Powers of the Mineral Acids. Phil. Trans., vol. lxxiii, p. 15.

from common air in the process of phlogistication, and that the diminution of the bulk of the latter, when it is mixed with inflammable air or hydrogen, and exploded in closed vessels by means of the electric spark, was owing to this separation: and so general was the persuasion that this explanation was correct, that Mr. Cavendish felt it necessary to give it a very elaborate refutation in the prelude to his celebrated Paper on the Decomposition of Water: * and though we are by no means disposed to underrate the just influence of the discovery of the cause of the causticity of the alkalies upon the progress of chemical science, yet we believe that Lord Brougham is as much mistaken in his opinion of the extent to which the specific characters of fixed air were determined by means of it as he is in his estimate of its general philosophical importance.

The preceding, however, are not the only serious misstatements which this life of Black contains, more especially as affecting the relations of his discoveries to those of Cavendish. After again enlarging upon the assumed fact that atmospheric air was considered as the only permanently elastic fluid, all others previously known and recognised being only, like steam, temporarily aeriform, Lord Brougham proceeds as follows:—

‘ Once the truth was known that there are other gases in nature, only careful observation was required to find them out. Inflammable air was the next which became the subject of examination, because, though it had long been known, it had only been supposed to be common air mixed with acetous particles. His discovery at once showed that it was, like fixed air, a separate aeriform fluid, wholly distinct from the air of the atmosphere. The other gases were discovered somewhat later. But it is a very great mistake to suppose that none of these were known to Black, or that he supposed fixed air to be the only gas different from the atmospheric. The nature of hydrogen gas was perfectly known to him, and both its qualities of being inflammable, and of being so much lighter than atmospheric air: for as early as 1766 he invented the air-balloon, showing a party of his friends the ascent of a bladder filled with inflammable air. Mr. Cavendish only more precisely ascertained its specific gravity, and showed what Black could not have been ignorant of, that it is the same, from whatever substance it be derived.’—p. 337.

It should be observed that the only record we have of Dr. Black’s views and discoveries (the Essay on quicklime and the other alkalies excepted) is contained in his Lectures, which were published after his death by his friend and pupil Dr. Robison

* Mr. Watt in his *Thoughts on the Constituent Parts of Water* and dephlogisticated Air, which will be more particularly noticed hereafter, considered *fixed* air a compound of dephlogisticated and inflammable air and heat; so vague and unsettled were the notions which prevailed at that period of the essential differences of permanent airs from each other.

from notes so extremely imperfect and disconnected that the deficiencies were required to be supplied from the MS. notes of some of his pupils, and it is expressly stated that nearly the whole of them were of necessity recomposed: it is a natural consequence of the peculiar origin of this publication, that there are few historical narratives of the progress of branches of research with which Black himself or his friends were concerned, which are not only unauthentic but absolutely incorrect—more especially that which regards the succession of facts of the history of the discovery of the decomposition of water. It is sufficiently remarkable, however, that even in the account which is given by Dr. Black himself, or by his Editor who writes in his name, of the experimental application of inflammable air for air-balloons, he expressly states that it was suggested to him by Mr. Cavendish's discovery of the great levity of this gas, which was published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1766. The singular assumption which follows this statement that Mr. Cavendish merely showed that *this gas is the same, from whatever substance it is derived, a fact of which Dr. Black could not have been ignorant*, would amount to the recognition of a principle which would be subversive of all rights of discovery. There is no evidence whatever, either in his Lectures or derivable from any other source, that Dr. Black possessed any such knowledge, or that he had ever investigated, or even thought upon, the subject.

The great discovery of *latent* and *specific* heat must ever render the name of Dr. Black illustrious in the annals of chemical philosophy: it introduced to our notice new views of the conditions of existence of the same bodies in a solid, liquid, and aerial state, and was eminently calculated to exhibit the wise economy of nature in making provision against sudden and violent transitions from one state of existence to another, introducing *time* as an essential element in all such changes. If water had possessed the same latent heat in its opposite forms of ice and steam, our rivers would have become instantaneously one mass of ice when cooled down to the sensible temperature of 32° Fahrenheit: our kettles would not have boiled but exploded, for water would have been instantaneously converted into steam when it reached the temperature of 212°: the whole framework of the material universe would have been exposed to sudden and uncontrollable changes, which would have been altogether incompatible with its permanence and stability; but the laws of the evolution and absorption of heat which Dr. Black discovered, developed conditions which accompanied such changes which, in most cases, rendered them comparatively gradual, tranquil and safe, and which were also competent to explain the evolution or absorption of heat which is generally more or less observable in all
chemical

chemical changes, and more particularly in those which attend a transition from one form of existence to another.

It is to Mr. Watt, as is well known, that we are indebted for the most important developments of the theory of latent heat, which were made the basis of all his great improvements in the construction of the steam-engine: there is no other example equally remarkable, of the prompt application of a great philosophical truth to the most important improvement of the powers and application of machinery which is to be found in the annals of the arts; there is none which is equally honourable to its author.

It would appear that Lord Brougham was known to Dr. Black through his maternal grand-uncle, Dr. Robertson the historian, and attended his lectures when a student in the University of Edinburgh, a circumstance which may be allowed to excuse a very favourable view of his character and discoveries, though it cannot justify the extraordinary succession of inaccuracies and exaggerations which this sketch of his life contains, a very few only of which we have had occasion to notice. The following account of his style of lecturing, and of the impression which it produced upon his auditors, is in Lord Brougham's best manner:

'It remains to consider him as a teacher; and certainly nothing could be more admirable than the manner in which for forty years he performed this useful and dignified office. His style of lecturing was as nearly perfect as can well be conceived; for it had all the simplicity which is so entirely suited to scientific discourse, while it partook largely of the elegance which characterized all that he said or did. Nothing could be more suited to the occasion; it was perfect philosophical calmness; there was no effort; it was an easy and graceful conversation. The voice was low, but perfectly distinct and audible throughout the whole of a large hall, crowded in every part with mutely-attentive listeners. Perfect elegance as well as repose was the phrase by which every hearer and spectator naturally, and as if by common consent, described the whole delivery. The accidental circumstance of the great teacher's aspect I hope I may be pardoned for stopping to note, whilst endeavouring to convey the idea of a philosophic discoverer. His features were singularly graceful, full of intelligence, but calm, as suited his manner and his speech. His high forehead and sharp temples were slightly covered, when I knew him, with hairs of a snow-white hue; and his mouth gave a kindly as well as most intelligent expression to his whole features. In one department of his lectures he exceeded any I have ever known—the neatness and unvarying success with which all the manipulations of his experiments were performed. His correct eye and steady hand contributed to the one; his admirable precautions, foreseeing and providing for every emergency, secured the other.'—p. 347.

Important as was undoubtedly the influence of Dr. Black's
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discoveries upon the views of his contemporaries and successors, the real foundation and commencement of accurate researches in pneumatic chemistry must be chiefly sought for in Mr. Cavendish's Paper on Factitious Airs, which appeared in the Philosophical Transactions for 1766. Its author brought to bear upon this and similar inquiries an understanding of singular precision and clearness, and trained in the best and most rigorous school of inductive philosophy: he was familiar with nearly every branch of physical science: a great chemist, a great electrician, a magnetist, and a meteorologist: his views of geology, which he had cultivated in company with his friend Mr. Mitchell—the deviser of the great experiment for determining the density of the earth and a philosopher of rare sagacity and power—were greatly in advance of his age, and had led to a very considerable knowledge of the true succession of the strata of Great Britain, founded chiefly upon a consideration of their mineral structure and character, at a period when this science, in other hands, was a prey to the most extravagant theories altogether independent of observation: his knowledge of mathematics was equal, if not superior, to that of any of his countrymen: he was equally learned and skilful as a practical and as a theoretical astronomer: if a comet or a planet, such as Uranus, was observed, it was Mr. Cavendish who calculated its elements: if a great astronomical phenomenon was expected, such as the transit of Venus over the disk of the sun in 1769, it was Mr. Cavendish who discussed the character of the observations to be made, and their results when obtained: his knowledge of the theory and use of astronomical and other instruments was superior to that of any other philosopher of his age, and he was singularly skilful and ingenious in the contrivance and construction of chemical and philosophical apparatus: to all these various accomplishments, he united the most cautious habits of reasoning, and never committed himself to a conclusion which his experiments and observations did not appear fully to justify.

He was, as might be expected from the character of the great family to which he belonged, scrupulously honourable and high-minded; he seemed to have cultivated science for its own sake only, for he was remarkably indifferent to fame, and shrunk, with a morbid sensibility, from the recognition of the public honours which his great discoveries had so justly acquired him: and it was most probably owing to this disposition of his mind that he suppressed many of the most remarkable of his experimental and other researches, which are only preserved in MSS. in the possession of the successor of his name and honours, the present Earl of Burlington.

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To return, however, to the remarkable memoir which gave occasion to the preceding observations on the philosophical character of its author.

Mr. Cavendish gave the first example of a properly constructed pneumatic apparatus (whose form was afterwards improved and simplified by Priestley) for collecting, preserving, and transferring the different airs which are generated in chemical processes, for subjecting them to a uniform pressure, and from thence ascertaining their specific gravities by means of an accurate balance. It was this practical improvement, simple as it was, which entirely altered the form in which researches in pneumatic chemistry were subsequently prosecuted.

He determined for the first time the most important properties of inflammable air or hydrogen, and showed that its specific gravity is not more than one-eleventh of atmospheric air: he thoroughly examined also the properties of fixed air, or carbonic acid, and showed its specific gravity to be 1.57, that of common air being 1: he determined approximately the quantities of this air which are contained in given weights of the different alkaline bodies, and also the important fact of its being, as well as the extent to which it is, absorbable by water. He likewise indicated the existence, and pointed out one remarkable property, of *muriatic acid gas*.

He concluded, as the only legitimate inference from his experiments, that *inflammable air* was the true *phlogiston* of the Stahlian theory: for it was apparently the only substance which appeared to be separated from the solutions of zinc and tin in dilute sulphuric or muriatic acid: it was the same substance also that was separated from animal substances by putrefaction, and from vegetable substances by distillation, in which cases no acid was present:* it was also entirely inflammable, and it consequently possessed every property which the theory in question assigned to it. It is important to observe, in connexion with remarks which will follow hereafter, that this conclusion was adopted by Mr. Cavendish in all his subsequent memoirs, where inflammable air and phlogiston are always considered as absolutely identical with each other.

Such are the important processes described and conclusions established in this remarkable memoir, which is likewise a perfect model of simple and clear exposition and of correct induction from the facts observed: and though the attention of our readers

* Iron, zinc, or tin dissolved in nitrous acid produce an air of an acid character, which is not inflammable. The phlogiston of the metals was conceived, in these and similar cases, to be united with some portion of the acid base, and to have lost its inflammable character. This hypothesis constituted a very considerable modification of the theory of Stahl, but it made it more generally compatible with the facts then observed.

has been before drawn to the unauthorized attribution of some of these discoveries to another author, they will hardly be prepared for the following statement of its contents which appears in the pages of Lord Brougham :—

‘ The discoveries of Dr. Black on carbonic acid and latent heat appear to have drawn Mr. Cavendish’s attention to the cultivation of pneumatic chemistry ; and in 1766 he communicated to the Royal Society his experiments for ascertaining the properties of carbonic acid and hydrogen gas. He carried his mathematical habits to the laboratory ; and not satisfied with showing the other qualities which make it clear that these two aeriform substances are each *sui generis*, and the same from whatever substances, by whatever processes they are obtained : nor satisfied with the mere fact that one of them is heavier and the other much lighter than atmospheric air,—he inquired into the precise numerical relation of their specific gravities with one another and with common air, and first showed an example of weighing permanently-elastic fluids : unless, indeed, Torricelli may be said before him to have shown the relative weight of a column of air and a column of mercury : or the common pump to have been long ago compared in this respect air with water. It is, however, sufficiently clear that neither of these experiments gave the relative measure of one air with another : nor, indeed, could they be said to compare common air with either mercury or water, although they certainly showed the relative specific gravities of the two bodies, taking air for the middle term or common measure of their weights.’

It is not easy to accumulate, within so short a compass, so many errors of fact and reasoning. Mr. Cavendish did not prove that inflammable airs are the same, by whatever processes or from whatever substances they are derived : he did not assume, but was the first to prove, that fixed air was heavier, and the inflammable air, which was afterwards called hydrogen, was much lighter than atmospheric air : he was not the first to weigh or to determine the specific gravity of a permanently elastic fluid ; the weight of a given bulk of common air having been determined by Galileo, Otto Guericke, and with considerable accuracy by Hawksbee, to whose determination Mr. Cavendish himself refers in an elaborate Note to the very Memoir under consideration. The relative weights of a column of equal length and capacity of air and of mercury, or of air and of water, are not involved in the Torricellian experiment, or in that of a common pump ; nor is there any sense in which the specific gravity of common air can be considered, in connexion with them, as a middle term or common measure of those of mercury and water. We fear that it would not be safe to pursue the examination of this singular passage farther, as it might lead our readers to impute to Lord Brougham an ignorance of some of the most elementary principles of natural philosophy, if they were not fortified against such
a conclusion

a conclusion by a knowledge of his various critical and other labours, during more than half a century, in almost every branch of literature and science.

It is difficult, however, to refer to a single page of the scientific part of Lord Brougham's volume, which does not present some similar example of inaccuracy of statement or of reasoning, the result, as we are inclined to believe, of a rapidity of composition, and a neglect—we had almost said a contempt—of original authorities, which is equally fatal to philosophical correctness and historical truth: of this kind is the account which he has given of the object proposed, and the process followed, in Mr. Cavendish's celebrated experiment for determining the density of the earth:—

'It was,' says he, 'about ten years after the conclusion of his chemical labours, that he (Mr. Cavendish) engaged in some important experiments upon the force of attraction. It occurred to him that he could measure that force, and thereby ascertain the density of the earth, by accurately observing the action of bodies suddenly exhibited in the neighbourhood of a horizontal lever nicely balanced, loaded with equal leaden balls, of a small size, at its two ends, and protected from all aerial currents by being enclosed in a box. In that box a telescope and a lamp were placed, that the motions of the lever might be carefully observed. On approaching the external leaden balls made use of, whose diameter was eight inches, to the small ones enclosed and near the lever, it was found that a horizontal oscillation took place. This was measured; and the oscillation caused by the earth on a pendulum being known, as well as the relative specific gravities of lead and water, it was found, upon a medium of his observations, that the earth's density is to that of water as eleven to two.'—*Lives, &c.*, p. 442.

We had prepared a commentary upon this extraordinary exposition of a well-known experiment, but those of our readers who are familiar with the original memoir (which will form a lasting monument of the mathematical and philosophical powers and practical skill of its illustrious author) will probably think we have exercised a sound discretion in suppressing it. It is difficult to conceive a more ingenious and entire distortion, not merely of nearly every step in the process itself, but likewise of nearly every principle involved in it.

But to return to the chemical labours of Mr. Cavendish.

Between the publication of this memoir and those on the composition of water and of nitric acid in the years 1784 and 1788, he continued to prosecute his chemical researches with a success proportionate to his great skill and accuracy in devising and executing experiments and his cautious habits of reasoning upon the legitimate conclusions to which they lead. Amongst his published papers is one on the Rathbone-place waters, which gave the first example of the accurate analysis of mineral waters, and which was

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also important as showing the conditions under which the salts of lime and magnesia (their *bicarbonates*) are held in solution by them: another is upon the *eudiometer* of Fontana, an instrument which Priestley originally invented, but which received great improvements in his hands, and enabled him to determine the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere and in its mixture with other gases with extreme accuracy, and thus to disprove the plausible inferences which the less cautious observations of Dr. Priestley and Dr. Ingenhouz had given rise to, that the oxygen in the air we breathe exists in variable proportions in different localities, and was a proximate cause of their healthiness or unhealthiness. His perfect command of this instrument (for it required to be skilfully and cautiously used) contributed in no slight degree to the successful prosecution of many of his most important subsequent researches.

But Mr. Cavendish's published Papers during this period are of much less importance than those which existed in MSS. only, before the appearance of the Appendix to Mr. Harcourt's address, where abstracts of several of them are printed, and some of them entire. In the year 1765, when Dr. Black's discoveries on latent heat scarcely extended beyond the students of his class at Glasgow, we find him, says Mr. Harcourt, with no other information respecting them than the report of a single fact,* deducing all the laws of the *generation and destruction of heat* from an independent and elaborate series of experiments which the world has never heard of, including the determination of the specific heats of a variety of substances, such as wax, spermaceti, and mercury, with various other metals and metallic alloys. The heat generated by condensing the vapour of steam is shown to be 952° , a very remarkable approximation to the result (so important in the theory of the steam-engine) which was subsequently established by the laborious researches of Watt. The heat produced by thawing snow was shown to be 150° , the result given by Black being 140° . These remarkable experiments preceded by sixteen years the first published notice of Dr. Black's discoveries on this subject, which was given by Wilcke in the Stockholm Transactions for 1781.

Another MS. containing 'Experiments on Arsenic,' written in 1765, and in a form prepared for publication, showed that he had anticipated Scheele by sixteen years in the discovery of the *acid of arsenic, its relation to the oxide and regulus, and in the complete examination of its salts*; and it further appears from a Paper upon which was written 'Communicated to Dr. Priestley,' that he first

* That, 'in distilling waters or other liquors, the water in the worm-tub is heated thereby much more than it would be by mixing with it a quantity of boiling water equal to that which passes through the worm.'

distinguished nitrogen from the other kinds of unrespirable and incombustible gases, and proved by experiment that atmospheric air consists of two parts, one of which in the combustion of charcoal is converted into fixed air, whilst the other is a mephitic gas sui generis. This discovery, one of the most considerable in the history of chemistry, is authenticated by the reference made to it by Priestley in his paper on 'Airs' in the Philosophical Transactions for 1772, though the conclusions which it contains are, as was not uncommon with that author, incorrectly stated. He had prepared likewise a fourth part to his paper on 'Factitious Airs,' containing experiments on the airs produced by distillation from animal and vegetable substances, such as hartshorn shavings, wainscot, and tartar, which were found to yield inflammable air of a kind altogether different, both in specific gravity and explosive power, from the hydrogen or inflammable air which he had examined in his first paper.

It could hardly be expected that Lord Brougham, after the specimen which we have ventured to quote of his scientific criticisms on other labours of Mr. Cavendish, should condescend to notice these remarkable researches; and we accordingly find that they are passed over altogether without observation, however important they may be in the estimate which a careful biographer would form of his scientific character. It is quite true that a material distinction should be made between contemporary and posthumous claims to discoveries, unless the latter are supported by the most unquestionable documentary or other authority; and in no case should the rights of prior publication be disputed, unless what was thus made public can be clearly shown to have been in some degree consequent upon a knowledge of the antecedent labours of some other person not so prompt to lay his researches and discoveries before the world. The application of this principle, which is one of primary importance in the history of inventions and discoveries, would assign to Mr. Cavendish the honour of having first ascertained the compound constitution of the atmosphere, and also of one, at least, of its constituents: but it would confer upon him no claim to a participation in the honour which must for ever be awarded to Black and to Watt for their discoveries in latent and specific heat.

Before we proceed to the consideration of the next great epoch in the scientific life of Mr. Cavendish, the discovery of the decomposition of water and of the consequences to which it led, let us briefly recall the attention of our readers to some of the accessions which the science of pneumatic chemistry received from other labourers.

One of the most remarkable of these was Dr. Priestley, whose
researches

researches were devoted almost exclusively to the chemistry of the gases. Their results are recorded in six volumes of 'Experiments and Observations on different kinds of Airs,' which were published between 1775 and 1786, and which appear to have enjoyed an uncommon degree of popularity. They are written in a light and agreeable style, detailing his successes and his failures with equal candour and openness, and laying open his entire chemical mind to the observation of his readers. He was very ingenious in devising experiments, and dexterous in his manipulations; and though the processes which he followed and the means which he had at his command were generally insufficient to secure that minute and rigorous accuracy which is equally necessary for the establishment of great truths and the exclusion of great errors, yet it may be safely asserted that few persons have contributed so great a number of valuable facts to the science of chemistry. He affected no profound philosophical views, and the character of his mind was altogether unequal to them; he generally adopted at once the most obvious conclusions which his experiments appeared to justify, and he modified or abandoned them upon further investigation with almost equal facility. On one point only was his philosophical faith perfectly stable and unalterable: he was an entire believer in the truth of the phlogistic theory, and invariably expressed all his conclusions in its language. No facts, however stubborn and inexplicable, could shake the sincerity of his convictions of its truth, and he continued to maintain and defend it to the end of the century, when it had been abandoned as untenable by every other chemist of eminence in Europe.

The most considerable discovery of Dr. Priestley was oxygen gas, which he denominated *dephlogisticated* air, it being assumed that the two constituents of the atmosphere are distinguished by the separation of phlogiston from one of them and its union with the other, which was therefore denominated *phlogisticated* air. He investigated many of the most important functions of this air in the vegetable and animal kingdom, and even in the process of combustion, with great ingenuity and success;—and his happy application of its union with nitrous gas to form nitrous acid to the construction of the eudiometer, enabled him and Mr. Cavendish not merely to separate it from other gases with which it might be mixed, but likewise to test its presence and to estimate its quantity—a most important process in analytical chemistry when applied to an element which presents itself so constantly in chemical products. It would be foreign to our present purpose to attempt to enumerate in detail the various discoveries and researches of Dr. Priestley: they formed a storehouse of facts which contemporary chemists

chemists of great eminence, such as Kirwan and Watt, were accustomed to refer to as a common stock, from whence to deduce the bases of their theories and reasonings.

It may be doubtful, however, whether, beyond a certain point, the science of chemistry was much advanced by the multiplication of these experiments; for there were few of these processes in which water was not present, and which was decomposed into oxygen and hydrogen, the first of which was united to metallic or other bases, and the second was separated and dissipated, when not confined:* whilst in others the hydrogen which was presented in the course of the experiment, combined with oxygen derived from other sources, forming water, and thus escaping notice in the result. It was this perpetual appearance and disappearance of hydrogen in chemical experiments—when the source from which it was derived was altogether unsuspected and unknown—which enveloped many results in a mystery which it was impossible to penetrate; but it seemed generally to confirm the conclusion, which Mr. Cavendish had from the first adopted, that hydrogen, or inflammable air, was the real phlogiston of the popular theory. Priestley was disposed to adopt this view, though many facts seemed to contradict it.† Kirwan,‡ as we have already said, strenuously defended it, though at the sacrifice which it required of the simple character of many of the gases: whilst Mr. Watt,§ at the same time that he appeared to acquiesce in the arguments of Dr. Priestley, was compelled to combine with it other conclusions of a still more vague and unsatisfactory character.

Lavoisier had, in the meantime, been diligently preparing the bases of another theory, which was consistent with the balance, at least, if it was not competent, in the existing state of chemical knowledge, to satisfy other difficulties. The appearance and disappearance of hydrogen was equally embarrassing to the views which he advocated and to those which he opposed; and it would thus appear that the final decision of the great question in dispute must necessarily remain in abeyance until the great discovery of the composition of water was destined to give the

* Hydrogen appeared in many experiments of Dr. Priestley to be separated from metals, such as zinc, tin, or iron, by heat alone; but in all such cases it was shown by Mr. Cavendish that there was water present in some form, which was decomposed. In another experiment, which excited great attention from its apparently decisive character, a stream of hydrogen, burnt by the burning lens, in closed vessels and in contact with the calces of metals, restored them to their metallic state: the phlogistic theory asserted that the hydrogen, which was the real phlogiston, was restored to the metallic calces: the correct theory, which succeeded it, derived the oxygen from the metallic calces, which, uniting with the hydrogen, formed water, when both of them were lost sight of: in the absence of a knowledge of the composition of water, the first explanation was the most plausible.

† Priestley on Air, vol. vi. sect. i.

‡ Philosophical Transactions, vol. lxxii., 1782.

§ Ibid., vol. lxxiv., 1784.

death-blow

death-blow to the theory of Stahl, which, with slight modifications had so long formed the exclusive doctrine of the chemical world.

It would be unjust, however, when speaking of the discoveries of Priestley and Lavoisier, to suppress the fact that many of the most important of them were made contemporaneously and independently by Scheele of Upsala, a chemist who is justly celebrated for the various processes which he invented, and for his valuable labours in the chemistry of the acids. His work on 'Air and Fire' was published in 1777, and determined, amongst a great multitude of other important facts, the compound constitution of the atmosphere, and the principal properties of its two constituent airs. He further showed, as Lavoisier had already done, though without a knowledge of the fact, that oxygen, which he called *empyreal air*, is contained in the calces of metals, and that it is disengaged when they are reduced to a metallic state. The concurrence of all these remarkable discoveries clearly showed that a great crisis in chemical science was immediately impending.

In stating and discussing the facts connected with the great discovery of the composition of water, we shall avail ourselves largely of the assistance afforded by the Address delivered by Mr. Harcourt at the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham in 1839, and the Appendix of documents derived from the Cavendish MSS. by which it is accompanied. It would, indeed, be difficult to refer to any example of a discussion of an important point of scientific history which is superior to this in clear and powerful argument, in thorough knowledge of the subject in dispute and of all its relations to chemistry and other sciences; and, we may add likewise, in the eloquent and forcible, yet temperate expression of a just indignation at an attempt, not merely to impugn the right to a great discovery, which had hitherto been almost universally recognised, but likewise to cast a slur upon the personal honour of a philosopher which had been previously considered as altogether unimpeachable.

Dr. Black, Mr. Watt, and the chemists of their school, had been accustomed to treat heat, in opposition to the opinion of Newton, which Mr. Cavendish preferred, as a material emanation; and some persons conceived that it would tend to remove some difficulties from the phlogistic theory if heat could be shown to be ponderable, as well as material. It was with this view that Mr. Warltire, a lecturer on chemistry at Birmingham, proposed to explode a mixture of hydrogen and common air in closed vessels, as Volta had done, and to weigh the vessel and its contents in a delicate balance before and after the explosion, allowing sufficient time for the heat to evaporate. The experi-
ment

ment was tried in the presence of Dr. Priestley in April, 1781, when moisture was found to be deposited on the sides of the vessel (which was attributed to water held in mechanical solution by air), and a sensible loss of weight was observed. The same experiment was repeated by Dr. Priestley with mixtures of oxygen and hydrogen, and the results were stated to be similar, and to lead to the same conclusion. It is hardly necessary to observe that when the experiment was repeated by Mr. Cavendish, with more careful manipulation and a more sensible balance, no loss of weight was observed: in other words, the matter of heat, if it be material, was not proved to be ponderable.

Mr. Cavendish at once saw the other important uses to which this experiment was applicable. He was in possession of the means, as we have already seen, not merely of detecting the presence of oxygen, when mixed with other gases, but likewise of determining, to considerable accuracy, the amount of the impurity. The explosion, therefore, of mixtures either of common or of dephlogisticated with inflammable air, in closed vessels, where all external influences are excluded, would enable him to examine the products of combustion, or of *phlogistication*, as it was termed, of whatever nature they might be, and to assign the cause of the diminution of the bulk of the air which was always observable in such processes. The experiments were begun in July, 1781, and were continued during that and the following month; and they are recorded in his manuscripts from day to day, with every circumstance attending them, and with great minuteness of detail. He began with exploding mixtures, in various proportions, of common and inflammable air, and he found that in all cases the bulk of the common air was diminished, and a dew deposited on the sides of the vessel, which was pure water; and when two measures of inflammable were exploded with five of common air, all the inflammable air was consumed, and the common air was diminished by about one-fifth of its bulk; and as he had previously ascertained that this was the greatest diminution which the bulk of common air could experience from any process of phlogistication, or, in other words, that such was the extreme amount of the oxygen which common air contained, he concluded that the remaining air was phlogisticated air (nitrogen or azote) only. The dew collected was found to be pure water, and no observable loss of weight was experienced on weighing the vessel before and after the explosion.

The volumes of oxygen and hydrogen which were condensed into water in this experiment were nearly as one to two; and he next proceeded to explode mixtures of oxygen (derived from various sources, in the purest form in which he could produce it) and
hydrogen

hydrogen in this proportion. The gases were almost entirely condensed by the explosion, but the dew, when collected, was not, as might have been expected, pure water, but sensibly acid to the taste, the acid being nitric acid: thus when 37,000 grain measures of hydrogen and 19,500 of oxygen were exploded together, all the air was condensed except 2950 grain measures; and about 30 grains of fluid were produced, which gave by saturation with fixed alkali and subsequent evaporation as much as two grains of nitre.

This result was embarrassing. If pure water, and pure water only, was derived from the explosion of hydrogen and common air, in which oxygen was contained, and in which the oxygen alone was consumed, why was it not derived, *à fortiori*, when the azote of the atmosphere was excluded, and the combining elements of oxygen and hydrogen were exploded in their just proportions with each other? Whence came the small portion of nitric acid which presented itself in this case, and what were the circumstances which determined its formation? The inquiry to which the solution of this difficulty led was continued during the remainder of this and the following years, and terminated in a discovery only second in importance to that of the composition of water, namely, that nitrogen or the azote of the atmosphere (the phlogisticated air of Priestley) was the basis of nitric acid. In the mean time the experiments "on the reconversion of air into water by decomposing it in conjunction with inflammable air,"* were communicated to Dr. Priestley, a fact which is distinctly acknowledged by the latter.

In repeating these experiments with oxygen and hydrogen, derived from different sources, and in examining the residual air which remained after the explosion, he found reason to conclude that the appearance of nitric acid was due to impurities which they contained, and that if these airs could be obtained perfectly pure and exploded in a just proportion with each other, they would form pure water only. This suspicion was confirmed by increasing gradually the quantity of nitrogen or azote,† which led to an increase of the quantity of the nitric acid produced; but if the quantity of nitrogen was increased in a still greater proportion, so as to approach the constitution of common air, the heat produced by the explosion was so much diminished as to be incompetent to determine the formation of nitric acid. In all such cases it was pure water only which was the product of the explosion.

He likewise found that by passing the electric spark repeatedly

* Experiments on Air. Phil. Trans., vol. lxxiii, p. 414. Reprinted in Experiments on Air, vol. vi., p. 29.

† This experiment was made in January, 1783.

through

through a mixture of atmospheric air and oxygen, confined in a bent glass tube by columns of mercury and soap lees, nitric acid was formed, which, uniting with the soap lees, formed nitre. The process was slow and tedious, and failed of success when repeated by Van Marum in Holland, and by Lavoisier and Monge in France. It was in consequence repeated three times, with great care and labour, under Mr. Cavendish's own directions, before a committee of the Royal Society, when the correctness of the result was fully established. The account of this experiment formed the last chemical paper which Mr. Cavendish ever published.*

The brief account which we have given of this memoir, incomparably the most important which had appeared in the 'Philosophical Transactions' during the last century, would give a very imperfect notion of its merits. It embraces nearly all the great points of chemical theory which agitated the chemical world: it corrects the vague notions to which the later experiments of Priestley and the reasonings of Kirwan had given currency, and by which the different gases were derived from each other by phlogistic processes, thus tending to subvert all distinct conceptions of their distinct and incommunicable characters: it points out also the causes of the frequent appearance and disappearance of hydrogen or inflammable air in chemical operations, which had equally embarrassed the advocates and the opponents of the phlogistic theory: and after proposing a modification of that theory, which made it generally reconcilable with the more prominent results of chemistry as far as they had been at that time observed, he reviews with great candour the opposite views which Lavoisier had put forward, admitting them to be equally admissible with his own; but it is sufficiently remarkable, that he points out muriatic acid as offering an insuperable objection to the adoption of oxygen as the sole principle of acidity, an exception to its application which the discoveries of Davy and others have fully confirmed: nothing can illustrate more strongly the clearness and precision of his chemical ideas.

Having given our own view of the facts connected with the history of the discovery of the composition of water, we shall now proceed to consider the claim which has been advanced by M. Arago, with his usual boldness and contempt of the general consent of ages, in favour of Mr. Watt. Nothing can come from the pen of this distinguished writer which is not entitled to great consideration—but we believe, in the present instance, few persons will be disposed to adopt his conclusions. His statements, the principal of which we subjoin, are, as we shall endeavour

* Philosophical Transactions, vol. lxxviii, p. 261. 1788.

pour to show, a tissue of false facts, false inferences, and false insinuations.

‘Le monde physique compte des volcans qui n’ont jamais fait qu’une seule explosion. Dans le monde intellectuel il est, de même, des hommes qui, après un éclair de génie, disparaissent entièrement de l’histoire de la science. Tel a été Warltire, dont l’ordre chronologique des dates m’amène à citer une expérience vraiment remarquable. Au commencement de l’année 1781, ce physicien imagina qu’une étincelle électrique ne pourrait traverser certains mélanges gazeux, sans y déterminer des changemens remarquables—une idée aussi neuve, qu’aucune analogie ne suggérerait alors, et dont on a fait depuis de si heureuses applications, aurait, ce me semble, mérité à son auteur que tous les historiens de la science voulussent bien ne pas oublier de lui en faire honneur. Warltire se trompait sur la nature intime des changemens que l’électricité devait engendrer. Heureusement pour lui il prévint qu’une explosion les accompagnerait. C’est par ce motif qu’il fit d’abord l’expérience avec un vase métallique dans lequel il avait renfermé de l’air et l’hydrogène.

‘Cavendish répéta bientôt l’expérience de Warltire. La *date certaine* de son travail (j’appelle ainsi toute date résultant d’un dépôt authentique, d’une lecture académique ou d’une pièce imprimée) est antérieure au mois d’Avril, 1783, puisque Priestley cite les observations de Cavendish dans une mémoire du 21 de ce même mois. La citation, au surplus, ne nous apprend qu’une seule chose : c’est que Cavendish avait obtenu de l’eau par la détonation d’un mélange d’oxygène et d’hydrogène, résultat déjà constaté par Warltire.

‘Dans son mémoire du mois d’Avril, Priestley ajouta une circonstance capitale à celles qui résultaient des expériences de ses prédécesseurs ; il prouva que le poids de l’eau qui se dépose sur les parois du vase au moment de la détonation de l’oxygène et de l’hydrogène, est la somme des poids de ces deux gaz.

‘Watt, à qui Priestley communiqua cet important résultat, y vit aussitôt, avec la pénétration d’un homme supérieur, la preuve que l’eau n’est pas un corps simple. “Quels sont les produits de votre expérience?” écrivit-il à son illustre ami : “de l’eau, de la lumière, de la chaleur. Ne sommes-nous pas, dès lors, autorisés à en conclure que l’eau est un composé des deux gaz, oxygène et hydrogène, privé d’une partie de leur chaleur latente ou élémentaire ; que l’oxygène est de l’eau privée de son hydrogène, mais uni à de la chaleur et à de la lumière latente?”

“Si la lumière n’est qu’une modification de la chaleur, ou une simple circonstance de sa manifestation, ou une partie composante de l’hydrogène, le gaz oxygène sera de l’eau privée de son hydrogène, mais unie à la chaleur latente.”

‘Ce passage si clair, si net, si méthodique, est tiré d’une lettre de Watt du 26 Avril, 1783.’—*Eloge de J. Watt*, p. 80.

Let us pause for a moment for the purpose of examining the preceding paragraphs.

It

It is obvious, in the first place, that M. Arago was absolutely ignorant of the design, the result, and of every circumstance connected with the experiment of Mr. Warltire: the precaution which he congratulates him upon having taken was found to be unnecessary, inasmuch as he ascertained that the explosion could be safely made in a glass globe: the merit also of firing gases in close vessels by the electric spark was not due to him but to Volta, as appears by his letter to Dr. Priestley, which is published in the Appendix to the 3rd volume of his *Observations on Airs*.

In the second place, the *capital* experiment of Dr. Priestley in April, 1783, was the mere repetition of that which was communicated to him by Mr. Cavendish, and, as he himself states, made under circumstances which could not justify the conclusion he draws from it: there is no mention made by him of the proportion of the quantities of oxygen and hydrogen which he exploded, or of the residual air, or of the appearance of acid in the water produced;* he says that he had no accurate balance, and no means, beyond a very rough estimation, of determining the relation between the weight of the liquid produced and of the airs which were exploded together; and even the source from whence one at least of his airs was derived, was not such as was competent to give it the purity requisite for producing the result which he assigned to his experiment. But even if we should allow it to have been original—and there are no sufficient grounds for believing it to have been so—it can only be regarded as one of that multitude of vague and inaccurate experiments which present themselves in his later writings, and which, in the existing state of pneumatic chemistry, tended, as we have before remarked, to encumber rather than advance the progress of the science.

Again, the MS. notes of Mr. Cavendish's experiments made in 1781, which Mr. Harcourt has lithographed, furnish,—notwithstanding the restriction imposed by M. Arago upon the character of documents which may be with safety and justice appealed to in establishing claims to scientific discoveries,—the best evidence

* In a paper in the 81st volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, 1791, he asserts that in all his experiments an *acid* liquor was produced, and he doubts whether pure water was ever produced by the explosion of oxygen and hydrogen.

Mr. Harcourt has remarked that Dr. Priestley states that he obtained his inflammable air from *distillation of well-burnt charcoal*, which, as is well known, could not produce pure hydrogen, but hydrogen and carbonic oxide in nearly equal volumes: the result of the experiment which Dr. Priestley quotes must therefore have been derived from his recollection of that which Mr. Cavendish had communicated to him. 'Still bearing,' says Priestley, 'many objections to the conversion of water into air, I now gave particular attention to an experiment of Mr. Cavendish's concerning the re-conversion of air into water, by decomposing it in conjunction with inflammable air.' Mr. Cavendish states expressly that he communicated all his experiments made in the summer of 1781 to Dr. Priestley, except those relating to the formation of nitric acid, concerning which his own views were not settled.

of the precise character of facts which are publicly referred to in contemporary and undisputed records; for it is utterly incredible, considering the position of their author, and the circumstances under which they appear, that they could have been fabricated for the purpose of giving currency to a claim at a future period which could not otherwise be supported; and it will be found that they contain the explicit statement of every experiment which was necessary to determine the composition of water. Mr. Cavendish publicly asserts that all these experiments were communicated to Dr. Priestley: Dr. Priestley publicly acknowledges that such a communication had been made to him; and though he was in daily and confidential intercourse with Mr. Watt, he never impugned the assertion thus made. Is it probable then, if the communication made to Dr. Priestley had been less explicit and ample than Mr. Cavendish stated it to be, that it would have remained undisputed or unexplained when the great importance of the discovery announced in it was fully recognised and understood?

Again, Dr. Priestley's paper, to which Mr. Watt's letter was, in the first instance, appended,* was read on the 19th of June, 1783, and in the abstract of its contents, made by the secretary, Dr. Maty, in the Minute Book of the Royal Society, which was publicly read, in conformity with the invariable custom in such cases, at the succeeding meeting on the 26th of the same month, we find the following passage:—"These arguments received no small confirmation from an experiment of Mr. Cavendish, tending to prove the reconversion of air into water, in which pure dephlogisticated air and inflammable air were decomposed by an electric explosion, and yielded a deposit of water *equal in weight* to the decomposed air."† It is quite manifest, therefore, that even if the nature and the results of Mr. Cavendish's experiments were not, as is most probable, already well known to men of science in England at that period, they must have become so by the announcement thus made. Dr. Priestley himself likewise states that Mr. Cavendish told him, when this paper was read, he was persuaded that *water* was essential to the production of the inflammable air in the experiments from which he had concluded it to be pure phlogiston:‡ an observation which proves, in the most de-

* To the title of this paper, which is preserved in the archives of the Royal Society, there is added "with a Letter from James Watt, Esq.:" it appears that Mr. Watt's letter, which was designed to form an Appendix to Dr. Priestley's paper, was withdrawn before that paper was read: the reason assigned by Mr. Watt, in his letter to the President, for withdrawing it, was, that "some of his friends considered the hypothesis propounded in it too bold."

† Quoted by Mr. Harcourt in his Address.

‡ 'Experiments on Air' (vol. vi. p. 87).

cisive manner, that Mr. Cavendish was not only fully in possession of his theory of the composition of water, but also of its application to the explanation of those anomalies in the appearance and disappearance of inflammable air which had so much embarrassed Dr. Priestley and the other chemists of that age. It will be seen hereafter that Mr. Watt's theory totally failed in its application to the explanation of these and similar facts.

We have given M. Arago's version of the form in which Mr. Watt announced his inference from the experiment whose result had been reported to him by Dr. Priestley: we will now copy Mr. Watt's own words from his Paper entitled 'Thoughts on the constituent parts of Water and of dephlogisticated Air, with an Account of some Experiments on that subject,' which was communicated to the Royal Society in November, 1783:—

'Let us now consider what usually happens in the case of the deflagration of the inflammable and dephlogisticated air. These two airs unite with violence, they become red-hot, and on cooling totally disappear. When the vessel is cooled, a quantity of water is found in it equal to the weight of the air employed. This water is then the only remaining product of the process, unless there be some other matter set free which escapes our senses. Are we not then authorized to conclude that water is composed of dephlogisticated air and phlogiston, deprived of part of their latent or elementary heat: that dephlogisticated or pure air is composed of water deprived of its phlogiston, and united to elementary heat and light: and that the latter are contained in it in a latent state, so as not to be sensible to the thermometer or the eye; and if the light be only a modification of heat, or a circumstance attending it, or a component part of the inflammable air, then pure or dephlogisticated air is composed of water deprived of its phlogiston and united to elementary heat?'—*Phil. Trans.*, vol. lxxiv. p. 329.

It will be observed that M. Arago, in his translation of this passage, replaces the terms *inflammable air* and *phlogiston* by *hydrogène*, and thus expresses the theory in the definite and unequivocal language of modern chemistry: and it may be urged in justification of this substitution, that Mr. Watt professes generally to be convinced by the arguments of Mr. Kirwan and Dr. Priestley, that inflammable air is either wholly pure phlogiston, or at least that it contains no apparent mixture of any other matter. Mr. Watt adds, however, that *in his opinion it contains a small quantity of water and much elementary heat*. He was disposed, in common with the other philosophers of his school, to regard heat as material, and to invest it with the capacity of combining with substances like other material elements, and of becoming the basis of those sensible qualities by which bodies are

permanently distinguished from each other;—thus dephlogisticated air, in his theory, is composed of water deprived of its phlogiston and united to elementary heat. In a passage which immediately follows the preceding, he asserts, upon the authority of some experiments of Dr. Priestley—sufficiently remarkable for the great number of false conclusions which were founded upon them—that *dephlogisticated* air and *phlogiston* can unite in certain degrees to form, not water, but *fixed air*, whilst under other circumstances they can also unite and form neither water nor fixed air, but *phlogisticated* air. We quote these passages in order to prove that, in the theory propounded by Mr. Watt, heat was considered as a combining substance, not merely modifying the form and conditions of existence of the elements with which it was combined, but determining likewise their permanent specific qualities. Such a theory, in the form which these conditions assign to it, was calculated to perpetuate the worst errors of the phlogistic school: it was not only incompetent to account for the anomalies which the later observations of Dr. Priestley had introduced, but it tended to explain away the only important consequences which Mr. Cavendish and Lavoisier were equally prompt to deduce from the primary result of the experiment;—it reinstated the phlogistic theory in its most vague and inconclusive form.

Again, Dr. Priestley further states * in the memoir to which we have before referred, that Mr. Watt had previously mentioned to him a notion which had been suggested to his mind by some observations on the working of the steam-engine, that water or steam might have its constitution changed and converted into permanent air, if it could be made red-hot, so that its latent might be changed into sensible heat: and it is obviously the same conception which was subsequently engrafted upon his theory of the composition of water, which we are now considering. It is difficult to conceive a notion more essentially and fundamentally erroneous, or more calculated to subvert all our notions of the permanence of the essential characters of bodies, by making them dependent upon the form and degree of the manifestation of an element, which is altogether incapable of being chemically appreciated.

If this view of Mr. Watt's theory be correct—and after the most careful perusal of his paper we can give it no other meaning—it is hardly necessary to say that M. Arago's interpretation of it is altogether erroneous; and that it formed a retrograde rather

* Experiments relating to the seeming conversion of water into air. Phil. Trans., vol. lxxxiii. p. 416.

than a forward movement in the march of chemical science. It is most probable, however, judging from internal evidence, that neither M. Arago nor Lord Brougham have ever read this or any other original scientific document connected with this controversy. Mr. Watt's paper in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' the only one he ever published (for there are others of his unpublished papers in the archives of the Royal Society), is singularly obscure, and perfectly unintelligible to any reader who is not familiar with the experiments and speculations of Dr. Priestley, the most remarkable of whose errors he has incorporated in the applications of his theory; presenting in this respect a singular contrast to the corresponding memoir of Mr. Cavendish, who clears away, at every step of his progress, the difficulties and anomalies, whose correct explanation was dependent on this theory, which had been accumulated in the experiments and the reasonings of his predecessors and contemporaries.

But if, instead of adopting the unprofitable and worthless form of the theory of the composition of water proposed by Mr. Watt, we should assume it to be expressed in the clear and definite language assigned to it by M. Arago, upon what grounds could he claim the title of its discoverer? The chemist who first made the fundamental experiment, and showed, what was no easy task, that the explosion of definite proportions of oxygen and hydrogen, under whatever names they appeared, produced pure water and pure water only, equal in weight to the gases consumed, had already announced all that the most elaborate theory could furnish. Mr. Cavendish fully appreciated, from the beginning, the character and the value of the result which he had obtained, and required no theory to guide him to the interpretation of its meaning; and when Dr. Blagden communicated the details of these experiments to Lavoisier, neither the one nor the other conceived that the addition of any theoretical views were necessary to make its importance understood. We can discover, in fact, hardly an experiment or observation of primary importance in the history of the science which is more immediately and indissolubly connected with the theoretical inference deducible from it.

We know that in expressing this opinion we are opposed to the authority of M. Arago:—

'Dois-je craindre,' says he, 'd'avoir attaché trop d'importance à la théorie que Watt imagina pour expliquer les expériences de Priestley? Je ne le pense pas. Ceux qui refuseraient un juste suffrage à cette théorie, parce qu'elle semble maintenant une conséquence inévitable des faits, oublieraient que les plus belles découvertes de l'esprit humain ont été surtout remarquables par leur simplicité. Que fit Newton, lui-même,

même, lorsque répétant une expérience déjà connue quinze siècles auparavant il découvrit la composition de la lumière blanche? Il donna de cette expérience une interprétation tellement naturelle, qu'il paraît impossible aujourd'hui d'en trouver une autre. Tout ce qu'on tire, dit-il, à l'aide de quelque procédé que ce soit, d'un faisceau de lumière blanche, y était contenu à l'état de mélange. Le prisme de verre n'a aucune faculté créatrice. Si le faisceau parallèle et infiniment délié de lumière solaire qui tombe sur sa première face, sort par la seconde en divergeant et avec une longueur sensible, c'est que le verre sépare ce qui dans le faisceau blanc était, par sa nature, inégalement réfrangible. Ces paroles ne sont pas autre chose que la traduction littérale de l'expérience connue du spectre solaire prismatique. Cette traduction avait, cependant, échappé à un Aristote, à un Des Cartes, à un Robert Hooke.'

It may be quite true that the highest generalizations of one age become the elementary truths of another, and that it requires an intimate knowledge of the precise conditions of opinion which prevail at every successive period of scientific history, to be able to form a just conception of the difficulties which embarrass or prevent those advances in the march of invention and discovery, which appear to us most open and unopposed. We are not disposed, however, to consider the interpretation of the memorable experiment referred to by M. Arago as presenting a parallel case to the one under consideration. It may be admitted—even without invoking the very apocryphal authority of Aristotle—that the formation and succession of the prismatic colours were perfectly well known before the time of Newton: but *who* before his time (though the acute historical vision of M. Arago will probably not fail to discover them) had taken the precautions requisite for forming the prismatic *spectrum* itself—for accurately defining the spaces which the successive colours occupied—for subjecting the successive colours themselves to a similar analysis, and thus determining their undecomposable character—and, finally, as an *experimentum crucis*, reversing the problem and reforming white light from the reunion of the colours into which it had been previously decomposed? If the successive steps of these beautiful experiments had been submitted to Des Cartes or to Hooke, it is most probable that they would not have hesitated to give them their correct interpretation: and though M. Arago, with all the lights of modern knowledge, and with the vigorous grasp with which he is accustomed to seize the great truths of philosophy and to resolve them into the most simple principles upon which they are dependent, may be enabled to translate the single experiment of the formation of the prismatic spectrum, as in the passage we have quoted, into its appropriate language, yet we greatly doubt whether either Newton or the most distinguished of his predecessors would have been equally successful

ful if the subsequent experimental steps in the process of investigation had never been made.

But the question may be asked, if Priestley had been put, as has been asserted, into possession of all the early experiments of Cavendish, why did he hesitate to draw the correct and necessary conclusion from them? Whilst we are ready to admit the full force of the objection, we should observe, as we have indeed remarked before, that Priestley's mind was not disciplined to habits of correct inductive reasoning: he seldom appreciated the philosophical value of views which were different from his own, and when called upon to notice them, he rarely stated them correctly: he was embarrassed by his blind attachment to the phlogistic theory, and still more so by the real or apparently contradictory results of his own experiments: and though he himself states, in the first instance, that Mr. Cavendish had pointed out the influence of water in many of these experiments, and had then, it seems, satisfied his mind upon the correct interpretation to be given to them, yet we find his philosophical scepticism speedily recurring; and in his later papers he is equally disposed to impugn the correctness of these results, whether obtained by Mr. Cavendish or himself (the capital experiment to which M. Arago so often refers being included in their number), as well as of the explanation which had been given of them.

Again, the theory of Watt, which was framed, as we have shown, not to correct the errors, but to reconcile the results of the experiments of Priestley by the sacrifice of the permanent character of the gases, was not, on that account, received by him with greater favour. He appears to have rejected it from the first, equally with that of Mr. Cavendish. M. Arago himself has quoted a passage from a letter to Mr. Watt, dated the 29th of April, 1783, three days after their joint papers had been sent to the Royal Society, in which he says—'Look, with surprise and indignation, upon the drawing of an apparatus by which I have for ever upset your beautiful hypothesis;' and though we find indications, in Priestley's subsequent writings, of an occasional and passing belief in the prevalent theories of the composition of water, yet it appears that he speedily relapsed into his *normal* condition of fixed and determined incredulity.

But to return to M. Arago and his argument:—

'Une théorie,' says he, 'dont la conception n'eût présenté aucune difficulté, aurait été certainement dédaignée par Cavendish. Rappelez-vous avec quelle vivacité, sous l'inspiration de cet homme de génie, Blagden en réclama la priorité contre Lavoisier.'

The name of Mr. Cavendish seems to exert a fatal influence both upon M. Arago and Lord Brougham: it rarely presents itself

itself without giving rise to some extraordinary error of fact with one of them, and of philosophy with the other. It was not the theory of the composition of water, but the extent to which the results of the experiments upon which it rested had been communicated to Lavoisier, which was the subject of the *reclamation* made by Dr. Blagden on behalf of Mr. Cavendish.

Though we are fully satisfied, for the reasons above stated, that no arrangement of dates could give countenance and support to the claim to this discovery which has been so imprudently put forward by the friends of Mr. Watt, we think it proper, in order that our readers may be enabled to estimate the force and relevancy of the remaining observations of M. Arago, to subjoin the following brief statement of the real chronology of the principal documents which are concerned in the dispute.

On the 26th of April, 1783, Mr. Watt wrote a *letter* to Dr. Priestley, containing an outline of his theory, which was appended to his paper entitled 'Experiments relating to Phlogiston and the seeming conversion of water into air,' which was read to the Royal Society on the 19th June following: this *letter*, however, was not read, having been previously withdrawn by its author; and if we may judge from modern practice, it remained, in the mean time, locked up in the private box of the Secretary (Dr. Maty, not Dr. Blagden, as asserted by M. Arago), for no paper is deposited in the archives of the Royal Society until it has been publicly read, and its fitness for publication decided upon by the Council; there is no reason, therefore, to believe that the contents of this letter were made known to Mr. Cavendish, to Dr. Blagden, or to any other person.

The substance of the first letter was incorporated into a second addressed to M. de Luc, which is dated 26th of November, 1783, but which was not read before April, 1784: it was published in the Transactions for 1784. Mr. Cavendish's paper was read on the 15th of January of that year, and published in the same volume.

It further appears that Dr. Blagden communicated the result of Mr. Cavendish's experiments on the composition of water to M. Lavoisier, at Paris, on the 24th of June, 1783, two months after the date of Mr. Watt's first letter to Dr. Priestley; and it is the principal object of the documentary evidence and of the inferences drawn from it, which Lord Brougham communicated to M. Arago, to show that *during this short interval Mr. Cavendish made his first experiments, which either had been or might have been suggested to him, by his obtaining, through private information or public report, a knowledge of the theory propounded by Mr. Watt.* It is hardly necessary to add that either supposition would equally lead

lead to the conclusion that Mr. Cavendish, in the statements which he authorized or made, had been guilty of a deliberate suppression or a misrepresentation of the truth; and, we may further add, to the necessary inference that the MS. papers which Mr. Harcourt has lithographed, had been fraudulently prepared with erroneous dates, with a view to give countenance to his claims, in case they should ever be called in question.

But to return to the further statements of M. Arago :

‘ Parmi les prétendants à cette féconde découverte, nous allons maintenant voir paraître les deux plus grands chimistes dont la France et l’Angleterre se glorifient. Tout le monde a déjà nommé Lavoisier et Cavendish.

‘ La date de la lecture publique du mémoire dans lequel il développa ses vues sur la production de l’eau par la combustion de l’oxygène et de l’hydrogène, est postérieure de deux mois à celle de dépôt aux archives de la Société Royale de Londres de la lettre déjà analysée de Watt.’

M. Lavoisier’s memoir was not read in June, 1783, but partly in the November and partly in the December of that year, and additions were subsequently made to it. We have already stated that Mr. Watt’s letter was not deposited in the archives of the Royal Society, so as to be accessible to its members.

‘ Le mémoire célèbre de Cavendish, intitulé *Experiments on Air*, est plus récent encore; il fut lu le 15 Janvier, 1784. On s’étonnerait avec raison que des faits aussi authentiques eussent pu devenir le sujet d’une polémique animée, si je ne m’empressais de signaler à votre attention une circonstance dont je n’ai pas encore parlé. Lavoisier déclara, en termes positifs, que Blagden, Secrétaire de la Société Royale de Londres, assista à ses premières expériences du 24 Juin, 1783, et “ qu’il lui apprit que Cavendish ayant déjà essayé, à Londres, de brûler du gaz hydrogène dans les vaisseaux fermés, avait obtenu une quantité d’eau très sensible.”

‘ Cavendish rappela aussi dans son mémoire la communication faite à Lavoisier par Blagden. Suivant lui, elle fut plus étendue que le chimiste Français ne l’avouait. Il dit que la confidence embrassa les conclusions auxquelles les expériences conduisaient, c’est-à-dire, la théorie de la composition de l’eau.

‘ Blagden, mis en cause lui-même, écrivit dans le Journal de Crell, en 1786, pour confirmer l’assertion de Cavendish. A l’en croire, les expériences de l’académicien de Paris n’auraient même été qu’une simple vérification de celles du chimiste Anglais. Il assure avoir annoncé à Lavoisier que l’eau engendrée à Londres avait un poids précisément égal à la somme des poids de deux gaz brûlés. “*Lavoisier*,” ajouta enfin Blagden, “*a dit la vérité; mais pas toute la vérité.*”

‘ Un pareil reproche est sévère; mais fut-il fondé, n’en atténuerai-je pas beaucoup la gravité, si je montre que, Watt excepté, tous ceux dont les noms figurent dans cette histoire s’y étaient plus ou moins exposés?

‘ Priestley rapporte en détail et comme les siennes des expériences dont

il résulte que l'eau engendrée par la détonation d'un mélange d'oxygène et d'hydrogène, a un poids exactement égal à celui des deux gaz brûlés. Cavendish, quelque tems après, réclame ce résultat pour lui-même, et insinue qu'il l'avait communiqué verbalement au chimiste de Birmingham.

'Cavendish tire de cette égalité des poids, la conséquence que l'eau n'est pas un corps simple. D'abord, il ne fait aucune mention d'un mémoire déposé aux archives de la Société Royale et dans lequel Watt développait la même théorie. Il est vrai qu'au jour de l'impression le nom de Watt n'est pas oublié; mais ce n'est pas aux archives qu'on a pu voir le travail du célèbre ingénieur: on déclare en avoir eu connaissance par une lecture récente, faite en séance publique. Aujourd'hui, cependant, il est parfaitement constaté que cette lecture a suivie plusieurs mois, celle du mémoire où Cavendish en parle.'

If this statement was correct, which we have elsewhere shown to be altogether erroneous, it would be to Dr. Priestley, and not to Mr. Cavendish or Mr. Watt, that we should be compelled, in strict justice, to ascribe the credit of this discovery; but it is sufficiently manifest, both from the admissions of M. Arago and the whole course of the transactions, that the grand result of the experiment of the production of pure water equal in weight to that of the two gases consumed, was already perfectly well known to chemists in England, whoever was the person by whom it was first ascertained; and further, that it was publicly referred to, as a notorious fact, in a minute read by the Secretary of the Royal Society of London almost on the very day on which it was communicated by Dr. Blagden to Lavoisier at Paris. Dr. Blagden would therefore have been equally wanting both to the interests of truth and of his patron and friend Mr. Cavendish, if he had failed to state to M. Lavoisier the whole result of the experiment; if he had simply told him, that *some water only was produced by the combustion of the gases, omitting the most essential fact that its weight was exactly equal to that of the gases, or that the whole of the gases consumed were converted into pure water*, he would have understated the claim of his countryman, and would have opposed the very interests which it was his object and his duty to protect. There is, therefore, the strongest probability in support of Dr. Blagden's statement; and it should be remembered that, though it deeply affected Lavoisier's veracity (and this was not the only instance in which that was similarly impugned), *it was never contradicted*.

There are several other inaccuracies in the preceding statement, some of which we have already noticed: Dr. Blagden was not at that time Secretary of the Royal Society; Mr. Watt's paper was not deposited in the archives—it was accessible neither to Mr. Cavendish nor to Dr. Blagden,—and its existence was probably altogether unknown to them; the public reading of Mr. Watt's paper
was

was subsequent to that of Mr. Cavendish, but preceded its publication by several months, so as to admit of a reference to the theory which it contained.

We will not attempt to scrutinize the remaining observations of M. Arago, which have reference to this subject; for though they are equally inaccurate with those which precede them, and profuse in charges against Mr. Cavendish, Dr. Blagden, and even the printers and compositors of the 'Philosophical Transactions,' as all equally involved in a conspiracy to deprive Mr. Watt as well as Lavoisier of their fair rights, they are really altogether foreign to the great points which are at issue.*

There is one department of evidence, of the most important kind, to which M. Arago has not alluded, which is the decision of contemporary chemists and philosophers, who were living witnesses of the progress of these researches. It is quite true that M. Arago has referred to a letter of M. de Luc, who had seen a copy of Mr. Cavendish's paper in its original form, in which he made no reference to Mr. Watt's theory, and of whose existence he was probably, at that time, altogether ignorant. Mr. Watt was stimulated, by the appeal thus made to him, to take the necessary steps for the public reading and immediate publication of his paper, and it appeared accordingly in the same volume of the 'Philosophical Transactions' with that of Mr. Cavendish. We may safely conclude that upon a question of such importance, which concerned so nearly the scientific credit of two of the greatest men of the age, every circumstance connected with it would be thoroughly canvassed and understood. And what was the result? The assertions contained in Mr. Cavendish's paper respecting the dates of his experiments, and the extent to which they were communicated to other parties, remained uncontradicted at a period when an erroneous statement, publicly made, could not have failed to be noticed; and he was universally regarded, and has continued to be regarded, as the sole author of this great discovery; it was only in later times that attempts have been made to upset this unanimous decision in his favour, when there are no living witnesses to the impressions which prevailed amongst his contemporaries.

'Lord Brougham,' says M. Arago in a note at the conclusion of that portion of his Eloge of Mr. Watt which refers to this controversy,

'assistait à la séance publique où je payai, au nom de l'Académie des

* The separate copies of Mr. Cavendish's paper, which were designed for distribution, were dated 1783 instead of 1784: as soon as the error was discovered, Mr. Cavendish wrote to the editor of one of the principal foreign journals to correct it; this is put forward as a serious charge by M. Arago.

Sciences, ce tribut de reconnaissance et d'admiration à la mémoire de Watt.

'De retour en Angleterre, il recueillit de précieux documens et étudia de nouveau la question historique à laquelle je viens de donner tant de place, avec la supériorité de vues qui lui est familière, avec le scrupule, en quelque sorte judiciaire, qu'on pouvait attendre de l'ancien Lord Chancelier de la Grande-Bretagne. Je dois à une bienveillance dont je sens tout le prix, de pouvoir offrir au public le fruit encore inédit du travail de mon *illustre confrère*.'

Our readers might possibly expect that this careful study of the historical question, and this scrupulous and judicial examination of the documents connected with it, would have led to the detection in the first instance, and the friendly correction afterwards, of some at least of the numerous errors of fact and inference which we have considered it our duty to expose. Such, however, is not the course which Lord Brougham adopts; he examines no documents, he corrects no errors—but thinks it sufficient to give the sanction of his name to a statement drawn up by Mr. James Watt, the son of the great engineer, which is not perfectly correct in the general outline of its facts, and is singularly partial and unjust in the conclusions which it deduces from them. Lord Brougham seemed to have forgotten that much might be pardonable in the fondness of a son which would be highly reprehensible in one exercising the function of a judge.

The singularly elaborate analysis of this question which has been given by Mr. Harcourt, and the new and decisive documents by which it was accompanied, would appear to have offered his lordship a graceful opportunity of retiring from a position which he should have felt to be untenable. But let us hear Lord Brougham:—

'Since M. Arago's learned Eloge was published, the Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt has entered into controversy with us both, or I should rather say with M. Arago, for he has kindly spared me; and while I express my obligations for this courtesy of my reverend, learned, and valued friend, I must express my unqualified admiration of his boldness in singling out for his antagonist my *illustrious colleague*, rather than the far weaker combatant against whom he might so much more safely have done battle. Whatever might have been his fate had he taken the more prudent course, I must fairly say (even without waiting until my fellow-champion seal our adversary's doom) that I have seldom seen any two parties more unequally matched, or any disputation in which the victory was so complete. The attack on M. Arago might have passed well enough at a popular meeting at Birmingham, before which it was spoken; but as a scientific inquirer, it would be flattery, running the risk of seeming to be ironical, to weigh the reverend author against the most eminent philosopher of the day, although upon a question of evidence

dence (which this really is, as well as a scientific discussion) I might be content to succumb before him.'—*Lives*, &c., p. 400.

We trust that the time is past when a mere sarcasm, by whomsoever uttered, can suppress the claims of truth and justice, which Mr. Harcourt has advocated with most exemplary temperance. We feel assured that Mr. Harcourt is the last person who would seek to put his claims as a writer and a man of science in the same rank with those of M. Arago, though there are very few amongst the most distinguished of our countrymen whom, in either capacity, we should pronounce to be his superiors; and it is only when M. Arago foregoes the high position which the scientific world has assigned to him, and consents, from an unhappy ambition, to put forward views on subjects connected with scientific history which may startle by their novelty or singularity, or gratify a feeling of national vanity, which is sometimes too watchful and too jealous to be always reasonable and just, that it becomes a public and imperative duty to withstand him. We quite agree with Lord Brougham that rarely were two parties more unequally matched, as far as this controversy is concerned, than Mr. Harcourt and M. Arago; but we should venture to reverse the position which he has assigned to the combatants, as we believe there are few men of science who will doubt with whom is the issue of the contest; and we should do little justice to the manliness and candour of M. Arago, if we considered him incapable of acquiescing in a conclusion, though opposed to his own, which he finds to be supported by arguments and by documents so powerful and so convincing as those which Lord Brougham ventures to toss aside with a sneer.

ART. V.—*Lettres, Instructions, et Mémoires de Marie Stuart, Reine d'Ecosse; publiés sur les originaux et les manuscrits du State Paper Office de Londres, et des principales archives et bibliothèques de l'Europe, et accompagnés d'un résumé chronologique par le Prince Alexandre Labanoff. 7 vols. 8vo. Londres, 1844.*

LET it no longer be said that the age of chivalry has passed. We have here a Russian nobleman of high birth, who served with distinction in the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, attaining the rank of Major-General and of Aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander. But since the peace with his country's enemies he has, like a true knight-errant, sallied forth on adventures of his own. According to the best precedents of the Round Table,

Table, he has selected a princess whom he has never seen for the lady of his love; he has devoted himself to her service for many years and travelled in her cause from land to land; until now, when armed with documents as with a shield of proof, he is prepared to maintain her peerless innocence, and to strive in *champ clos* against all gainsayers!

Seriously speaking, however, we think Prince Alexander Labanoff entitled to our warm thanks and hearty praise for the care, the application, and the skill with which he has elucidated the history of Mary Queen of Scots. For a long period he has spared neither expense nor exertion in the discovery of her MS. correspondence. The archives of the House of Medici at Florence, and the Imperial collection at St. Petersburg, the *Bibliothèque Royale* at Paris, the State Paper Office in London, and a great number of private collections both in this country and on the Continent, each examined not through agents, but by his own personal research, have all yielded materials to his meritorious and never-weary industry. The result is, that to the 300 letters of Queen Mary which were already in print, though scattered through various compilations, he has added no less than 400 hitherto unpublished, and all these, old and new, with several from other persons relating to her history, he has edited together in seven volumes, appending a chronological summary and suitable notes—so long that they sufficiently explain, so brief that they never encumber, the text.

It could scarcely, perhaps, be expected that all this zeal and research should be unattended with some degree of enthusiasm in behalf of its object. Prince Labanoff believes that Queen Mary was entirely innocent of the heavy charges which were brought against her. This opinion, though never argued at length nor obtruded in any of the notes, is implied in several, and a separate Essay in proof of it is promised us before the close of the present year. We shall read that Essay whenever it appears with all the attention which the character and attainments of the writer deserve, though not without being on our guard against his prepossessions. Meanwhile we must declare that while several things in this collection confirm, there is nothing to shake or alter the view which we have formerly maintained on this much debated subject.* We still hold that *via media* which, as we think, combines in its support all the principal arguments from both extreme parties—that Mary was innocent of any participation in, or knowledge of, her husband's murder; but, both before and after it, was swayed by a guilty passion for Bothwell.

* No. cxxxiv., Article 1.

After the length at which we argued these questions on a recent occasion, our readers will no doubt be better pleased if we do not take them again over the same ground. We shall now advert only to another controverted point, which appears to us of considerable interest.

Prince Labanoff admits,* without hesitation, the statement that Queen Mary, when sent to the castle of Lochleven, in June, 1567, was with child by Bothwell, and that in February, 1568, she gave birth to a daughter, who was immediately removed to France, and became a nun at the convent of Notre Dame at Soissons.

Considering the marriage of Mary to Bothwell, in May, 1567, it is obvious that her character is in no way affected by this tale, whether true or false. On this point, therefore, Prince Labanoff's prepossessions in her favour have no force, and the judgment of so well-informed and laborious an inquirer deserves, as we think, the greatest weight. His assent to this tale has led us to inquire the grounds on which it rests; and we shall now state what appear the testimonies in its favour, as well as the negative presumptions which may be raised against it.

The statement rests mainly on the direct assertion of Le Laboureur in his additions to the *Mémoires de Castelnau*, and will be found at vol. i. p. 673, of the edition of 1659. Le Laboureur himself is a writer of great research and accuracy. He is described by M. Weiss in the *Biographie Universelle* as 'l'un des écrivains qui ont le plus contribué à éclaircir l'histoire de France.' And as Prince Labanoff reminds us, he held a post of high confidence at the Court of France (*Conseiller et Aumônier du Roi*), and might become acquainted with many, until then very secret transactions. But if we believe, as appears most probably the case, that Le Laboureur derived the story from the MS. notes and papers left behind by Castelnau, the evidence in its favour will appear stronger still. Michel de Castelnau, Seigneur de Mauvissière (by which latter name he was commonly known during his life), had accompanied Mary as French Ambassador to Scotland. In 1575 he was appointed French Ambassador in England; and, as appears from Prince Labanoff's collection, became one of Mary's most frequent and most trusted correspondents. He says himself in his *Memoirs*, 'Elle est encore prisonnière sans pouvoir trouver moyen d'en sortir qu'à l'instant il ne survienne quelques nouvelles difficultés, lesquelles ont pour la plupart passé par mes mains.'†

It appears also that in the course of his diplomatic and poli-

* Vol. ii. p. 63, *note*.

† Vol. xxxiii. p. 357, in the collection of Petitot.
tical

tical services he had occasion to make many journeys through the north of France, and he might not improbably in one of them have seen himself, at Soissons, the unhappy offspring of a most ill-omened and most guilty marriage.

There is, however, a remarkable confirmation of Le Laboureur's story, wholly unknown to Le Laboureur when he wrote, and not published until a century afterwards. It is contained in a secret despatch from Throckmorton, the English Ambassador in Scotland, to his Queen, and will be found in the Appendix to Robertson's History, under the date of July 18th, 1567. It appears that the Ambassador had transmitted by a secret channel a proposal to Mary at Lochleven, that she should renounce Bothwell for her husband. But he adds in his report to Elizabeth, 'She hath sent me word that she will rather dye, grounding herself upon thys reason that takynge herself to be seven weekes gon with chylde, by renouncynge Bothwell she should acknowledge herselfe to be with chylde of a bastard, and to have forfayted her honoure, which she will not do to dye for it.'

Nor can it, on examination of the circumstances, be maintained that this answer was only a device of Mary to evade compliance. She must have foreseen that, as really happened, the renouncing of Bothwell would be again and again pressed upon her, and that if her first reason against it should, after some short interval, appear to be invalid, she would then be unable to take a stand on any other ground.

The concurrence of two such testimonies as Le Laboureur's in France and Throckmorton's in Scotland—each entitled to high confidence, and each without the slightest knowledge of the other—would probably on most questions be considered as decisive. In this case, however, we have to set against them a strong *prima facie* presumption on the other side—the utter silence as to this child at Soissons in all the correspondence of the period—the utter silence, first, of Mary herself; secondly, of all her friends; and thirdly, of all her opponents.

We propose to consider, under each of these heads, whether any sufficient ground for such silence can be assigned.

1. Mary herself had few opportunities of writing from her prison of Lochleven. Even the industry of Prince Labanoff is compelled to leave an utter blank between Sept. 3rd, 1567, when Mary wrote to Sir Robert Melville, desiring him to send stuffs for clothes for herself and 'my maidens, for they are naked;' and March 31st, 1568, when we find two notes, one to Catherine de' Medici and the other to the Archbishop of Glasgow, entreating speedy succour, and adding, 'je n'ose écrire davantage.' There are two other short notes from Lochleven, on the day preceding her

her escape, one to Catherine de' Medici, and one to Elizabeth. In none of these could we expect to find any allusion to her pregnancy or to the birth of her child.

There is no letter at all from Mary during the hurried fortnight which elapsed between her escape from Lochleven and her arrival in England, except a few lines of doubtful authenticity, dated from Dundreunan, and addressed to Queen Elizabeth, which we think Prince Labanoff has too hastily admitted.* This note, however, in no degree bears upon the present question.

Within a very few weeks of her captivity in England, Mary became convinced of the horror with which her union with Bothwell was universally regarded. She consented, at the conferences of York, that steps should be taken for the dissolution of her marriage and for the contracting of another with the Duke of Norfolk. From that time forward, therefore, we need not wonder that her letters should contain no allusion to the pledge of an alliance which that pledge might, if known, render more difficult to dissolve, and which she knew was most hateful to all her well-wishers, whether in France, in England, or in Scotland.

2. The same horror of this alliance and of its results may be thought an adequate motive for silence in such few of Mary's relatives or friends in France as must be supposed cognizant of the birth and existence of her daughter.

3. Of Mary's enemies, the first in power at this period was her illegitimate brother, the Earl of Murray, the Regent of Scotland. During a long time he professed a tender regard for his sister's reputation, and several times warned her against urging him to the public accusation, which he made at last on December 8th, 1568. It is therefore perfectly consistent with his professions and with his position, that he should in February, 1568, have taken steps for the concealment of Mary's childbirth, and the sending of the infant to her relatives in France. After December, 1568, there could no longer indeed be the slightest pretence to personal kindness and regard. But surely the chances of the Royal succession would then supply him with another and much stronger motive for concealment. In case the life of James VI. —a boy not yet three years old—should fail, Mary's daughter, if the marriage with Bothwell were legitimate, would become the next heir to the Crown. A most perplexing question as to the strict validity of that marriage, and as to the rights of the true heir, would then arise. It seems probable, therefore, that in such

* The authority he cites for it is only '*Marie Stuart, Nouvelle Historique*,' Paris, 1674. Moreover, the note from Dundreunan is not alluded to in the, certainly authentic, letter which Mary addressed to Elizabeth from Workington only two days afterwards.

a contingency Murray and his associates in the secret had resolved to deny absolutely the fact of the birth or the existence of the infant. The same motive for the greatest possible secrecy would have weight all through the life of the nun at Soissons, but would cease at her death. And thus the same consideration would serve to explain both the silence observed during so many years, and the disclosure at last in Le Laboureur's annotation—always supposing the secret to have been confined, both in Scotland and in France, to extremely few and trusty persons.

We offer these conjectures, as in our minds greatly diminishing, though not, we admit, entirely removing, the force of the objections against the story. And on the whole, looking to the positive testimonies in its favour, we certainly incline, with Prince Labanoff, to a belief in its truth.

There is nothing new in these volumes relative to the deathbed declaration of Bothwell. The discovery of the original, or of an authentic copy, is still among the *desiderata* of literature: of its real existence, as we have elsewhere stated, we do not entertain a doubt. We looked for some information on this subject in the 8th volume of Mr. Tytler's History, published since our review of his 7th, but to our great surprise he gives no account whatever, so far as we can find, of the end of Bothwell. We know not how to explain such an omission in so minute a history and so careful a writer. Of Mr. Laing's Dissertation no passage is more open to reply than the one in which he cavils at the Earl's dying confession. 'These names,' he says, 'are apparently fictitious. I believe there is no such town or castle as Malmay either in Norway or in Denmark.*' This is literally true. But was it quite candid to omit the equally certain fact that, in 1575, the province of Scania, on the continent of Sweden, was an appendage of the Danish Crown, and that the citadel of Malmay or Malmoe, not indeed in Denmark Proper, but in Scania, nearly opposite the coast of Copenhagen, was the place where Bothwell was confined?

We may add that we have doubts whether Bothwell's confinement in Denmark was so strict and rigorous as most histories allege. Such a statement appears scarcely compatible with the following expressions of a letter from Queen Elizabeth to the King of Denmark in 1570:—

'De Bodovellio vero nos antea ad Serenitatem vestram, ut de certissimo Regis sui interfectore, scripsimus Quare confidimus quidem certe (quod tamen a Serenitate Vestra iterum atque iterum summo opere rogamus) Comitem tanti facinoris reum in carcere et vinculis arcte custodiri, vel certe quod malumus, magisque petimus, e

* History of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 338, *note*, ed. 1819.

carcere ad iudicium subeundum, ad eum locum in quo scelus admissum sit missum iri; neque enim certe Regi honorificum esse potest Regis interfectorem solute et libere vagari et impune vivere.*

Nor are we by any means confident in the common story that Bothwell on his imprisonment became insane. We suspect that this tale may have been devised with the view of discrediting his deathbed confession; at least, so far as we remember, it is not mentioned by any writer until several years after Bothwell's death, and until the discrediting his statement had become a party object: yet so remarkable a fact as his insanity, which would be commonly held forth as a special judgment of Providence against an atrocious criminal, was not very likely, even in his lifetime, to remain unnoticed.

We shall now quit this thorny field of controversy, and enable our readers to judge for themselves of the merits of Prince Labanoff's Collection, by laying before them some of the letters it contains. Of those which we insert in French, we shall give the words exactly according to the originals, but shall endeavour to render them more easily intelligible by substituting the modern for the quaint old-fashioned form of spelling.

The following is a report of Le Croc, the French ambassador in Scotland, to Queen Catherine de' Medici: it is dated *Sunday*, May 18th, 1567, and the preceding *Thursday* to which he refers, was the very day of Mary's marriage to Bothwell:—

'Madame, les lettres que j'écris à V. M. par le dit Evêque (*de Dunblane*) sont pour être lues; vous pouvez penser que je ne me fie à lui. Quoique je vous écrive, Vos Majestés ne sauraient mieux faire que de lui faire mauvaise chère et trouver bien mauvais le mariage, car il est très-malheureux, et déjà l'on n'est pas à s'en repentir. Jeudi Sa Majesté m'envoya quérir, où je m'aperçus d'une étrange façon entre elle et son mari: ce qu'elle me veut excuser, disant que si je la voyais triste, c'était parce qu'elle ne voulait se réjouir, comme elle dit ne le faire jamais, ne désirant que la mort. Hier, étant renfermés tous deux dedans un cabinet avec le Comte de Bothwell, elle cria tout haut que on lui baillât un couteau pour se tuer. Ceux qui étaient dedans la chambre† l'entendirent; ils pensent que si Dieu ne lui aide qu'elle se désespérera. Je l'ai conseillée et confortée de mieux que j'ai pu ces trois fois que l'ai vue. Son mari ne la fera pas longue, car il est trop haï en ce royaume, et puis l'on ne cessera jamais que la mort du Roi ne soit sue. Il n'y a ici pas un seul seigneur de nom, que le dit Comte de Bothwell et le Comte de Craffort; les autres sont mandés, et ne veulent point venir. Elle a envoyé qu'ils s'assemblent en quelque lieu nommé et que je les aille trouver pour leur parler au nom du Roi, et voir si j'y pourrai faire

* Appendix to M. Laing's Dissertation, vol. ii. No. xxix.

† ' Dans la pièce qui précédait le cabinet.'

quelque chose. S'il advient, j'y ferai tout ce qu'il me sera possible, et, après, le meilleur est de me retirer, et, comme je vous ai mandé, les laisser jouer leur jeu. Il n'est point séant que j'y sois au nom du Roi, car, si je favorise la Reine, l'on pensera en ce royaume et en Angleterre que le Roi tient la main à tout ce qui se fait; et si ce n'eût été le commandement que Vos Majestés me firent, je fûs parti huit jours devant les noces; si est-ce que j'ai parlé bien haut, de quoi tout ce royaume est assez abreuvé, et je ne me suis point voulu brasser à ses noces, ni depuis ne l'ai point voulu reconnaître comme mari de la Reine. Je crois qu'il écrira à V. M. par le dit Evêque de Dunblane; vous ne lui devez point faire de réponse.'—(vol. vii. pp. 110-112.)

Only a month afterwards we find, from the same impartial witness, the conclusion to this mournful story. His letter of Wednesday the 17th June, 1567, is dated at Edinburgh, and is addressed to the King, Charles IX. of France, and contains by far the most circumstantial and authentic account ever published of the transactions on Carberry Hill. But considering the great length of this letter, it will perhaps be more acceptable to our readers in an English version.

'Sire, I wrote a letter to the Queen* on Wednesday, the 11th of this month, and informed her that on the previous night, the Queen, your Majesty's sister-in-law, being at the castle of Bourtig (Borthwick), at four leagues from this city, was there besieged by a thousand or twelve hundred horse, led by the Earl of Morton and my Lord Home. These, on hearing that the Duke† her husband had made his escape, were eager to show that they had not taken up arms to molest or displease their sovereign. Accordingly they withdrew and presented themselves before this city, and they found on their way the Earl of Mar, who came to join them with seven or eight hundred horse. The armed burghers made no resistance to them, nor was a single shot fired from the castle, which the Queen and the Duke believed to be entirely at their disposal, all which made us think the rising truly important and well combined by its principal leaders.

'Next day I offered myself to confer with the assembled Lords, who immediately came to call upon me at my lodging. I told them what you will find in the paper annexed, and we agreed to treat. But having afterwards sent them the same statement in writing, they asked me for three days' delay before they answered it, while awaiting the Earls of Athol and Glencairn and other Lords whom they expect. They assign three grounds for their confederacy: first, to obtain the freedom of the Queen, saying that she would never be at ease so long as she remained in the hands of him who holds her captive; secondly, the safety of the Prince;‡ thirdly, in respect to the King's murder, for that they would think themselves the most dishonoured nation in the world if the authors of that crime were not discovered, and such condign punish-

* Catherine de' Medici.

† Bothwell, lately created Duke of Orkney.

‡ Queen Mary's son, afterwards James VI.

ment taken as should satisfy all other princes and princesses upon earth.

'The Queen seeing that they had withdrawn from before Bourtig, made her escape about twilight in the way that the bearer of this letter will explain to you,* and retired to the castle of Dombar, having found the Duke again at half a league from Bourtig waiting for her. During all Friday and Saturday (June 12th and 13th) they mustered as many men as they could, and on Saturday they marched to Edington (Haddington), four leagues from Dombar, where it was thought that they would pass the night; however, to lose no time, they marched two leagues further and lodged at Seaton. The Lords having been apprised of this, feared lest the Queen and the Duke might present themselves before the castle of this city, which promised to hold out for them if they could muster men enough. With this fear the Lords set themselves in motion on Sunday morning two hours after midnight (June 14th), intending to give battle near Seaton. The Queen and the Duke were informed of this intended movement, and at the same hour set forth to meet their enemy. Finding a good position on their way they halted. The Lords coming up halted also, being about half a league distant, and with a small brook running between them.

'I felt myself full of perplexities: on the one hand I did not wish to remain useless while holding your commission; on the other hand I thought that if I were to journey with the Lords, it would be giving the world to understand that I made common cause with them. I therefore let them march on for about three hours, and then contrived to fall in with them on the side of the brook, having only ten horsemen in my train. They pretended to be right glad to see me. I told them the grief I felt, knowing as I did how unwelcome would be the news of this sad day's work to your Majesty. I begged them for God's sake to consider whether, acting in your name, I might not do some good service both to the Queen and to themselves. I pointed out to them, that after all they were engaged against their sovereign, and that if even God should favour them so far as to gain the battle, they might perhaps find themselves more at a loss how to act than even now. They replied that they knew of only two expedients that could prevent the effusion of blood; first, if the Queen would forsake that wretch who holds her in thralldom, they would hasten to acknowledge her as sovereign, serve her on their knees, and remain her most dutiful and devoted subjects. The second expedient was if I would carry a message to that man (Bothwell), proposing to him to come forth between the two armies, in which case a champion on their side should appear against him and assert him to be the true murderer of the late King; and if a second champion were required, or a fourth, or a tenth, or a twelfth, they should be forthcoming. I answered them that I would not mention either of these expedients, thinking that they would be greatly displeasing to the Queen, and I begged them to suggest some other means. They replied that they knew of no other, and that they would rather perish once for all than that the death of the King should not be brought to light; for if

* That is, in man's apparel, booted and spurred. See Tytler's History, vol. vii., p. 128.

in this matter they did not do their duty, God would certainly avenge it upon them. I begged them to allow me to go and speak to the Queen, whom I had always known as so gracious a princess, that perhaps I should find her able to concert with me some means of conciliation. To this they pretended to demur, at which I loudly complained, protesting before God and themselves that if I could not prevail with her Majesty I would return to them, and afterwards withdraw from the field. They held a secret conference together, and then the Laird of Ledington (Maitland of Lethington), acting as their spokesman, told me that respecting me as the ambassador of so great a monarch as your Majesty, of whom they wished to remain the humble and attached servants, and feeling desirous above all things to preserve the alliance between this kingdom and your's, they would leave me at full liberty to depart from or return to their army, to go to the Queen or wherever else I pleased, and that with this view they would cause me to be escorted safely as far as they could. I thanked them heartily for the good-will which they bore your Majesty, in which I exhorted them to persevere, and repeated again that I wished to go and confer with the Queen. They assigned me fifty horse, whom I led as far as the Queen's outposts that had already passed the brook; there might be two hundred horse, and eight hundred behind to support them.

'As I was thus drawing near the main army of the Queen there came to meet me Captain Cladre (Blacuter) with twenty-five or thirty horse, who brought me to her Majesty. After having paid her my respects and kissed her hand, I gave her to understand what grief it would be to your Majesty and also to the Queen, her mother-in-law,* if they knew the state in which I saw her. I told her what had passed between me and the assembled Lords, and entreated her, having always known her as so good and gracious a princess, to remember that those before her were her subjects, and that they acknowledged themselves as such, and her most humble and affectionate servants. Her Majesty replied that they showed this humility and affection in a very strange way; that they were going against their own signatures; that they themselves had married her to him whom they now accused, having previously themselves acquitted him of the deed with which he was charged. However, she added, if they were willing to acknowledge their error and ask her pardon, she was ready to open her arms and embrace them. During this discourse there came up the Duke, who appeared very attentive to the conduct of his army; we exchanged a salutation, but I did not offer to embrace him. He asked me aloud, so that his army might hear him, and in a confident tone, whether he was the person aimed at by the other party? I answered, also aloud, that since he wished to know it, I had just been speaking to them, and that they had protested to me that they were the most humble servants and subjects of the Queen; and then I added in a lower tone, that they had announced themselves as his mortal enemies. The Duke rejoined, raising his voice so that every one might hear the assurances he had given them, that he had never meant to do anything to displease any one of them, but on the contrary had attempted to gra-

* Catherine de' Medici.

tify all; and that they could only complain of him from envy at his rise, but that Fortune was free to all who could gain her; and that there was not a single man amongst them who did not wish himself in his place. But, he said, as things were thus, he entreated me from the bottom of his heart to do so much for his sake and for God's glory, as to save the Queen from the difficulty in which he saw her, and which, he said, filled him with anguish, and also to prevent the shedding of blood. "Tell them," added he, "that if there is any one amongst them who will leave his ranks and come forth between the two armies, I, although I have the honor to be consort of the Queen, will meet him in single combat, provided only he be a man of rank, for my cause is so just that I am assured of having God on my side." I refused, however, to convey this offer from him, as I had before refused it from the other side; besides, the Queen declared that she would not suffer it, and would espouse this quarrel as her own. I therefore confined myself to saying that I should deem myself very happy if in your Majesty's name I could do any service to the Queen and to both armies. The Duke observed that there was no longer time for conferences, since he saw the enemy drawing near, and having already passed the brook. "Will you," he said, "resemble him who, having tried to mediate a peace between the two armies of Scipio and Hannibal when ready to engage like these, and having failed, resolved to take part with neither, but took up a position to judge the fight, and was never in his life so entertained? If you will do the same, you will have more pleasure than you ever had before, and will see a fight well fought." I replied, that I expected no such pleasure where the Queen and her two armies were concerned, but that on the contrary I should never have seen anything to give me so much grief. I am bound to acknowledge that the Duke appeared to me a great captain, speaking with undaunted confidence, and leading his army gaily and skilfully. I lingered for some time in the contemplation, and judged that he would have the best of the fight, if his men continued faithful to him. It was impossible to forbear praising him for his courageous bearing, when he saw the enemy's forces before him so determined, and could not reckon on even half his own. His army was of 4000 men, and he had four field-pieces; of which the enemy had none, nor could they be more than 3500 at the most. The Duke had not with him a single Lord of note; yet I valued him the more for thus commanding singly; and I distrusted the strength of the other side, seeing how many heads there were to govern, and the loud contention and outcry which arose among them.

'It was with extreme regret that I took leave of the Queen, quitting her with tears in my eyes, and I went again to the other party to see if I could prevail in aught with them. I assured them that I had found the Queen all goodness, and that she declared herself ready to open her arms to them, if they were but willing to acknowledge her. They answered me resolutely that they would never enter into any other terms than those which they had already proposed; and that even to attempt a negotiation on any other footing would injure their credit: thus therefore each of them took his *morion* in his hand and entreated me for
God's

God's sake to retire, thanking me for what I had done thus far. Accordingly I did retire from the field.

'I may add this observation, that the Queen bore on her banner a lion, as being the arms of her kingdom; but the Lords bore a white standard on which was represented a dead man near a tree (because the late King was found near a tree in the garden), and also a child on his knees, intended for the Prince of this kingdom, and holding a scroll with the words "Revenge, oh God, for my righteous cause!"

'After I had left the field the two armies began to draw nearer each other, both seeking the advantage of the ground, and at last they were so close as to have only a small gully between them, so that whichever party began to attack would have to descend and to climb it. From eleven o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon they remained at gaze, having all dismounted, for such is the custom of this country, to get on horseback only when the moment of fighting is at hand. At last a kind of murmur arose in the army of the Queen, the men saying that it would be better to seek some means of accommodation. At this the Queen and the Duke were greatly disconcerted, finding that what he had always feared had come to pass;—and indeed they saw some of their people already gone forwards, making signs that they wished to parley. It was the same on the other side; and on discussing together what means could be found to prevent the effusion of blood, it was agreed among the men that the best course would be for the Duke to stand forth between the two armies, and a champion from the other side come and fight him. The Duke agreed to this. The Queen saw that every thing was turning ill, and lent an ear to the proposal. There was one man named, the Laird of Tullibardine,* who offered himself for the conflict, and the Duke was willing to accept him for an antagonist; but the Queen peremptorily refused, on the ground that there were others of higher rank. At last another, called Lord Lindsay,† offered himself, and they pretended to accept him.

'During these parleys it had happened that groups of men had been formed in the midst, and that great discouragement began to prevail in the army of the Queen. When the Queen first observed this disorder in her ranks she desired to speak with one of her adversaries, named the Laird of Grange, and she asked him whether there were no means of coming to terms for the safety of the Duke; he answered, no, for that they were resolved either to die or to have him. Upon this the Duke mounted, and made his escape to Dornbar, followed only by twenty-five or thirty horse. The Queen on her part began to walk towards her adversaries; here then were the two armies joined together and marching in concert towards this city of Lislebourg.‡ When they came there they lodged the Queen in the house of the *prevot* (provost). I know, sire, that this name of *prevot* will sound very ill and appear very hateful in France, but according to the manners of this country it means the best house in the town.

'Next day (Monday, June 15th), at one o'clock in the morning, her

* Ancestor of the Dukes of Athol.

† Lord Lindsay of the Byres.

‡ Edinburgh; so called by the French, from the lochs then surrounding the city.

Majesty put herself at a window, all in tears and with more sighs and groans than can be described, and seeing Ledington pass in the street, entreated him for God's sake to let her speak to him, which he did in her chamber; and the people who had gathered together at her cries were bid to disperse. Some Lords also went to her: I thought that I could not do less than ask to see her, and I had it mentioned to these Lords. They held a conference upon it, and sent me word that they would be glad I should see her; being well assured that all I wished to say to her would be conducive to her tranquillity and theirs, but that her language to them was strange, and that they would be desirous of my speaking with them before I spoke with her. To this I consented, and they informed me that they would send an honourable attendance to fetch me. However, there was an alarm of tumult in the city, which lasted, as I think, the whole day; and about nine in the evening they led the Queen to her usual apartments in the abbey (Holyrood), with two men on foot before her, bearing the standard which represented the dead body. The Lords were on foot around her Majesty, and a thousand or twelve hundred men followed. During the night they removed her from this city; as I believe, to the castle of Esterlins (Stirling*) . . . I pray to God that he may comfort this poor kingdom, for it is now the most afflicted and distracted realm that can be found under heaven, and its disorder is beyond all power of expression. . . . From Lislebourg this 17th of June, 1567.—(Vol. vii. pp. 113—124).

But perhaps our readers will now desire to see a specimen of Mary's own letters. The one which follows, addressed from Carlisle to the Cardinal of Lorraine, gives a striking account of the hardships she endured after her escape from Lochleven, and appears to us in other respects highly characteristic:—

' Mon Oncle, si vous n'avez pitié de moi à ce coup, je puis bien dire que c'est fait de mon fils, de mon pays et de moi, que je serai en un autre quartier en ce pays, comme en Lochleven. Je vous supplie avoir égard, mes ennemis sont peu et j'ai tout le reste de la noblesse: les leurs commencent à laisser, si j'avais tant soit peu de secours. Car ils sentent bien que leur querelle est mauvaise, et que, en Ecosse et ici, où j'ai pu parler pour répondre à leur calomnies et faux rapports, ils sont estimés traitres et menteurs; et pour ce respect s'efforcent-ils de m'empêcher de passer outre et m'arretent ici. Ceux que la Reine (Elizabeth) envoie pour les faire cesser et poursuivre mes ennemis, les fortifient et assistent au contraire, de façon que l'on me tient jusques à ce que les autres m'aient battues, combien que j'ai offert les prouver faux accusateurs et moi innocente, comme ce porteur vous dira, auquel je me remettrai pour le crédit que je lui donne. Je vous supplie hâter quelque secours, comme il vous montrera le besoin qu'en ont tous mes bons serviteurs qui ne sont en petit nombre, et entre autres le pauvre Mr. de Setoun, qui est en danger d'avoir la tête tranchée pour avoir été un de mes délivreurs de

* Such was the first rumour, but in fact, as is well known, Mary was sent that night to Lochleven.

prison. Entretenez bien Betoun, car je ne l'ose envoyer quérir que je ne soie plus sûre. Car ils disent bien qu'ils le feront tuer s'ils peuvent, et George Douglas qui m'a ôtée aussi. Par quoi je le vous enverrai incontinent qu'il pourra avoir sureté de passer, comme j'en écris à l'ambassadeur de France. Car on a empêché Mr. de Fleming qui est là, de passer vers le Roi. Si George va, je vous enverrai, tout au long, leurs déportemens et les miens depuis le commencement des troubles, car il a ouï leurs beaux comptes de moi et je l'instruirai du reste. Je vous le recommande, faites lui donner honnête entretien. Car autrement guères ne perdront leurs amis pour me servir au hasard de leur vie. Il est fidèle: de cela je vous assure et fera ce que lui commanderez. Je vous supplie, envoyez souvent visiter le Duc:* car ses parens m'ont servi extrêmement bien, et s'ils ne sont secourus ils sont vingt-huit gentilshommes, tous d'un surnom, condamnés à être pendus et leurs maisons abattues. Car tout homme qui ne les veut obéir est coupable de ce crime qu'eux mêmes ont commis. Ouvertement ils inventent de jour en jour menteries de moi, et secrètement m'offrent de ne dire plus mal de moi, si je veux leur quitter le gouvernement. Mais ou j'aime mieux mourir, ou les faire avouer qu'ils ont menti de tant de vilénies qu'ils m'ont mises sous. Or je me remets à la suffisance de ce porteur et vous supplierai avoir pitié de l'honneur de votre pauvre nièce et procurer le secours que vous dira ce porteur et ce pendant de l'argent car je n'ai de quoi acheter du pain, ni chemise, ni robe.

' La Reine d'ici m'a envoyé un peu de linge et me fournit un plat. Le reste je l'ai emprunté, mais je n'en trouve plus. Vous aurez part en cette honte. Sandy Clerk, qui a été en France de la part de ce faux bâtard,† s'est vanté que ne me fourniriez point d'argent et ne vous mêleriez de mes affaires. Dieu m'éprouve bien; pour le moins assurez-vous que je mourrai Catholique. Dieu m'ôtera de ces misères bien-tôt. Car j'ai souffert injures, calomnies, prison, faim, froid, chaud, suite sans savoir où quatre-vingt-douze milles à travers champs sans m'arrêter ou descendre, et puis coucher sur la dure, et boire du lait aigre, et manger de la farine d'avoine sans pain, et suis venue trois nuits comme les chat-huans, sans femme, en ce pays, où, pour récompense, je ne suis guères mieux que prisonnière: et cependant on abât toutes les maisons de mes serviteurs et je ne puis les aider, et pend-on les maîtres, et je ne puis les récompenser, et toutefois tous demeurent constans vers moi, abhorrant ces cruels traitres, qui n'ont trois mille hommes à leur commandement, et si j'avais secours, encore la moitié les laisserait pour sûr. Je prie Dieu qu'il mette remède, ce sera quand il lui plaira, et qu'il vous donne santé et longue vie.

' De Carlile, ce 21 de Juin (1568).

' Votre humble et obéissante nièce,

' MARIE R.

' Je vous supplie présenter mes tres-humbles recommandations à ma Dame ma tante. Je lui écrirai dans huit jours par George Douglas, qui

* 'De Chatel-Herault, le chef des Hamiltons.

† 'Le Comte de Murray, Regent d'Ecosse.

lui ira faire entendre ma misère. Je ne veux oublier que j'ai promis quand je partis d'Ecosse à mes gens de leur amener du secours à la fin d'Août. Pour l'honneur de Dieu, que je ne les fasse ruiner et puis qu'ils [ne] soient trompés. Mais envoyez en avec le Duc et quelques Français d'autorité, et, entre autres, le Capitaine Sarlabous serait bien requis. C'est tout un pour ma retenue; mais que mes sujets ne soient trompés et ruinés; car j'ai un fils que ce serait pitié de laisser entre ces traîtres.'—vol. ii. pp. 115-119.

We will add the last letter which the ill-fated Mary ever wrote: it is addressed to Henry III., King of France, and dated Fotheringay Castle, February 8th, 1587, the very night before her execution:—

'Monsieur mon Beau-frère, étant, par la permission de Dieu, pour mes péchés, comme je crois, venue me jeter entre les bras de cette Reine ma cousine, où j'ai eu beaucoup d'ennuis et passé près de vingt ans, je suis enfin par elle et ses Etats condamnée à la mort; et, ayant demandé mes papiers par eux ôtés, afin de faire mon testament, je n'ai pu rien retirer qui me servît, ni obtenir congé d'en faire un libre, ni qu'après ma mort mon corps fût transporté, selon mon désir, en votre royaume, où j'ai eu l'honneur d'être Reine, votre sœur et ancienne alliée.

'Ce jourd'hui,* après dîner, m'a été dénoncé ma sentence pour être exécutée demain, comme une criminelle, à huit heures du matin. Je n'ai eu loisir de vous faire un ample discours de tout ce qui s'est passé; mais, s'il vous plaît de croire mon médecin et ces autres miens désolés serviteurs, vous oirez la vérité, et comme, grâces à Dieu, je méprise la mort et fidèlement proteste de la recevoir innocente de tout crime, quand je serais leur sujette. La religion Catholique et le maintien du droit que Dieu m'a donné à cette couronne sont les deux points de ma condamnation, et toutesfois ils ne me veulent permettre de dire que c'est pour la religion catholique que je meurs, mais pour la crainte du change de la leur: et, pour preuve, ils m'ont ôté mon aumônier, lequel, bien qu'il soit en la maison, je n'ai pu obtenir qu'il me vînt confesser ni communier à ma mort; mais m'ont fait grand instance de recevoir la consolation et doctrine de leur ministre amené pour ce fait. Ce porteur et sa compagnie, la plupart de vos sujets, vous témoigneront mes départemens en ce mien acte dernier.

'Il reste que je vous supplie, comme Roi Très-Chrétien, mon beau-frère, ancien allié, et qui m'avez toujours protesté de m'aimer, qu'à ce coup vous faisiez preuve en tous ces points de votre vertu, tant par charité, me soulageant de ce que, pour décharger ma conscience, je ne puis sans vous, qui est de récompenser mes serviteurs désolés, leur laissant leurs gages, l'autre faisant prier Dieu pour une Reine qui a été nommée Très Chrétienne et meurt Catholique, dénuée de tous ses biens. Quant à mon fils, je le vous recommande, autant qu'il le méritera; car je n'en puis répondre. J'ai pris la hardiesse de vous envoyer deux pierres rares pour la santé, vous la désirant parfaite avec heureuse et

* 'Cette lettre, qui avait été commencée le Mardi, 7 Février, fut achevée le lendemain.

longue vie. Vous les recevrez comme de votre très-affectionnée belle-sœur, mourante en vous rendant témoignage de son bon cœur envers vous. Je vous recommande encore mes serviteurs. Vous ordonnerez, s'il vous plaît, que, pour mon âme, je sois payée de partie de ce que me devez, et qu'en l'honneur de Jésus Christ, lequel je prierai demain, à ma mort, pour vous, me laisser de quoi fonder un obit et faire les aumônes requises.

'Ce Mercredi, à deux heures après minuit.

'Votre très-affectionnée et bonne sœur,

'MARIE R.'

We conclude as we began, heartily commending these volumes to general attention, as one of the most valuable contributions ever offered to British Literature by a foreign hand.

ART. VI.—*Kosmos. Entwurf einer physischen Weltbeschreibung.* Von Alexander von Humboldt. Erster Band. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1845. Pp. 493. (*Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the World.* Volume First.)

BARON Alexander Von Humboldt was born on the 14th September, 1769; he has consequently now entered his 77th year. In his preface to the *Kosmos* he says:—'In the late evening of an active life I present to the German public a work whose undefined outline has hovered before my imagination for half a century.' The circumstances under which the volume is presented to us secure beforehand a respectful and cordial interest, independently of its own great merits.

The general features of the active life to which Humboldt here alludes are pretty generally known. In the various partial biographies of him which have already appeared, we have a more or less accurate repetition of nearly the same details; but to know Humboldt aright there is much more of which the public would naturally wish to be informed, regarding so eminent a man, and which would throw light upon the history of his occupations and enterprises. For this, however, as well as for a complete and impartial estimate of his philosophical character, we must be content to wait till a period, we hope still remote, when the events of his life may be considered as matter of history.

In the meantime we may recall the prominent circumstances of his scientific career. After the routine of an education at Göttingen and elsewhere, which offers, so far as we know, nothing peculiar, he studied mining at Freyberg under Werner—having already, however, made a rapid journey to Holland, England, and France, and having published, in his 21st year, an 'Essay on the

the Basalts of the Rhine.' Though afterwards attached officially to the mining corps, he appears to have continued his excursions in foreign countries, particularly in Austria, Switzerland, and Italy, and finally reached Paris in 1797, or 1798, where he was destined to spend many after years of his life. His attention to mining does not seem to have prevented him from attaching himself to many different pursuits, amongst which botany and the then recent discoveries of Galvani connected with muscular irritability may be particularly noticed. Botany indeed, we know from his own authority, occupied him nearly exclusively for some years;* but even at this time he was practising the use of those astronomical and physical instruments which he afterwards turned to so good an account.† His subsequent struggles and disappointments in the attempt to extend his knowledge of nature in different regions are told of in the first part of his 'Personal Narrative.' The political disturbances of the civilized world at the close of the last century were such as to make our impatient traveller an unwilling prisoner within the boundaries of Europe. His first scheme was to join a friend going to explore Egypt; his second, to unite himself to a French circumnavigatory expedition; his third, to accompany a Swedish consul to Algiers from Marseilles: but all these projects were negatived by the causes which we have mentioned; and at last, in the hope of entering Africa from Cadiz, he proceeded to Spain in 1799—where his plans took an entirely new direction from the unexpected patronage which he received at the court of Madrid. This decided him to proceed directly to the Spanish possessions in America, and there gratify the longings for foreign adventure, and the scenery of the tropics, which had haunted him from boyhood, but had all along been turned in the diametrically opposite direction of Asia. He did not reach America without one or two alarms of capture at sea, which would have returned him to the shores of Europe, wherewith his perverse destiny seemed to connect him; but he succeeded, and from 1799 to 1804 carried on those extensive researches in the physical geography of the New World, by which his name was to be invested with permanent celebrity.

His return to Europe in 1804 imposed upon him fresh labours—the publication, namely, of the results of his journey. In his manner of effecting this Baron Humboldt was, we think, ill advised, and probably he has long been of the same opinion. In order to bring his results before the world in a manner worthy, as he conceived, of their importance, he commenced a series of gigantic publications in almost every branch

* *Kosmos*, p. 375.

† *Relation Historique*. 8vo. edit., i. 67.

of science, and rendered himself for the best years of his life a slave to booksellers and engravers. In ponderous continuity, but with diminishing celerity, folio after folio, quarto after quarto, octavo after octavo, dropped from the press. In 1817 (as we find from an advertisement of that period), after more than twelve years of incessant labour, four-fifths of the publication were completed, and a copy of the part then in print cost, upon ordinary paper, one hundred pounds sterling. Since that time the publication has been more remitted;—even now, more than forty years after the termination of the expedition, it continues incomplete—and will probably remain so.* The Baron's constitution had need have been a good one to withstand his exposure amidst the snows of the Andes and the swamps of the Orinoco; but it was doubtless more severely tried by the pains and anxieties of so protracted a literary labour.

The lesson is one too important to be lost. Life is too short and uncertain to encourage the undertaking of encyclopædical publications by individuals. There cannot be a doubt that what was truly valuable in Humboldt's investigations might have been comprised in a fifth, if not a tenth, of the bulk, and published within a proportionally smaller compass of time. If a traveller narrates circumstantially and faithfully what he has seen and observed, expresses his own opinions, draws his own conclusions, and refers generally to the writings of his predecessors, so as to facilitate a comparison, and to exonerate himself from a just charge of endeavouring to throw them into the shade, he does all that can reasonably be required of him. It may be left for other and systematic writers, or for himself, as a future and independent task when he changes the character of a traveller for that of a didactic author, to harmonize the entire body of scientific information to which he has contributed into a methodical whole: but first let him publish, speedily and at all hazards, what belongs to himself;—otherwise, ere he has finished, he may have spent his life, or his fortune; or (as in the present case) his own labours may be anticipated by other travellers whom his example has encouraged, and whose publication has been more individual and less tardy. This error (as we consider it) applies most particu-

* It seems, from the excellent new edition of *Brunet* (1842, vol. ii. p. 659), that the nineteenth *livraison* of the Geographical Atlas of the 'Voyage' was published as late as 1840; that the fourth volume of the 'Relation Historique' is still due; and that the Geography of Plants by Humboldt and Kunth, announced in 1827, has never yet appeared. Lest the omission should appear an intentional one, we ought to recall to mind the services of M. Bonpland, a meritorious naturalist who was united with Humboldt in his grand expedition, and to whose friendly perseverance our author was greatly indebted. Some of the strictly botanical parts of the work were brought out under his care.

larly to the *Relation Historique*, or Personal Narrative, which was intended to bind together and harmonize the multifarious collection of astronomical, geographical, botanical, zoological, physical, antiquarian, political and commercial facts and investigations which the author was to distribute over so many volumes. But unfortunately and strangely, this Narrative was an after-thought, and being chiefly compiled from meagre notes, its volume is swelled by elaborate analyses of preceding and contemporary works, and even those of a date posterior to the journey of Humboldt, intermixed with learned dissertations on different branches of science.

We said of this work in a contemporary article of our *Review* (Q. R., vol. xxi. p. 320), that 'it exhibits an exuberance of style, and a weight of diction in treating of the most common occurrences, which could scarcely be tolerated if it were not for the solidity of the judgment and the justness of the conceptions;' but, on the other hand, that the author 'is so deeply versed in the study of nature, and possessed of such facility in bringing to bear on every object that arrests his attention so vast a fund of knowledge, that we may say of him in physics, what was said of Barrow in divinity, that he never quits a subject till he has exhausted it.' This criticism and this commendation are, we think, equally applicable to Humboldt's later writings, with reference to which indeed we make these remarks on the history of his life.

Excepting a short journey to Naples with Gay Lussac and Von Buch in 1805 (the year after his return from America), his taste for travelling seems to have been controlled by circumstances for more than twenty years, eighteen of which he spent constantly in Paris,* where he cemented his early friendship with a much younger, but even then eminent, philosopher, M. Arago, of which very many traces may be seen in the work before us. The choicest years of Humboldt's life, from thirty-five to fifty-five, were thus spent in a capital, and almost exclusively employed in editing his 'Voyage.' The result was not only to deprive the world of much which he might have done had he been enabled to prosecute sooner and more effectually his early and continually cherished project of exploring the interior of Asia; but it was perhaps even injurious in some respects to his qualifications as an author. To dwell with incessant attention for twenty years upon the acquisitions made during five, cannot be esteemed a desirable arrangement. Especially since, from the form of publication adopted, a vast number of observations and of subjects of discussion came to be treated of in different divisions of the work—which occasions a perpetual

* *Kosmos*, p. 437.

reference from one to the other, a continued struggle to present the same simple fact in several forms and under several aspects, and that tendency to make the most of trivial circumstances, already alluded to, which inevitably encourages a prolix and embarrassed style. Vivid description, close and convincing reasonings, and terse composition are not in general characteristic of Humboldt's writings; and the reason is, that when he ought to have written a single work, or at most two, he wrote an encyclopædia. Even his hand-writing bears testimony to the drudgery of continued labour for the press, and the minute conglomeration of half-formed characters betrays the secret of writing a volume with the least possible amount of muscular exertion.

What might not those twenty years have done for exploring other and equally (if not more) interesting regions, which he spent in toiling over and over the ground of his youthful travels. If instead of describing and re-describing his Cotopaxi, and Jorullo, and Teneriffe, he had explored the volcanos of Central Asia, never seen by geologist; if instead of dwelling so continually on his favourite Chimborazo (soon to lose the character of maximum elevation even in its own continent) he had attempted the heights of the Himalaya, posterity would have been more benefited, and his contemporary reputation would surely not have suffered. To the East his early studies, as well as his early aspirations, had been directed: he had made progress, as he tells us, in the Oriental tongues, and in the study of the history of those obscure, in some instances forgotten nations, whose literature and arts contributed so much to European civilization. Finally when, partially relieved from the trammels of his book, he undertook in 1828 a journey to Siberia, under the special protection of the Russian government, and with two companions worthy of him—Ehrenberg and Gustav Rose,—his procedure was far too rapid to be productive of any great results; for we find him carried over a space of about 11,000 English miles in nine months—in the course of which he had not touched on any of the more problematical ground which it is so important to geography and geology to explore.* The results, very interesting so far as they went, have already been distributed or repeated in at least *four* different works.†

It may be suspected too that our author, whilst acquiring a knowledge of the physical geography of these remote regions, has not paid so much attention to objects not less important, though near at hand. His early and cursory journeys in England, France, and Switzerland, the trip to Vesuvius in 1805, and his brief

* Humboldt, *Asie Centrale*, iii. 608.

† † Rose's *Reise nach dem Oural*. Ritter's *Asien*. Humboldt, *Fragments Asiatiques*. Humboldt, *Asie Centrale*.‡

transit through Spain on his way to America, are the only ones which we can collect from his writings (and he never omits an opportunity of specifying what he has personally seen) to have been made for the purposes of scientific observation, and these regions he surveyed in so general a manner that he almost invariably cites other writers for the authority of European facts. We learn from the work before us, what we always suspected, that though volcanic phenomena have obtained more of his attention than any others in geology, he has never visited Etna. Whilst we admire Humboldt's character, and most deeply respect his attainments, we cannot but cast a regretful retrospect on what he might have done, had he not devoted himself to raise a literary pyramid whose mass, like those of Egypt, should be itself a passport to immortality.

It is satisfactory, however, to add that the happy accident of a protracted life—protracted, as the *Kosmos* shows, to beyond the limit assigned by the Psalmist, without any diminution of mental power, or even a flagging of the indomitable perseverance and research of his earlier days,—has well nigh compensated the world for the time expended in publication. Baron Humboldt has lived not only to enlighten the world by a series of original works, continued in tolerably rapid succession, and of which the latest, as we shall hope to show, is not unworthy of its predecessors, but he has been enabled to confer upon the sciences, to which he has all his life been devoted with a pure and disinterested attachment, other and great collateral benefits. His position in society enables him to be the friend and companion of the sovereign of his own country, and if his attendance on the King of Prussia has required some sacrifices of a scientific kind, these are probably compensated by the value of his political influence in the encouragement of the labours, and distinction of the merits of others. No human being breathes who is more free from personal jealousy and literary enmity than the Prussian philosopher. It may well be believed that he has not an enemy, and many are the warm friends whom his urbanity and generosity have attached to him. We shall have occasion to show in this article that he seems to feel more pleasure in claiming for others the reputation which he thinks they deserve, than in demanding honour for himself. Nor is his influence confined to his own country. Domesticated equally in Paris as in Berlin, two of the chief European Academies regard him almost as an oracle; and in States with which he has no connection his influence has, to our own knowledge, been efficiently exerted, not merely for the promotion of science, by making suggestions for carrying on
extended

extended schemes of observation, but with two at least of the most jealous governments of Europe in procuring personal favour, and the relaxation of political decrees, on behalf of persons engaged in scientific pursuits.

We turn then to the work immediately before us—the first volume of three which are intended to embrace a summary of physical knowledge as connected with a delineation of the material universe; for such, as well as we can define it, appears to be the scope of an undertaking, worthy certainly of this author's accurate and extensive acquirements and mature experience, with which he proposes to sum up the labours of an energetic and thoughtful life.

The scheme is great, and he does not disguise to himself its difficulty. The volume before us includes some comparatively short prefatory dissertations—and then 'Naturgemälde,' or a descriptive account of the material universe. The remaining two volumes are to treat of the ways in which the study of nature may be promoted and rendered attractive; the history of natural investigations, or the progress of the human mind towards the discovery of physical truths; and, finally, a systematic development of individual natural sciences. The first volume, which alone is published, includes in itself so wide a range, and treats of subjects so peculiarly fitted for Humboldt's genius,—(the pictures of nature)—that we do not fear any injustice to the author in treating of it separately.* Unfortunately for every reader it possesses neither table of contents nor index, and these deficiencies add considerably to the difficulty of our proposed task.

Of the prolegomena, or initiatory essays, we have not much to say. They consist in the first place of a preface—in the next, of a popular discourse on the pleasures and advantages of science—and the third is entitled 'an attempt to define the limits and materials of a physical description of the world.' In this triple preface, covering, with the notes, nearly eighty pages of the original, we find some repetition and a want of definiteness, together with a tendency to digression, which we think calculated

* We regret that the appearance of an English translation of the *Kosmos* undertaken by Colonel Sabine, with the concurrence of the author, has been anticipated by the publication of another translation in the form of Parts or Fasciculi. This translation may, we dare say, be, on the whole, decently executed, but we should much prefer, of course, a deliberate version bearing the guarantee of a name so eminent as Colonel Sabine's, and authenticated by Baron Humboldt's approbation. We hope and trust, therefore, that Colonel Sabine has not dropped his design. In our quotations in the present article, we have generally consulted the German original alone; but in the extracts from the first eighty pages of preliminary matter, reference has likewise been made to proof-sheets of the French translation, revised by the author himself, in which some modifications are noticeable.

to convey an unfavourable impression in opening a volume of which by far the greater part is not liable to any one of these objections, for the Picture of Nature which follows is concise, methodical, and perspicuous. We are the more sorry that the Introduction should be uninviting. The first discourse told very well, we have no doubt, in the circumstances under which it was delivered, as an oration in presence of the Prussian royal family and a mixed audience, where consecutive exposition and unity of argument are not missed, unless by a few critical auditors, their place being supplied by a series of rather lively pictures connected with the personal history of an expositor dignified by rank as well as fame, and by the interest which the mention of illustrious contemporaries always produces in oral discourse. Did our limits permit, there are, however, several passages which we should like to transfer to our pages; and even as it is, we cannot omit to mention the manner in which the somewhat delicate national question of the merits of his German countrymen as expositors of the physical sciences is treated:—

‘It is not perhaps, without reason,’ he says, ‘that our scientific literature has been reproached with not sufficiently distinguishing the General from the Special, the enlarged view of the results of knowledge from the examination of the facts in detail by means of which they have been obtained; which has led the first poet of our time (Göthe) impatiently to exclaim, “The Germans possess the gift of rendering the sciences inaccessible.” If we let the scaffolding remain we are deprived of a full view of the building.’—*Kosmos*, p. 29.

In a subsequent passage he disclaims any participations in the metaphysical dreams of the German ‘Natur-philosophie,’ which, erring as far on the other side of the standard of Bacon and Newton as the merely laborious compilers of facts without regard to principles do on this,—show how easy it is first to degrade science and then to trample it under foot. Humboldt says, in his second essay—

‘The exposition of the totality of observed facts does not exclude the desire to trace by principles of reasoning their mutual connection, to generalize where it is practicable amongst the mass of individual observations, and to tend to the discovery of laws. Conceptions of the universe founded solely on abstract principles of speculative philosophy, would assign, no doubt, to the science of the material universe, a more elevated aim. I am far from blaming efforts which I have not attempted, merely because their success remains as yet very questionable. Contrary to the desire and advice of those profound and powerful thinkers who have given a new life to the speculations which the ancients originated, systems of the philosophy of nature have, in our Germany, withdrawn attention for a time from the important studies of mathematical physics. The intoxication of pretended conquests already

made, a new and extravagantly symbolical language, a predilection for formulæ of scholastic reasoning more contracted than were known to the middle ages, have distinguished, by the youthful abuse of noble powers, the short saturnalia of a purely ideal system of nature. I repeat the expression, abuse of power; for eminent persons attached both to speculative studies and to the sciences of observation have not taken part in these saturnalia. Results obtained by experimental observation cannot be in contradiction with the true philosophy of nature. When contradiction appears, the fault lies either in the hollowness of the speculation—or in the exaggerated pretensions of an empiricism which attempts to prove from experience more than can really be deduced from it.'—*Kosmos*, pp. 68-9.

These sentiments are honourable to the author, and are well expressed; and the candour with which he exposes the errors which have unspeakably injured the character of German authors on the economy of the material universe, should have led, we think, to a plainer recognition of the superiority of the English school in this respect. But Humboldt himself is perhaps not beyond the reach of his own censure; for he becomes involved and obscure, and seems to feel his ground shake under him, whenever his subject inevitably leads him for a moment from the detail of phenomena and their classification, to speak of, or hint at, the remotest idea of causation. The most distinct passage to be found on this subject is the following:—

'In submitting physical phenomena and historical events to the exercise of the reflecting faculty, and in ascending by reasoning to their causes, we become more and more penetrated by that ancient belief that the forces inherent in matter, and those regulating the moral world, exert their action under the empire of a *Primordial Necessity*, and according to movements periodically renewed at longer or shorter intervals. It is this Necessity, this secret but permanent bond, this periodical return in the progressive development of forms, of phenomena, and of events, which constitute *Nature*, obedient to a primæval impulse given.'

We have here used the French version, corrected by Humboldt himself. In his original German text the definition of Nature is somewhat different:—

'This Necessity is the essence (*Wesen*) of Nature:—it is Nature herself in both spheres of its existence, the material and the intellectual.'—*Kosmos*, p. 32.

But Humboldt's views of the restriction under which physical philosophers are placed in their inductive speculations is more limited than the men of science of our own country will readily concede. It is easy to say that the 'ultimate end of the experimental sciences is to ascend to the existence of laws, and to generalize them progressively;' but where is the inductive process to end? Where is the last generalization of the last and highest

highest group of laws? The contemplation of a law of Nature derived from the generalization of individual facts, is as purely a subject of abstract intellectual conception as any founded on moral phenomena; and the reasoning through a chain of causes must evidently bring us at last to the first cause of all—be it Necessity, or be it God. Our author seems even to admit as much, although he excuses himself from prosecuting his own generalizations up to the point whither they must ultimately carry him:—

‘We are yet far,’ he adds in the second discourse, ‘from the period when it will be possible to reduce all the manifestations of our senses to the conception of unity in Nature. It may even be doubted whether that epoch will ever arrive. The complication of the problem, and the immensity of the universe almost quell the hope of it. But if the whole be impossible, there remains the partial solution of the problem, and to strive after the comprehension of natural phenomena must be the highest and perpetual goal of all scientific inquiry. *True to the character of my earlier writings and to the nature of my occupations, which were devoted to experiments, measures, and search after facts, I confine myself strictly to empirical considerations. It is the only ground upon which I feel myself competent to move without a sense of insecurity.*’—*Kosmos*, pp. 67-8.

We think that this is too humble an estimate of the province of an author who proposes to map creation in its length and breadth, and to explain the connexion and mutual dependence of its parts; a province well entitled to the name of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY founded on the principles of induction, as opposed to that scholastic science of presumptuous Deduction, which our author has so justly condemned, and which in Germany seeks to monopolize a name, rendered at once sacred and classical by its adoption by Newton. Far other was *his* estimate of the end and limit of natural investigations. To exclude the idea of *cause* would have been, in his estimation, to have degraded his science. ‘*Hæc de DEO,*’ said the author of the *Principia*, ‘*de quo utique ex phenomenis disserere, ad Philosophiam Naturalem pertinet.*’

We are far indeed from delighting in the tendency of some authors on natural sciences to drag in religious views at every turn, thus secularizing things sacred in the attempt to sanctify things profane. We avow our belief that the province of Natural Theology is confined within narrow and very definite limits, although within these limits it exercises a just and incontestable jurisdiction; but we delight not in the pedantry of converting treatises of science into doctrinal compilations. There is, however, an opposite pedantry as worthy of condemnation. We conceive it to be impossible for any well-constituted mind to

contemplate the sum and totality of creation, to generalize its principles, to mark the curious relations of its parts, and especially the subtle chain of connexion and unity between beings and events apparently the most remote in space, time, and constitution, without referring more or less to the doctrine of final causes, and to the *design* of a superintending Providence. We call it the highest pedantry of intellect to put to silence suggestions which arise spontaneously in every mind, whether cultivated or not, when engaged in such contemplations; and we are sorry to observe in the work before us a silence on such topics so pointed as must attract the attention of at least every English reader. We must consider it as part of the same principle that in treating of works on the general objects and ends of science, Dr. Whewell's *History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences* are never mentioned, and even Dr. Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise* is quoted by a wrong title.

We had something to say (if time permitted) upon the special subject of the second discourse—the limitation (*Begrenzung*) and treatment of a physical description of the world; which, however, in reality, only occupies a portion of it. We perceive that the English translator has been sorely puzzled by the Germanisms, the subtleties, and the digressive nature of this composition. For ourselves, we can only say that, after a careful study of it, our notions of the subtle something which the author wishes to define under the name of *Cosmos* remain invested with a somewhat hazy want of precision. Notwithstanding the declaration (p. 61) of our author's dislike to new terms, and of his attachment to facts instead of words, we venture to think his introduction of the word *Cosmos* into our vocabulary unnecessary, and the word itself, after all, indefinite. As to its necessity, we perceive that our author finds fault with physical geographers in the treatment of their science on two grounds—1st. as limiting it to a mere *detail* of terrestrial peculiarities, such as heights of mountains, declivities of rivers, or forms of continents, without reference to any governing or predominant principle by which these facts may be classified, which he reserves to the science of *Cosmos* (p. 53): and 2ndly, as treating of our globe only incidentally as a member of the planetary system, and not treating of sidereal and planetary systems first, and our earth as a member of one of them. As to the first of these objections, we are satisfied that no physical geographer of the least merit ever thought that his task was completed by a bare enumeration of facts in *geographical* and not in *systematic* order; and to systematize is in such a case to compare—which is all that *Cosmos* does. Our physical geographers have therefore been cosmographers without knowing it. They may

may say like Lagrange, when Monge's new science of Descriptive Geometry was explained to him, 'Ah! je ne savais pas que je savais la Géométrie Descriptive.' As to the supposed exclusion of terrestrial from celestial physics, it does not really appear to us of much consequence whether the relation of our globe to the other heavenly bodies be treated of, as we believe it has almost invariably been by physical geographers, as a preliminary or introductory chapter to the physical description of the earth, or whether the two be wrought up together into a connected discourse; at least for so trifling a distinction, it seems scarcely worth while to introduce a fresh nomenclature.

We should also have wished to consider how far the philosophy of physical geography can be accurately restricted in the manner which we understand to be the wish of our author (although that wish and these restrictions are, we must add, rather to be collected from the sense than submitted to definition). We are at some loss to perceive why all the most certain part of physical astronomy is omitted, and yet we have a very interesting and minute dissertation upon the hypotheses proposed to explain the fall of aërolites, volcanic eruptions, and many questions of geological and atmospherical dynamics. We are at a loss also to see why the philosophy of botany is to be confined to the geography of plants—why the general doctrines of crystallography and the broad outlines of the sciences of mineralogy and zoology do not form as much a part of the science of *Cosmos* as the prior existence and succession of extinct species, or as the varieties of the human race now peopling the globe? These and other questions we could have dwelt upon, with the wish that we might see these preliminary dissertations re-modelled so as to display, without circumlocution and without ambiguity, the actual division of human knowledge which the author appears to contemplate, and which his systematic acquirements, great experience, and acknowledged authority, eminently entitle him to promulgate. But we have already dwelt long enough upon these preliminaries, and proceed to analyse the main body of the work, the Descriptive account of the Material World, which occupies (with copious notes citing authorities) five-sixths of the volume.

Baron Humboldt thus sums up his purpose in this portion of his work:—

'We commence with the consideration of the depths of space and the region of the farthest nebulae, gradually descending through the mass of stars to which our system belongs, to the terrestrial spheroid surrounded by air and water, to the consideration of its form, temperature, and magnetic tension, and to the world of life which, under the excitement of light, expands itself upon its surface. . . . Everything

thing sensible, which a persevering study of Nature in every direction and down to our own times, has brought to light, is the material from which our delineation is to be drawn ; it includes its inherent testimony of truth and fidelity.'—*Kosmos*, p. 80.

And farther on, after referring to a future section of the work for the history of science, he adds—

'My duty is to depict generally the state of knowledge, according to its measure and limits, at the present time. *Mean results* are the ultimate aim, nay, the expression of physical laws, as regards what is subject to motion and change. They exhibit to us Constancy in the midst of Change and the ceaseless course of events. So, for example, the progress of the modern measuring and weighing science of physics is eminently indicated by the attainment or the correction of the mean values of certain magnitudes ; so numerical cyphers present themselves again, but with an enlarged meaning, as they formerly did in the schools of Italy, the last and only remain of hieroglyphics in our writings, but all-powerful in Cosmical science.'—p. 82.

He thus proceeds in a more lively strain :—

'The zealous philosopher is delighted by the simplicity of the numerical relations by which the dimensions of space, the magnitudes of the planets, and their periodical disturbances, are denoted ; or the threefold elements of the earth's magnetism, the mean pressure of the atmosphere, or the quantity of heat which the sun sheds daily or yearly on any spot of the fixed or fluid surface of our globe. But unsatisfied is the poet, unsatisfied the ever-curious multitude. To both of these, Science seems as if desolate, many questions being rejected as dubious or insoluble which formerly were entertained. In her more rigid form and stiffer drapery she loses the more seductive charm with which she was invested by a philosophy of forms and symbols calculated to deceive the judgment and amuse the fancy. Long before the discovery of the New World it had been supposed that land was visible from the Canaries and Azores. But these were phantoms, not caused by extraordinary refraction, but due only to the conjectures of the spectators, whose longing eyes strove to penetrate the distant haze. The natural philosophy of the Greeks, and the physics of the middle ages, and even of a later period, abundantly offered similar airy visions. At the limits of exact knowledge (as from a lofty island-shore) we cast a sanguine gaze towards unknown regions. The belief of the unusual and the marvellous lends a distinct outline to every creation of fancy ; and the realms of imagination, with their cosmological, geognostical, and magnetic dreams, are immediately confounded with the domain of reality.'—*Kosmos*, p. 82-3.

In the astronomical part of *Cosmos*, our author invariably treats the so-called nebular hypothesis as an ascertained physical fact, and in so far appears for once to abandon the cautious limits of descriptive writing and simple classification which he has imposed upon himself. Not only does he maintain Herschel's doctrine

doctrine of the progressive consolidation of nebulous matter (which, however, he ascribes (p. 87) to Anaximenes and the Ionic school); not only does he affirm this process to be 'going on under our eyes,' and to be in all respects similar to the 'development' of organic beings—thus assimilating the universe to a garden or a forest. He also accepts as established, and apparently not admitting of a doubt, the theory peculiar to Laplace of the *genesis* of nebulous rings by centrifugal force, and the subsequent still more incomprehensible agglomeration of these rings into solitary rotating planets and satellites: and he even assumes it as established (p. 89, 95), that the zodiacal light arises (as Cassini imagined) from a still uncondensed ring of world-vapour (*welt-dunst*) between the orbits of Venus and Mars. On all this doctrine we retain the most energetic doubts.* The progress of discovery at the present time is decidedly unfavourable to it, as every one conversant with the scientific literature of the day is aware of; as a physical description of what *exists*, it is inaccurate, because it is uncertain; as a physical account of what has been and what will be, it can rank at best amongst the numerous list of bold but unestablished inductions. Nor can we think more favourably of an idea of Humboldt's own, that there exists an analogy between the distribution of *plants* and that of satellites in groups round their primary and planets round the sun. A still more palpable similarity would, we imagine, permit us to compare the individuals of celestial groups to the stamens and pistils of flowers; to call our earth and moon of the order *Monandria Monogynia*, Jupiter's system *Monandria Tetragynia*, and the like.† This shows how mere analogies from collocation, without reference to the end or design of the whole, may retard science. What is barely tolerable in the poetry of Darwin, cannot come well from the matter-of-fact pen of the astronomer.‡

It

* The sole phenomenon of our system which might lend countenance to Laplace's notion (and which perhaps suggested it) is the unique and imposing one of Saturn's ring. We observe a very good remark on this subject in Mr. Monck Mason's 'Creation by the immediate Agency of God,' p. 56, which is undoubtedly correct; to wit, that the excessively small and uniform thickness of this vast expansion of matter (estimated at only 100 miles, with an extreme diameter of nearly 200,000) indicates a degree of oblateness quite inconceivable under the circumstances, the planet whose centrifugal force is supposed to have generated it being almost spherical, or flattened at the poles only by one-eleventh part (Laplace, *Système du Monde*, l. 79).

† So Milton—

— 'and other suns perhaps,
With their attendant moons, wilt thou descry,
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great sexes animate the world.'—*Par. Lost*, viii. 148,

‡ *Botanic Garden*, iv. 359, commencing—

'So, late descry'd by Herschel's piercing sight.'

A noble passage, though in Darwin's inflated style. His cosmogony seems to have some

It is not to be supposed that much of novelty should be elicited in the purely astronomical part of the subject. But starting with the Nebular Hypothesis, our author manages with much ingenuity to consider in succession a series of phenomena which lead into one another, and which convey us, by easy steps, from the celestial to the terrestrial part of the science of *Cosmos*. Surveying in succession the heavenly bodies with whose density we are tolerably acquainted, the sun and planets, he next passes to comets, whose rarer texture forms a step to that inconceivable attenuation of gravitating matter which constitutes, according to Laplace and Humboldt, the Zodiacal Light; and to shooting stars and *ærolites*, celestial in their origin, terrestrial in their component parts (iron, nickel, cobalt, manganese, chromium, copper, arsenic, tin, soda, potash, sulphur, phosphorus, and carbon), which bring us down to the vulgar chemistry and geology of our own Earth.

Of cometary astronomy we have (p. 105, &c.) an interesting synopsis, which we should willingly have transferred to our pages were it not too long; besides, our readers will be more interested in parts of the subject more akin to Humboldt's own pursuits. It may be mentioned in passing, as a curious fact, that the earliest valuable observations of comets are due to the Chinese, and extend as far back as the years A.D. 240 (under Gordian III.), 539 (under Justinian), and 565. Our author does not fail to draw a contrast between the terror with which these bodies were then regarded throughout Europe, and the scientific composure of the Chinese. In 837, when a comet of alarming magnitude approached the earth within twice the moon's distance, whilst Louis I. of France was trying to avert the impending danger by vowing to found a monastery, the countrymen of Confucius were coolly measuring the length of its tail and determining its course amongst the stars.

The comets of 1402, 1532, 1577, 1744, and 1843, were so bright that the nucleus was visible in broad daylight; but their well-defined disks are commonly excessively small, and indicate a diameter of but a few hundred miles, or even less. The cometary light is ascertained by Arago to be polarised, and therefore he concludes it to be reflected from the sun; whereas it seems to us that were the matter the same as that of the Sidereal Nebulæ, as has been supposed, it ought to be, like them, self-luminous. The tail is sometimes double (1807, 1843), and in 1744 was divided into six. The apparent length was, in 1618,

some analogy with that in the work before us (*Kosmos*, p. 86), which appears to ascribe to matter generally a power of indefinite 'development' and regeneration, such as is usually admitted only to exist in living plants and animals, and that to a limited degree.

104°, or 14° greater than the distance from the horizon to the zenith. The comet of 1680 had an absolute extent of tail as great as from the sun to the earth (95,000,000 miles). A star of the 10th magnitude lost no sensible part of its brilliancy in being eclipsed by Halley's comet in 1835 at a distance of only 2".2 from the comet's centre (Struve), nor do stars appear refracted out of their course by the intervention of the nebulous matter, which is therefore conjectured to be *dusty*, not fluid. The *mass* of comets is conjectured not to exceed 1-5000th of the earth's at a *maximum*, and perhaps not 1-100,000th at an average.

The periods and eccentricities of comets have, as is well known, an enormous range. Three orbits are considered to lie wholly within the recognised limits of our solar system:—1. Encke's comet, which revolves in $3\frac{1}{4}$ years, and whose aphelion or most distant point lies within Jupiter's orbit; 2. Biela's comet of $6\frac{1}{2}$ years extends its path beyond Jupiter's orbit, but far within Saturn's; 3. Faye's comet (discovered in 1843, and of which the return has yet to be observed) is supposed to have a smaller eccentricity than any other known comet, and a period of $7\frac{3}{8}$ years, with an orbit lying wholly between those of Mars and Saturn.

On the other hand, the comet of 1680 is supposed to reach its aphelion at a distance of 80,000 *millions of miles* from the sun, forty-four times further than Uranus. Yet the nearest fixed star, whose distance has been approximately estimated (α Centauri), is distant no less than 11,000 radii of Uranus's orbit, and the star 61 Cygni 31,000 radii. Yet this same comet of 1680 approached the sun's surface within 1-6th of the sun's diameter, or 7-10ths of the moon's distance from the earth. It was then moving with the velocity of about 250 English miles in a second, whilst at the other extremity of its eccentric orbit it must toil along at the rate of but 10 feet in a second, a speed comparable to that of many large rivers. Nor does it return to the sun until the lapse of 8800 years from the time of its departure.

It is singular, that in enumerating (p. 118) instances of the near approach of comets to the body of the sun, our author has omitted that of 1843, of which the orbit was first calculated by an accomplished young astronomer, M. Plantamour of Geneva, and shown to have a perihelion distance *less* than that of any previously known, even that of 1680.

The next topic is one of general interest, and is treated of with great fulness and originality: the phenomena and origin of meteors, including *aërolites* and common shooting stars. This part of the work (pp. 120—137) will be studied with interest by men of science as well as by popular readers. It begins by recalling the general phenomena which are probably due to a common cause.

cause. The appearance of luminous fire-balls, sometimes so large and bright as to shed a visible gleam in broad daylight, is unequivocally connected by experience with the fall of *aërolites* or meteoric stones—as was the case (to cite only recent instances) in 1790 at Barbotan in the south of France; in 1794, at Siena in Italy; in 1804, at Weston in Connecticut; and in 1821, in the department of the Ardèche in France. Sometimes a small dark cloud appears to originate the meteoric shower, whose descent is accompanied by a noise like thunder. The fire-balls, which occasionally appear to exceed the diameter of the moon, have every intermediate magnitude down to that of common shooting stars—and this is the strongest, perhaps the sole evidence, for their identity of nature; both one and the other leave phosphoric trains behind them, a real phenomenon, and not due to an optical deception, as has been sometimes imagined (p. 394, note 30). The important consideration which has recently recalled particular attention to these curious and beautiful appearances of luminous meteors, is their alleged *periodicity*. On this subject Humboldt says:—

‘Shooting stars fall either singly and rarely (sporadically), or in groups of many thousands. In the latter case they are periodical, and generally move in parallel directions. Of periodic groups the best known are the November-phenomenon (12th—14th of November), and that of the Feast of St. Lawrence (10th of August), whose “fiery tears” have long since been suspected by tradition, and in an old monkish Calendar,* to be a recurring meteorological phenomenon. Although a mixed shower of falling stars and fireballs was seen in the night of the 12th—13th of November at Klöden near Potsdam, and in 1832 throughout all Europe, from Portsmouth to Orenburg on the Ural river, and even in the Isle of France in the Southern Hemisphere, still the idea that great meteoric showers are connected with certain days was first occasioned by the observations of Olmsted and Palmer in North America, on the 12th—13th of November, 1833, when the falling stars appeared compressed like snow-flakes about one spot in the sky, so that in nine hours not less than 240,000 must have fallen. Palmer in Newhaven (Massachusetts) recollected the meteors of 1799 (also on the 12th—13th of November), which were first described by Ellicott and myself, and which it is proved, by the observations which I have cited, were simultaneously seen in the New Continent from the Equator to Herrnhut in Greenland (lat. 64° 14’), and between 46° and 82° of longitude. The identity of the periods was observed with astonishment. The meteoric stream which filled the whole sky on the 12th—13th of November, 1833, from Jamaica to Boston, was repeated on the night of the 13th—14th of November, 1834, in the United States of North America, but with somewhat less brilliancy. In Europe the periodicity has been since more regularly established.

* Said to exist in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

‘A second

'A second equally regular meteoric shower is that of August—the shower of St. Lawrence (9th—14th of August). In the middle of last century Musschenbroek had remarked the frequency of meteors in this month; but the certainty of their periodical return at the period of St. Lawrence's day was first established by Quetelet, Olbers, and Benzenberg. No doubt in time we shall discover other periodically recurring streams—perhaps about the 22nd—25th of April, and the 6th—12th of December, the 27th—29th of November (remarked by Capocci), and the 17th of July.'—*Kosmos*, pp. 129, 130.

It is impossible to deny the startling force of these recurring exhibitions, as leading naturally to the conjecture that meteors are Cosmical, and not atmospheric phenomena as Halley first supposed;* for how, otherwise, can we account for a periodicity depending solely upon the time of year, that is, upon the earth's geocentric longitude or position in space? If the periodicity were certain, it would seem impossible to entertain any other supposition than that these bodies, the very same with the ferruginous (unoxidated) and stony masses (resembling *dolerite*, a trap-rock) which sometimes fall to the ground with such a velocity as to penetrate ten or fifteen feet into the soil (p. 122), are independent planetary bodies circulating round the sun (not the earth) with a mean velocity, distance, and period similar to that of the earth in its orbit; for under no other circumstances could they remain thus, as it were, suspended in space, ready to meet the earth at the points of mutual intersection of their respective orbits (the orbit of the meteors being more or less inclined to that of our planet). Undoubtedly no more exciting question in natural philosophy could be started: we will briefly add such particulars from the details given by Humboldt as may assist in forming a fair judgment, though probably the cautious reader may be of opinion that the time for decision has not yet arrived.

The most important observations, next to the periodicity, concern the absolute height, velocity, and magnitude of these bodies, including, for the present, fireballs and falling stars in one category. From the observations of Brandes and Benzenberg, the height varies from 16 to 140 English geographical miles. If this estimate be correct, some shooting stars are undoubtedly seen within the limits of the atmosphere, but others are as certainly far beyond the extreme bounds which have ever been assigned to it. Hence the atmosphere cannot be necessary to their luminosity, and indeed it is not easy to conceive how it should be so, in the state of extreme tenuity which its upper regions must present. The apparent or relative *velocity* of the meteors (supposing the earth at rest) would be by the same authorities from eighteen to thirty-six

* Philosophical Transactions, vol. xxix.

nautical miles a second, which can only be compared to planetary velocities. In this our author finds a powerful argument against those who have ascribed the origin of these bodies to lunar volcanos. For the velocity with which a body launched from the moon with just sufficient speed to escape from the lunar attraction (8000 English feet) would reach the earth, would be no more than six miles a second. The remaining velocity of twelve to thirty miles a second would therefore be due to the projectile force of the lunar volcano, which far exceeds all probability.

The height of the meteors and their apparent size being known, their real dimensions may be calculated; and the largest, according to Humboldt, vary from 500 to 2600 (French) feet in diameter. These are vast indeed, worthy of being considered planetary fragments. The meteor of the 18th of August, 1783, observed in England, was apparently as large as the moon, and was computed to have exploded at a height of fifty miles, whilst moving with a velocity of at least twenty miles a second, and to have had a diameter of half a mile;* yet the fragments were never found. The largest known meteoric masses (two in South America) have, according to Humboldt (*Kosmos*, p. 123), a length of between seven and eight feet; but they are doubtless only fragments.

Another circumstance of much importance is the *general direction* of apparent motion of these so-called periodic streams. On this point we shall give Humboldt's own account:—

'A striking confirmation of the opinion of the Cosmical origin of such phenomena was obtained by Denison Olmsted of Newhaven (Massachusetts), who has shown that, from the testimony of all observers, the fireballs and falling stars of the 12th and 13th of November, 1833, appeared to be directed *from* one and the same point in space near γ Leonis; nor did they deviate from that origin, although the star changed its apparent altitude and azimuth during the long continuance of the observation. Such an independence of the earth's rotation proves that the luminous bodies reached our atmosphere from the planetary spaces *beyond it*. From Encke's calculation of the whole observations made in the United States between the latitudes of 35° and 42° , they must have come from the point in space towards which the earth's motion was then directed.'—*Kosmos*, p. 126.

It has been supposed that the less exact observations in August confirm the same view. But it is worthy of note that such an hypothesis as to the general direction of the meteors, must not only be universal if true, but supposes the meteors to be directed in their orbits diametrically opposite to the earth's motion at the moment; for, as we have already observed, it is mechanically im-

* Philosophical Transactions, 1784.

possible that they should be *still* in space, and the earth merely dash through them; and in any other case than a concurrent or diametrically opposed motion to the earth's, their apparent paths must be the resultant of their own motion and that of the earth, and therefore *not* directed from the point towards which the earth is moving at the time. These considerations suggest doubts upon which our limits do not allow us to enter.

It is impossible, however, to deny that the considerations which we have detailed, seem to confirm the opinion entertained even by some Grecian philosophers, that aërolites, at least, are uncombined portions of the matter of which our planetary system is composed. The fact that their constituents (already enumerated) include (so far as our chemical analysis extends) no ingredient not already recognised as composing the crust of our planet, is highly interesting and perhaps unexpected. But instead of drawing the conclusion that *therefore* they must be of terrestrial origin, we agree with Humboldt, that it is more philosophical to imagine (as Newton is said to have done) that the matter of all the bodies of our system is nearly alike; nor will it take away from the interest with which the geologist regards the meteoric fragment which he has been fortunate enough to secure for his cabinet, that it represents a portion of the *rough material* of the universe, that which Omnipotence has elsewhere wrought into suns, and planets, and satellites;—it is a portion of primæval chaos.

The doctrine of the periodicity of the meteors, of their fixed direction in space, and their consequently forming a zone of revolving atoms in space, was quickly seized upon by the astronomers and naturalists of Germany, and was carried out perhaps beyond the limits of a rigorous induction. Not only was the periodicity in our own day admitted (the far more numerous blank years than those distinguished by the meteors being overlooked), but old chronicles were ransacked for records of similar appearances. Considering that such occurrences were almost as carefully registered in the annals of superstition as in those of science, it is not wonderful that in the course of nine centuries three or four such displays should be authentically noticed as occurring about the same time of year (Kosmos, p. 398). Even to obtain this partial confirmation, a latitude of almost a month required to be allowed. But this circumstance no way disconcerted the German astronomers: they forthwith imagined a *precession of the nodes* of the meteoric ring with the earth's orbit, which causes a continual retardation in the period of conjunction. But more than this, a German writer of credit has attempted to explain an anomalous meteorological fact (which, however, very probably depends upon the

the local position of Europe), the occurrence, namely, of some days in February and May, which are colder than the regularity of the annual curve of temperature would assign, to the intervention of this problematical zone of asteroids between the earth and sun at these periods! We are surprised to see that our author lends his distinguished countenance to this most rash and improbable hypothesis.

Whilst the cosmical origin of true *aërolites* may be admitted to be more than barely probable, long and patient experience must be required before the 'November phenomenon' can be placed in the same category. The common nature of true meteorolites and falling stars, though once admitted by the sagacious Chladni, was finally rejected by him, and was also rejected by Humboldt himself long after he had observed the November meteors of 1799.* The great diversity in their directions, attested by almost every author until the supposed discovery of their radiation from the constellation Leo; the fact that more than thirty years elapsed in our own day, during which they are only once recorded to have been seen; the fact that whilst hundreds of thousands of meteors have been seen in one night at one place, no single meteoric mass has fallen synchronously at any known point of the earth's surface, but that, on the contrary, *aërolites* have fallen indifferently at every season of the year; the fact that these meteoric showers are sometimes so local, that in 1837 they made a great show in England, but constituted no phenomenon at all in Prussia, where they were carefully watched for;—all these circumstances constitute unexplained difficulties. How to reconcile them with any theory—'nous ignorons comme on l'ignorait du temps d'Anaxagore.'†

From the digression on meteors our author returns to sidereal astronomy, in which he gives a neat summary of what is known or inferred respecting the physical conditions and distances of the fixed stars, the proper motion of our own system (p. 149), and of double stars about their common centres of gravity (p. 152). The luminous phenomena of occasional and variable stars he elegantly and justly describes (p. 160) as 'Voices of the Past'—(*Stimmen der Vergangenheit*). These topics are pretty well known to English readers, particularly from Sir John Herschel's excellent writings.

At last we descend upon *terra firma*, and our author proceeds to a description of our globe and its phenomena. He gives first an interesting detail of the physical bounds of our acquaintance with it—limited indeed, compared to its vast extent. The greatest depth below the sea-level to which the solid earth has been pene-

* Humboldt, *Relation Historique*, 8vo., iv. 47.

† *Ibid.*, p. 52.
trated

trated is about 2000 feet, or little more than 1-10,000th of the earth's radius; but the unfathomed ocean has been penetrated by Sir James Ross's lead to a depth of 25,400 feet, or nearly five miles, no bottom being found. The depth of the trough-shaped geological basins of the coal formations (containing fossils) in Belgium, is, from probable data, estimated at 5000 or 6000 feet below the surface of the sea. The highest of the Himalaya (Dhawalagiri) rises to 28,000 English feet, though that height has never been attained by man. When to this we add that volcanos pour forth matter derived (according to Humboldt, p. 166) from a depth of 25 English miles or more, we have an idea of the smallness of the portion of our earth (a spheroid nearly 8000 miles in diameter) which we can explore. The lowest exposed part of the terrestrial surface is the Dead Sea, which is (*Kosmos*, p. 419) 1300 feet below the Mediterranean.*

Astronomy, geodesy, and modern physics enable us, however, to determine not only the size and figure of our globe, but its solid contents, compared to a given bulk, for instance, of water. The size and figure are more or less completely determined by three methods;—from the lunar inequalities,—by the measurement of degrees,—and by pendulum experiments: on the two last methods our author has collected in the notes (pp. 421—424) some curious and valuable information. The still more interesting question of the earth's mass and density (*Kosmos*, p. 176, and p. 424) is solved also by three methods;—by the attraction of the plumb-line by mountains,—by the irregularities of the pendulum,—and most satisfactorily and elegantly by the balance of torsion of Mitchell and Cavendish. In treating of the last, our author has most unaccountably omitted the capital experiments of Mr. Baily, which have reduced the previous ones to mere matters of history, and which were already well known at the time at which *Kosmos* appears (by internal evidence) to have been written.†

The state of the earth's interior remains an 'open question;' and as the mention of it is the only part of *Kosmos* which can by possibility provoke a smile, we give our readers the benefit of it.

'In order to bring the known small ellipticity of the earth into conformity with the supposition of the uniform indefinite compressibility of its substance, the ingenious Leslie has described the earth as a hollow shell, filled with the so-called imponderable substances possessed of pro-

* Bertou and Russeger by the barometer, and Lieut. Symonds by trigonometry. See Humboldt, *Asie Centrale*, ii. 323. See, too, the interesting account of Sir D. Wilkie's Barometrical Observations, in his *Life*, by Allan Cunningham, vol. iii.

† Mr. Baily's result (5.66 for the earth's specific gravity) appears in Mr. Studer's excellent *Physical Geography*, published in Germany in 1843.

digious repulsive power. These hazarded and arbitrary opinions called forth still more fantastical dreams. The internal sphere is by and bye peopled with plants and animals,* upon which two little subterranean planets, Pluto and Proserpine, shed their mild lustre. An equable temperature prevails in these terrestrial spaces, and the air, rendered luminous by compression, might well allow us to dispense with the infernal planets. Near the North Pole, in lat. 82° , is a huge opening, whence the Polar lights stream forth, and by which we can enter the interior of our globe. Sir Humphry Davy and myself have been repeatedly and publicly invited by Captain Symmes to such a subterranean expedition!—*Kosmos*, p. 178.

The only reasonable notion which we can form of the interior condition of our planet is derived from the observed increase of temperature as we descend in mines or examine water rising to the surface from Artesian bores. Baron Humboldt gives (note 8 p. 426) a number of the individual results which lead to the general conclusion that the rate of increase is about 1° Cent. for 92 French feet of descent (1° Fahr. for $54\frac{1}{2}$ English feet). It is plain that if this rate be uniform, or tolerably uniform, all known substances would be in a state of permanent fusion at no very great depth. Humboldt estimates the depth at which granite must be fluid at 21 English miles (*Kosmos*, p. 181), which is less than five times the height of the Himalaya, and little more than $\frac{1}{400}$ th of the earth's diameter. In treating of the proper heat of the earth, our author adopts (we think rightly) the views of Fourier, rejecting as arbitrary the modifications of Poisson, a most distinguished mathematician, but a very poor physical theorist.

In connexion with the general question of the earth's heat our author treats of Magnetic phenomena, as being probably caused by electricity, and through electricity by heat. Speaking of the almost simultaneous disturbances of the needle over large spaces of the earth's surface, he says:—

‘These synchronous perturbations may serve for the determination of geographical longitudes within certain limits, like Jupiter's satellites, signals, and well-observed falling stars. We learn with astonishment that the movements of two small magnets, even were they suspended deep in the interior of the earth, may serve to measure the distance between them; that they show how far Kasan lies eastwards from Göttingen or the banks of the Seine. There are also places on the globe where the navigator, surrounded by fogs for many days, without sun or stars, and without any means of determining the time, can tell with certainty from the magnetic dip whether he is placed north or south from the haven of which he is in search.’—*Kosmos*, p. 185.

* Halley seriously entertained such an idea, and compares the earth to an habitation of several stories, inhabited within and without.—Phil. Trans., 1693, quoted in *Kosmos*, p. 425.

This last application of magnetic science to navigation was, as Humboldt tells us (*Kosmos*, p. 429), proposed by our most ingenious countryman, Gilbert, soon after the invention of the dipping-needle by Norman, towards the end of the 16th century. It is particularly applicable, says Humboldt, to the navigation of the west coast of South America. It must be added, however, that the determination of longitudes, widely apart, by means of magnetic perturbations, seems a doubtful application, since the publication by Colonel Sabine of the comparative curves of disturbances at Toronto and at Prague, which do not present the strict accordance noticed in the European observations.

Terrestrial Magnetism, its recent history, and the especial interest which attaches to it at the present moment, from the unexampled labours in different parts of the globe, patronized by the Russian and English governments and by the East India Company, in order to advance it speedily and effectually, have been fully explained in an article in the *Quarterly Review* for 1840. We may therefore pass rapidly over one of the most attractive subjects which the enlarged science of physical geography presents. It will be sufficient to remind the reader that the science of terrestrial magnetism (empirically considered) involves three elements,—variation (or declination), dip (or inclination), and intensity;—and that the simultaneous condition of these three elements may be expressed by the ingeniously compendious notation of curved lines, drawn upon a terrestrial map—passing through all the points which have the same magnetic variation, for example—and so likewise for the other two elements. It is impossible to estimate too highly the value of such graphical methods; at first only technical memories, they become engines of the most subtle discoveries. These elements *vary*. They vary from age to age, so that the magnetic charts do not remain exact for any considerable space of time. They have also annual and diurnal changes, which are therefore periodic, and capable of being represented empirically in functions of the time—the elements returning to their original values, after the lapse of a year and of a day respectively. They are also disturbed in an irregular and capricious manner, as we have already mentioned, and to these disturbances we shall immediately return.

In Humboldt's *notes* the reader will find some curious information on this part of the subject. The total intensity of the magnetic forces was studied much later than the others, and up to a recent period no kind of approximation had been made to the *isodynamic* lines. Humboldt considers his ascertainment of the *gradual decrease* of intensity from the temperate zone to the equator as the *most important result of his great journey to the Tropics*

(*Kosmos*, p. 434). We appreciate, therefore, the magnanimity with which (note 29, p. 432, &c.) he discusses the claims of his predecessors to this discovery. Humboldt announced his conclusion to the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 26th Frimaire, An XIII. (17th December, 1804), which established the universally received value of the magnetic intensity at Paris = 1.3482 ; that at the magnetic equator in Peru being 1.0000 . Admiral de Rossel's result, though founded on observations made in 1791-4, was only published in 1808; and consequently it is uncertain whether their author was aware of their exact import sooner, since he had certainly not communicated it to his friends. But Humboldt has found, from an unpublished letter of Lamanon, that this important fact had been already expressly deduced, in 1787, from the observations made during Laperouse's voyage. The scientific world will have little difficulty in leaving Humboldt in possession of the reputation which his discovery has given to him, since, though (like most other great facts in science) only a rediscovery of something already known or guessed at, he first saw its importance, and published it to the world, accompanied by sufficient evidence.

There is a long and very interesting note (36, p. 436) which gives a detail, highly creditable to Baron Humboldt, of the share which his eminently practical mind has had in forwarding the science of magnetism, and in aiding, and indeed *originating*, the impulse which that part of physics has received in our own day. From this note it appears that, after his return from America, whilst residing in Berlin, in 1807-8, he commenced a series of *closely consecutive* magnetic observations, pursued day and night for several days, at the period of the solstices and equinoxes, in which he was aided by his friend Oltmanns. These observations, which probably were originally intended to ascertain the regular diurnal periods whose existence had been known for the greater part of a century, led to the discovery of recurring but irregular perturbations—called by him *magnetic storms*—which he immediately perceived the importance of studying with reference to their simultaneity in different parts of the earth's surface. But circumstances prevented his following them out. His change of residence to Paris, and the political convulsions of the time, were amongst these; and here we are again reminded, in our perusal of Humboldt's Personal History, of the inestimable benefits to science of the profound peace which we at present enjoy. Oersted's great discovery of the connection of electricity and magnetism awakened in 1820 fresh attention to the subject: and we presume it was by Humboldt's advice and influence that his friend Arago's valuable (but hitherto unfortunately

nately unpublished) magnetic observations at Paris were compared with simultaneous observations at Kasan in Russia, when the similarity of the perturbations and the influence of the Aurora Borealis were clearly perceived.* On Humboldt's return to Berlin, in 1828, he recommenced his own long-interrupted labour, with the advantage of simultaneous comparable observations at Paris and in the depths of the Saxon mines; and then the similarity and simultaneity of the disturbances were fully proved by graphical projections, which were published in *Poggendorff's Annals*. But this was only a commencement; for the following year (1829) having undertaken, by desire of the Emperor of Russia, a scientific journey to Siberia, he took occasion to recommend to the Emperor the establishment of a chain of magnetic stations in his vast dominions. The Academy of Sciences, and Corps of Mines, obedient to the Imperial decree, instituted at Humboldt's suggestion the system of observation which has since been continued and improved.

Our author next speaks in most becoming terms of his acute countryman *Gauss*, who soon after (1832) taking up the subject both mathematically and practically, increased as much the delicacy of the methods of observation as the value and definiteness of the observations themselves, considered as the elements of a physical theory. But when the test of this theory was involved in the institution of physical observations at many points, as remote as possible from one another over the globe, Humboldt's influence and Humboldt's *savoir* were again called into requisition. Casting his eyes over the political divisions of the earth, he saw that if England and Russia combined their influence the problem would be solved. In 1836 he wrote to the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society, desiring his and their influence with the British government to have magnetic observations established at points of our colonial possessions, which he had already, five years before (therefore previous to Gauss's publication), indicated as important for the ends of science; namely, Canada, St. Helena, the

* Not, however, discovered for the first time. The simultaneity at distant points had already been ascertained by Celsius and Graham, in 1741, whilst residing the one at Upsala and the other in London. The magnetic influence of the Aurora, which Humboldt (p. 199) attributes exclusively to Arago (*wie Arago zuerst entdeckt hat*), was clearly established by the Swedish observers, Celsius, Hiorter, and Wargentin, between 1740 and 1750, in a number of special cases, the details of which are recorded. These being detailed in Kämtz's *Meteorologie* (iii. 494, &c.), in the very part of that work cited in the *Kosmos* (p. 442), we do not think that our author was entitled to pass them over in favour of the French Academician. If he justifies it on the ground of the observations being made at so great a distance from the Arctic Circle as Paris, he should recollect an observation of *his own* made in 1806, and demonstrating the same fact (Gilbert's *Annalen*, xxix. 425, quoted by Kämtz). We find in all this a disagreeable tampering (even at a personal sacrifice) with the integrity of scientific history.

Cape of Good Hope, the Isle of France, Ceylon, and New Holland. These requisitions have been, to the national honour of Britain, almost literally carried out; and though the results are yet very imperfectly known, and cannot now be further alluded to, Humboldt must derive imperishable fame from having originated and impelled the movement, which was in his own country so powerfully stimulated by the sagacity of Gauss, and so generously acted on in ours by Herschel, Sabine, Airy, Lloyd, and Brisbane.

In page 428, Note 13, at the end, Humboldt, speaking of observations of 'Magnetic Storms,' uses these expressions:—

'One of the most remarkable disturbances was that of the 25th of September, 1841, which was observed at Toronto in Canada, at the Cape of Good Hope, at Prague, and partially in Van Diemen's Land. The English festival of Sunday, upon which it is *sinful* (*sündhaft*) after midnight on Saturday to read off a scale or to follow out in all their development great natural phenomena, put a stop to the observation, since, on account of the difference of longitude of Van Diemen's Land, the magnetic storm happened there upon a Sunday!'

We are surprised that Baron Humboldt, usually so cautious in imputing blame, should have thus attempted to cast ridicule upon the English Government and English men of science, and upon such a ground. But the statement having been made in ignorance of how these things are really managed with us, it requires a word of explanation. It is quite certain that the English philosophers declined to accede to the Göttingen 'terms,' or fixed days of continued observation from five minutes to five minutes for twenty-four hours or more, which had been fixed, in defiance of the immemorial usage of all Christian communities, UPON SUNDAYS, 'for general convenience' (of the Jews, we suppose). Here is no question of whether the mode of keeping the Sabbath in Scotland or at Geneva, in England or at Rome, be most correct; it is no question of whether amusements are to be indulged in or not; whether or not the theatres should be shut; it is the simple question whether the seventh day is to receive any distinctive observance whatever—whether the hebdomadal division of time, which even Laplace traced in its origin to the very dawn of civilization, is to be annihilated. Is there, we would ask, an observatory in Europe which has not its *congés de Dimanche*? In any country where we ever spent a Sunday it was claimed even by those who wholly neglected its religious duties, by a prescriptive and indefeasible right as a day of unbending, of relaxation, and of social converse. We need but mention a single instance, because it expresses the extreme case of compliance with a usage handed down from the remotest generations: we mean the practice of the Polytechnic School of Paris, where

Sunday

Sunday is kept 'holiday.' But our German friends emancipated themselves even from these relics of an ancient superstition, and declared that the first day of the week should be the hardest day of all; when the whole energies, physical and intellectual, should be concentrated from minute to minute and from hour to hour (so long as the wants of nature could be postponed), on the incessant watching of three vibrating bars. To those who understand what such tasks imply, we need say nothing of this becoming Sunday's employment; but we may mention, for the information of others, that one of Gauss's most zealous pupils had almost sacrificed his life, through the consequences of a brain fever caught under the burning climate of Sicily, solely from pursuing the Sunday's *relaxations* of Göttingen. We repeat, that such a positive institution of Sunday term-days was disgraceful to Christendom, and it was so felt by the English philosophers, who refused to join the German confederation of magnetists in carrying out their system of observation. The confederation were therefore fain to indulge the English scrupulosity, and hence no doubt the sally in the *Kosmos*. When Mr. Airy (our excellent Astronomer Royal) mentioned these circumstances at the most crowded meeting which took place in the Senate-house at Cambridge, during the late visit of the British Association, the unanimous opinion of the assembly was sufficiently marked.

But if Baron Humboldt had lived longer in England, or had even questioned any one competent English authority, he would have known that it would *not* be considered as 'sinful' by, we suppose, any scientific man in this island to read off a scale after the clock had struck twelve on Saturday night, in order to observe an extraordinary natural phenomenon. Here is an example in point. In 1836 an annular eclipse of the sun was visible in the northern part of this kingdom (where the observance of Sunday is supposed to be more strict than elsewhere) *during church-time* on Sunday, the 15th of May. What was the consequence? The service was postponed, and the whole population saw the phenomenon, astronomers inclusive. The usage at Greenwich Observatory we believe to be this: the whole staff are at liberty on Sunday, except when an observation is to be made of no great continuance, and which is likely to be of value to the interests of astronomy, or for the special improvement of the lunar tables;—any extraordinary or unique phenomenon would be observed as a matter of course—but computations and all other work which can be done during the rest of the week are entirely suspended. Being ourselves fully inclined to regard the usages of different countries and sects with charity, and, indeed, to admit that no absolute standard of conduct

duct can be named on this subject suitable to all nations and all times, we are surprised that a cosmopolite traveller and grave sage should have on this occasion permitted himself the double indulgence of a blunder and a sneer.

There is that, however, in the case before us which requires it to be judged by a more specific rule than that of national morality or individual opinion. The system of magnetic observatories in the colonies is a military one, conducted solely by military men, officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery.* In every department of the public service complicated systems of duty must be conducted on fixed and precise rules. As artillerymen, they were engaged to work six days in the week, not seven. No option could be left to them to observe on Sundays or not, as they pleased; it would have been an unfair imputation of want of zeal upon any whose conscientious scruples or the limit of physical strength did not admit of their complying. And the importance of this rule of no work on Sundays is so great, that not to have adhered to it must have changed the whole system of observation. For the personal strength of the observatories must have received a large accession in order to overtake the exhausting labour of *perpetually* observing and computing. To do a sixth part more work would have required, we are certain, a far more than proportional increase of the staff, and besides must sooner or later bring upon the most zealous a sense of unremitting drudgery. A periodical *absolute* cessation of a kind of work in its nature calculated to produce speedy satiety, is undoubtedly on mere human principles a most wise legislative and economical provision. We reply, then, to those who wish the colonial observatories to be worked seven days a-week, in the characteristic language of the French functionary, 'It would be worse than a crime—it would be a *blunder*.' And where, after all, is the loss? Perhaps during the whole five years that the observations were intended to continue, a second great disturbance might not occur on Sunday, and in any period of observation six such will be observed for one that is missed. As to mean results, the omission of the seventh day is inappreciable; and if it be said that magnetic disturbances come under the class of extraordinary and unique phenomena, before which the repose of Sunday gives way as matter of common sense, we must observe that these disturbances can only be seen by watching for them; they do not *yet* (whatever art may one day achieve) announce themselves. To note disturbances at all on Sundays requires the usual observations to be

* Colonel Sabine's Introduction to Observations at Toronto, 4to. 1845, p. 13.

made as a matter of course ; and where the system of observation extends round the globe, to have *universally* simultaneous comparisons could not be effected otherwise.

After all, we do not suppose that if the officer in command at Van Diemen's Land had been aware of the peculiar interest of the phenomenon, of which the observation was commenced on Saturday, he would have been deterred, either by conscientious scruples or by the fear of disobeying orders, from pursuing his inspection of the magnets after the clock struck twelve. But we see one circumstance in the detail of the observation as published by the Board of Ordnance,* which leads to a different conjecture ; the observation at midnight ' was missed ;' the last recorded was 11h. 45m. (local time). The facts seem to speak for themselves ; no doubt our non-commissioned officer, worn out by many hours' watching, *fell asleep*, and perhaps was awakened to a sense of his position by the bright sun of a Sunday morning, pleasant to him as a day *civilly*, at least, if not magnetically, free from perturbations. To conclude—we have carefully examined Sir James Ross's observations made at sea in the late Antarctic expedition (Phil. Trans. 1843, 1844) with a view to this question. The result is such as we should have anticipated. Sir James's short stay in the perilous seas of these high latitudes, whither he was sent expressly for the accumulation of magnetical observations, impelled him to use every favourable opportunity, whether on Sunday or not, for making such observations as, requiring but a short time, if postponed, must have been inevitably lost.

From Magnetism the Baron proceeds to the consideration of the Polar lights, which are so evidently connected with it. We wish we could afford space to transcribe his excellent picture of auroral phenomena (p. 199), and his judicious remarks on their connection with circumstances purely atmospheric ; we should have demurred, however, to his comparison between our Polar lights and the feeble phosphorescence (as it has been called) of the unilluminated parts of the moon and Venus ; and we should also have questioned whether science is advanced by classifying under the common head of ' earthlight ' such diverse facts as the aurora, the supposed luminosity of certain fogs, the *animal* light of the ocean, and the ' dark light ' of Moser's pictures (*Kosmos*, p. 206, &c.) ; but our diminishing space warns us to be brief, and we pass on to the important class of facts more immediately connected with geology.

The doctrine of the heat of the earth led us in one direction

* Sabine on Observations of unusual Magnetic Disturbance, 4to. 1843, p. 87, col. 1.
to

to the magnetic and electric phenomena which appear to be intimately connected with it (as exemplified by the similarity of the isothermal and magnetic curves first noticed by Sir D. Brewster, and by the fact of diurnal and annual magnetic periods); but there is a very different class of effects probably also due to it—the production, namely, of hot-springs, earthquakes, and volcanoes, the elevation of continents, the rupture of strata, and the metamorphosis of rocks. This mode of presenting the connected sciences is not less elegant than just. The range of phenomena connected with volcanoes (which form as it were their middle term and most characteristic type) is startling, but cannot be denied to be ingenious. It commences with earthquakes (p. 210), emissions of gas, of water, *i.e.* cold and hot springs, pure or mineral; next, mud volcanoes, lavic volcanoes possessing craters, dome-shaped trachytic mountains, whose matter has been ejected, but not burst open into the crater form: lastly, elevation craters, or mountains elevated and opened at top, but without emission of lavas. Of all this we should like to have given some account, but the reader of Humboldt's writings cannot expect much new on the subject of volcanoes. Teneriffe and Pichincha are already old friends; and for European volcanoes, and, we may add, for the whole theory, our author simply reproduces the well-known views of Von Buch.

In treating of geological formations the Baron describes rocks as distinguished by their origin into two divisions, which he somewhat quaintly calls *endogenous* and *exogenous*, from the alleged fact in botany that some plants increase from the exterior or by superposition of coats, whilst others are constantly pushing their fresh supplies of material from within outwards. The analogy (even supposing the botanical fact admitted, which is not the case) is undoubtedly more apparent than real, and expresses no more than the division of igneous and sedimentary rocks, with which geologists have long been familiar. Without quarrelling with names, however, we find formations divided according to their origin into four classes (p. 258). The first is the *endogenous*, or, as it has been better termed by some English geologists, *hypogene* class. It includes, according to Humboldt—1, granite and syenite, on which formations he gives some curious details, especially as to the extensive superposition of granite upon slates in the valley of the Irtysh in Siberia (p. 262); 2, quartz porphyry; 3, greenstone: 4, hypersthene; 5, euphotide and serpentine; 6, augitic rocks; 7, basalt and trachyte. The second class of rocks, which are, according to the author's view, *exogenous*, include sedimentary deposits of matter either dissolved or suspended in a fluid;

fluid; such are—1, slates, up to the Devonian series; 2, coal-formation deposits; 3, the whole series of limestones—except 4, travertine or modern fresh-water deposits; 5, deposits formed of *infusoria*. The third class is composed of rocks, also sedimentary, but transformed in their physical and chemical characters by the superinduced action of the endogenous rocks of the first class. This introduces us to the wide and curious field of metamorphism, which the author illustrates by an interesting collection of examples and special cases, commencing with the effects of heat upon crystals and simple substances observed in the laboratory by Rose and Mitscherlich, and on natural and artificial compounds variously cooled, by Sir James Hall and Gregory Watt (p. 271, 274, 457). Cases occurring in nature are next considered, such as the crystallization and formation of new cleavages in slates near their junction with igneous rocks, and the tendency to the development of segregated quartz in those formations (p. 272); the conversion of chalk and oolite into statuary marble, and of limestone into dolomite or into gypsum by the presence of certain intrusive rocks (pp. 272, 274, 278). The formation of quartz rock, and those in which garnet enters abundantly, is also considered as a metamorphic action. The doctrine of metamorphism has received no stronger confirmation than from the artificial production of simple minerals by processes of long-continued heat. Humboldt distinguishes those found accidentally in the slaggy produce of furnaces and those which have been directly prepared by art from the known ingredients. The following enumeration contains *crystallized* products:—of the first class or accidental—felspar, mica, augite, olivine, blende, specular iron-ore, magnetic iron-ore, and metallic titanium; of the second, or synthetically formed,—garnet, idocrase, ruby (as hard as Oriental), olivine, and augite. To the latter class we might add the very remarkable case of lapis lazuli, which is a volcanic (or at least metamorphic) product, and which has lately been produced from its elements by heat in the synthetic way; but not, we believe, crystallized.

The fourth class of rocks is the conglomerate, including those sandstones which contain the *débris* of old formations and the 'Reibung's Conglomerate' of Von Buch, which are igneous rocks, including pebbles of the same nature with the basis (p. 282).

The consideration of the *arrangement* of the kinds of formations now described, leads to the notice of Fossils as distinguishing types of geological equivalents, as the chronometrical indices of the age of strata—a discovery commonly thought to be modern, but which our author unequivocally attributes to Robert Hooke in 1688 (*Kosmos*, p. 284 and 466). Of the exquisite preservation

tion of fossil animals our author gives this elegant illustration, borrowed from the Dean of Westminster :—

‘In the lower Jura formation (lias of Lyme Regis), the preservation of the ink-bag of the cuttlefish is so perfect, that the same material which myriads of years ago served to defend the animal by concealing it from its enemies, yields an excellent colour (sepia) with which its portrait may be drawn.’—p. 285.

Our author seems disposed to adopt Agassiz’ opinion, that with one single exception no fossil fish has been found in any part of the transition, secondary, or tertiary series, which is specifically identical with any living specimen; and below the chalk the *genera* are all extinct (p. 288). But in contrast with the statement (not in contradiction to it) he places the discovery of Ehrenberg, that whole masses of the chalk formation are actually composed of microscopic shells identical with those of our present ocean in temperate latitudes. Whence he infers, that the term *Eocene* cannot be justly applied to tertiary formations, since the *dawn* of existing species is already to be found much lower.

The development of fossil geology is necessarily brief :* in p. 291 we have a condensed enumeration of strata in the order of superposition. The vexed question of diluvial phenomena and transported blocks is left almost untouched; our author merely intimates in one place (p. 299) his preference of the old theory of Von Buch, that they are due to currents of water caused by the sudden elevation of mountain chains, rather than to icebergs or any other cause.

After mentioning with deserved praise Elie de Beaumont’s maps of the comparative extent of land and sea at different geological epochs, Humboldt thus sums up :—

‘The result of the researches on the relative areas of the dry land is this ;—that in the earliest times (the Silurian and Devonian Transition Epochs) and in the oldest secondaries, the dry land, the surface covered with plants, was confined to detached islands; that at later epochs these islands were united, and the deeply indented bays became inclosed as lakes; that at last when the mountain chains of the Pyrenees, Apennines, and Carpathians arose, about the period of the older tertiary rocks, great continents appeared, having almost their present dimensions. In the Silurian period, as well as that when Cycadæ and gigantic Saurians abounded, there might be less land between one pole and the other than we now see in the South Sea and Indian Ocean. How this excess of water, together with other causes, acted to produce a higher and more uniform temperature, will be shown hereafter. We must however remark here,

* The precise geological limit of the great classes of fossils is always interesting. It at present stands thus : *Fish* begin with the Silurian rocks and ascend uninter-
ruptedly to the tertiary formations inclusive. *Saurians* commence in the magnesian
limestone (zechstein); *Mammalia* in the Jura formation; *Birds* in the older chalk.

with

with reference to the gradual growth by agglutination of the newly elevated spaces of dry land, that shortly before the revolutions which after longer or shorter pauses occasioned the sudden destruction in the diluvial period of so many vertebrated animals, portions of the present continental masses were still completely separated from one another. There prevails in South America and in Australia a great resemblance between the living and extinct animals. In New Holland we find fossil remains of the kangaroo; in New Zealand, half-fossil bones of a huge ostrich-like bird, Owen's *Dinornis*, which is nearly related to the living *Apteryx*, but little so to the recently extinct Dodo of the island of Rodriguez.'—*Kosmos*, p. 303.

Passing from pure geology, our author next contributes some interesting information on the forms of continents, and on the struggle between the sea and land to which they are due. Relative changes of level are discussed (p. 312, &c.), particularly those in Sweden and of the Bay of Naples, which he considers may be due to great internal pressure, or to the irregularity of expansion of great masses by central heat—an idea due to Breislak, though lately revived by Babbage and Bischoff.* The anomalous levels of the Dead Sea and Caspian are discussed, and the leading phenomena of the ocean, such as its temperature, saltiness, tides, and currents, very summarily enumerated (pp. 321—329).

The next topic is meteorology, or the phenomena of the atmosphere, including climate, which has always been, we should say, the subject of predilection with Humboldt, nor perhaps has he done anything so likely to perpetuate his fame as the construction of isothermal lines, and his subsequent researches on their modifications and inflections, including the influence of season and of height. In such processes of first generalization of isolated facts, so as to obtain empirical laws, we find the undoubted *forte* of this distinguished traveller; and the patience and skill with which he has endeavoured to raise meteorology to the position of an exact science are deserving of all praise. There is, however, little in this part of the volume (pp. 332—362) not already well known to readers of his former writings.

Finally, the picture of the physical world is completed by a glance at the wonders of organic life. Animal life, says Humboldt, characterizes the ocean; vegetables, the land; nor could he better illustrate this fact than by a curious extract from Ehren-

* With reference to the rise of the coast of Sweden, it seems to us that our author's too marked partiality for everything done by an eminent friend, has led him in Note 20, p. 473, to treat Playfair's prior and admirable expositions of the phenomena (in the Huttonian Theory, Art. 391, &c.) as being no real anticipation. He so treats them because they were 'entirely unknown to our great geognost' (Von Buch), and have exercised no influence on the progress of Physical Geography.' The first of these assertions may be correct, but we respectfully demur to the second.

berg, giving the latest results of his successful and brilliant career of discovery :—

‘ There not only exists an invisibly minute, microscopic life in the vicinity of either Pole, far beyond where larger animals have ceased to exist ; but the microscopic creatures of the Southern Sea collected in the Antarctic Voyage of Sir James Ross, include an unsuspected abundance of hitherto perfectly unknown and often most beautiful structures. Even in the residuum of the melted ice which floats in rounded fragments in latitude $78^{\circ} 10'$, were discovered above fifty species of siliceous shelled Polygastria and Coscinodisks, with their green ovaries, therefore undoubtedly living and successfully contending with the extreme cold. In Erebus Bay there were drawn up with the sounding-lead from a depth of from 1242 to 1620 feet, not less than 68 siliceous-shelled Polygastria and Phytolitharia, and amongst them a single calcareous-shelled Polythalamia.’—*Kosmos*, pp. 369, 370.

The discoveries of the German microscopist are amongst the most striking of our time. Not content with peopling the depths of even the Polar seas with myriads of living beings, he traces their remains amidst the solid rocks of our globe, where they not only *characterize* but *constitute* whole formations. We know not whether the element of fire may not one day reveal microscopic phoenixes to our astonished gaze, but the air at least is peopled with its legions, and in the dusty rain which sometimes falls in the open ocean Ehrenberg has discovered remains of eighteen polygastric animalcula (p. 373).

In the few remaining pages of the volume before us, Baron Humboldt treats of the geographical distribution of plants and animals ; he touches with caution (p. 378) on the vexed question of generation and the origin of animal organization ; and sums up with a brief notice of the natural history of man, whom he (like Dr. Pritchard) pronounces to belong (p. 379) to a single species.

In closing this volume, sufficiently complete in itself, although intended as a precursor to others, we cannot but repeat our expression of unfeigned admiration at the perseverance and research which it displays,—the generally happy selection of facts and skill in their combination, together with the ample and learned references to authorities in the notes. All this would be admirable from a person of any age, but in the work of a more than Septuagenarian it is really astonishing. It is not a musty collection of the gleanings of a life of hard reading, but bears within itself ample evidence of the freshness and even rapidity of its composition. A vast majority of the references are to works and memoirs of the last ten years, and even less. It was only in February, 1848, that our author dismissed from his hands
his

his three volumes on Central Asia, and this work appears to have been chiefly written since.

Possibly the struggle for novelty has been carried a little too far. A picture of the (so-called) natural sciences as they are, cannot be constructed solely from the annals of contemporary discovery. The book of nature is a roll extended from year to year, but of which the earlier part, though blotted and altered, is not expunged or useless. The facts of science form a diverging series, of which each term is larger than its predecessor, yet not so immeasurably so as to allow all that precede to be neglected in comparison of it. Baron Humboldt, indeed, promises a history of science in a future volume; but he seems to us to have anticipated a great deal of it in the present one. The notes contain much curious, perhaps rather too elaborate learning, on the acquirements of the ancients, and also (what is more germane to the matter) on the discoveries of the 16th and 17th centuries. But the 18th century seems to have been forgotten, and the uninformed reader would, we fear, form an undue estimate of the relative importance of contemporary discoveries, distinguished as they undoubtedly are.

But we have yet another remark, which justice requires us to make, without meaning at all to detract from the cordial expression of approbation which we have pronounced. Though our author disclaims the intention (Preface, p. xiv.) of deciding claims of priority in scientific discoveries, it would be quite impossible to avoid them in a work like the present. Now on questions of individual or of national claims, Baron Humboldt will be tried by a severer standard of impartiality than most writers. His European reputation, his European correspondence, his extensive knowledge of languages, his liberal principles, his generous temper, even the fact of his having been almost equally domiciled in two countries, speaking and writing in French and German with equal facility;—on all these accounts, more perhaps than is reasonable will be and is expected of the author of *Kosmos*, a work, the greatness of whose scheme seems to address indifferently all civilized nations, and students in all departments.

Neither France nor Germany has any right to complain of the share which Humboldt has assigned to them in the great struggle for physical discovery. But we cannot rise from the careful perusal of this elaborate work without feeling that our own country has come off second, or rather *third*, best. The physics have (it seems to us) been written for the longitude of Paris, and the geology for that of Berlin; and no one, we think, who is conversant with the scientific circles of those capitals, can fail to see that the selection of topics and
of

of authors is tinged with the unconscious prejudices of local opinion.

In saying so much (and we could not feel ourselves justified in saying less), we are far from imputing to Baron Humboldt any motive less amiable than a desire to gratify distinguished contemporaries whom a less noble-minded person might have regarded rather with jealousy than with deference. To his ancient ally, Von Buch, especially this deference seems to surpass what could reasonably be expected or wished. The whole of the geological, and some other relative parts of the work, are not merely filled with citations in flattering terms from the writings of the 'greatest geologist of our time,' but whether in matters of fact or in great theories, in trivial or important coincidences of opinion, nay, even in what is pointedly omitted or gently allowed to subside into neglect, the geological reader traces so exact a transcript of the well-known and *stereotyped* opinions of Von Buch, that he feels as if our author had forgotten his individuality of opinion in the anxious desire to applaud and flatter his friend.* Agreeing as we do entirely in a great many of these views, and entertaining indeed an exalted opinion of the sagacity acquired by the great Prussian geologist during a life spent with nature, and now on the verge of fourscore, we are far from wishing Humboldt's doctrines to have been different; we only wish that we had had a more impartial picture of his own convictions, and that a little more notice had been taken of contemporary, even if less distinguished labourers. If we recollect what has been done in England for modern geology—what is imperishably inscribed in the history of the science by its nomenclature—the members, deceased and alive, of the Geological Society of London might have reasonably expected to fill a more prominent place in the scientific history of the last forty years. Why is it that uneuphonious local names attached to certain rocky beds by an obscure mineral surveyor in England, and by his more cultivated successors, have become household words in every language of Europe?—Clunch clay and Kimmeridge clay, Portland stone and Coral Rag, and more lately Silurian and Devonian rocks—are terms known from the banks of the Wolga to those of the St. Lawrence, from Newfoundland to Patagonia, from Norway to New Holland; and even our fastidious neighbours in Europe have been constrained to Gallicise these barbarous terms. It is all well to signalise

* We have been disagreeably struck with the complimentary epithets which Baron Humboldt lavishes so indiscriminately upon the authors whom he cites, especially upon his countrymen. These possibly regard them in no other light than they would the conventional 'hochwohlgeboren' of German correspondents. But the thing conveys to an Englishman a different impression.

Hooke (as we have seen, page 185 of this article) as having been the first to perceive the possibility of the chronological identification of strata by fossils, but it cannot justify the defect of impartiality in the recent history. We have even remarked that throughout this volume our author is curious in his researches into the *early* history of English science—witness his allusion to Hooke (*Kosmos*, p. 466)—to Gilbert's proposal to determine latitude by magnetic dip (p. 429)—to Bacon on the form of continents (p. 307)—Childrey's first description of the zodiacal light (p. 409)—and Halley on the Cosmical origin of aërolites (p. 125); but this does not at all console us—but the reverse—for the sparing allusions to the *great steps* made in Great Britain in the modern branches of science. It is not enough that English books are cited as mere authorities for a fact, as Dr. Buckland's 'Bridgewater Treatise' is not unfrequently. We miss the recognition of the place which our geologists are entitled to hold in the history of science, which was never so conspicuous as within the recollection of those now alive.

We have alluded to geology in particular, because the defect is striking, and because the subject is generally understood in this country. Perhaps in some other branches of science the deficiency is even more striking; but we do not choose to dwell upon a topic at once disagreeable and invidious; and we are very willing to conclude with an admission highly creditable to Baron Humboldt. We perceive no trace of personal ill-will or jealousy in any part of the book or its citations. In the part where our author has allowed most scope to his unbiassed and best informed judgment, there it is most impartial and most comprehensive. Distinguished as a traveller, he might have had some temptation to withhold or attenuate the praises which our British scientific navigators and explorers have so peculiarly merited. But it is exactly the reverse: the praises of Burnes, of Darwin, of Franklin, Beechey, and Ross, are amongst the most cordial in the book. Where our author could draw most on his own stores of knowledge, and was least subjected to the influence of less high-minded friends, there his native generosity is best shown.

ART. VII.—*History of the House of Commons from the Convention Parliament of 1688-9 to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832.* By W. Charles Townsend, Esq., A.M., Recorder of Macclesfield. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1843.

WE have here a collection of biographical notices of all the Speakers who have presided during the hundred and forty-four years above defined, and of several Members of Parliament the most distinguished in that period. The selection of the latter has not been made on any very intelligible system; but much useful and curious information is scattered throughout the volumes. The life of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, is the most laboured, and will be read with interest. It removes some of the imputations which have long rested upon a statesman who was much overpraised during his official life, and has since been unjustly disparaged: yet it leaves his character a mass of strange contradictions. An old Whig of Republican origin, at the head of the Tory ministry; a Presbyterian, deriving strength from his supposed devotion to the Church; a lover of letters and the liberal arts—the good-humoured associate of literary men in their leisure hours—so reserved and mysterious with all men in affairs of importance, as to repel attachment and confidence; the minister who felt that he owed everything to the partiality of a wayward sovereign, yet appears to have forgotten all the respect to which she was entitled; condemned by his position to manage the feelings of a ‘royal prude,’ and performing that most difficult task with success, though he occasionally entered her presence affected with liquor.

Mr. Townsend’s judgment on public characters appears to be in general candid and dispassionate: we may wish that a greater number of parliamentary leaders had been introduced: nor can we think his apology for stopping so very short of our own times entirely satisfactory. The great majority of those whom he delineates are members of his own profession; and in Westminster Hall an opinion will probably prevail that he does not exemplify the old proverbial remark which he says has been frequently made in the House of Commons. ‘Touch a lawyer,’ said Edmund Waller, ‘and all the lawyers will squeak;’ but if the same description cannot be given of this catalogue as that applied to Gilbert Burnet’s ‘History of His Own Times’—

‘Political Anatomy—
A case of skeletons well done,
And malefactors every one;’

yet his legal portraits are frequently by no means flattering.
Some

Some who richly deserve the name are unsparingly shown up : but others, on whose merits a reasonable *esprit de corps* might have dilated with pride and satisfaction, are not placed in relief with the lustre which fairly belongs to them.

For instance, we may be puzzled to discover why the respectable Recorder of Macclesfield should designate the Lord Chief Justice Holt as one of the ' *Dii minorum gentium*.' He, indeed, admits his name to be the greatest among these inferior deities, and that beyond comparison ; a distinction likely enough to be disputed by the admirers of Lord Mansfield, if conferred on Holt merely as a judge—and which becomes still more questionable when the great success of that learned Lord as a parliamentary leader in both Houses is remembered ;—but we find no reason (except from the accident of his not having held the highest office in the law, nor filled the chair of the House of Commons) for placing Holt in a lower class than Maynard, Lechmere, Baron Price, or even Sir Joseph Jekyll, who occupies the lowest rank among his ' *Dii majores*.' Mr. Townsend very properly rejects, and completely refutes a vulgar story of Holt having used coarse and offensive language to the Speaker of the House of Commons ; yet he whimsically rakes up another equally coarse anecdote of the same description not worth preserving, if true, and much more likely to be a stupid invention. But the fame of a judge must rest on his judicial conduct. With that of Holt we are peculiarly well acquainted ; for his decisions, which have been handed down to posterity by a more numerous body of reporters than those of any other judge, have ever held the highest authority in our courts. Mr. Townsend justly calls his judgment in the case of *Ashby v. White* a ' noble judgment,' and gives a very short extract from it. On this important question the Chief Justice had the misfortune to differ from his three colleagues in court—a misfortune which he felt severely, as, by those who are imbued with the true judicial spirit, it always must be felt, though sometimes unavoidable. He was also constrained to differ from the recorded vote of the House of Commons, who considered his views as inconsistent with their privileges, and had often and recently visited such expressions of dissent with their vengeance. In the opinion, however, which he conscientiously believed to be true Holt persisted, and ultimately had the satisfaction of seeing it adopted by a majority of the whole body of the judges, and by the House of Lords. We have thus all the assurance that authority can give that he was not blinded by any personal motive,—the puerile love of popularity, or a vulgar itch for braving a dignified assembly : that he did not per-

vert the law, but on the contrary saved it from perversion in its hour of peril, and by his resistance, long his sole resistance, defeated the attempt to set up an arbitrary power in England.

It may be thought that his character could afford to lose whatever a few trivial stories might detract from it. Perhaps so. But truth is not without its value. Human reputation 'in broad rumour lies,' and hundreds form their judgment from tales that pass current for one that weighs the real merits of the man. The story of Holt's insulting the Speaker had become, by dint of often telling, generally believed. Mr. Townsend styles it *apocryphal*, and demonstrates its falsehood. Wherefore, then, repeat it again? The other story rests on no better authority. But here also Holt may best defend himself; for the able and learned judgment referred to, and another growing from the same transaction, mark the gentleman and the scholar as well as the lawyer; a vein of simple and touching eloquence runs through them wholly inconsistent with the coarse dulness imputed.

Another Chief Justice—the late Lord Ellenborough—has likewise encountered the censure of this historian. The learned lord applied the following remarks to that vote of the Convention Parliament which consigned Sir Francis Pemberton and Sir Thomas Jones to Newgate:—

'It is surprising, upon looking at the record in that case (an action against the Serjeant-at-arms for false imprisonment), how a judge should have been questioned and committed to prison by the House of Commons for having given a judgment which no judge who ever sat in this place could differ from. . . . It was after the Revolution, which makes such a commitment for such a crime a little alarming. It must be recollected, that Lord Chief Justice Pemberton stood under the disadvantage, at that period, of having been one of the judges who sat on the trial of Lord Russell, and therefore did not stand high in popularity after the Revolution, when the judgment and attainder in that case had been recently reversed by Parliament. I would not, however, have it for a moment supposed that I cast the least reflection upon Lord Chief Justice Pemberton for his conduct in Court upon that trial. He was a man of eminent learning; and being no favourite of either party at that time (for he was shortly after that trial removed from his situation), was probably an honest man. Nor can I find any fault for his direction in matter of law upon that trial.'*

And the Attorney-General having described Pemberton, with reference to his examination before the House of Commons, as one of the boldest judges who ever spoke, Lord Ellenborough observed, that

* The same opinion is expressed by Mr. Phillips in his valuable work respecting the State Trials, and was probably entertained by the government which removed Pemberton from his office immediately after.

'Holt was still a bolder judge; for when he was summoned before a committee of the House of Commons, appointed to hear and report his reasons for his judgment in the Banbury case, he said that "if the record were removed before the Lords by Error, so that it came judicially before them, he would give his reasons very willingly, but he would not be questioned for the reasons of his judgment in that manner." This happened within a few years after the proceeding against Lord Chief Justice Pemberton, which no doubt Lord Holt had then in his contemplation.'—*Burdett v. Abbott*.

On which Mr. Townsend is pleased to observe, speaking of the Convention Parliament, that 'their treatment of the judges who presided over the legal iniquities of the two preceding reigns has been severely censured, with more severity, perhaps, than the very peculiar occasion called for.'—vol. ii. p. 155.

Now we conceive that no occasion can furnish an excuse for manifest injustice, and that the only question here is, whether Lord Ellenborough's view of their treatment of the judges be correct. Mr. Townsend adopts the same view, informing us that 'Sir Francis Pemberton's defence of his own judgment must undeniably be deemed a sound exposition of the law.' Why, then, is he classed with 'the judges who presided over legal iniquities?' And is there any severity of censure in alleging, that the vote which condemned him to Newgate for rendering a just judgment was calculated to excite both surprise and a little alarm in the mind of one of his successors?

The fact is, that the Convention Parliament is a decided favourite with this author: it may be styled his hero, as the Long Parliament has been styled the hero of Mrs. Catherine Macaulay's History. In his table of contents he observes that the Convention Parliament 'used their spiriting gently,' which phrase he thinks so appropriate that he repeats it in his text. He justifies the encomium by a negative kind of praise, which, dexterously employed, might shed a mild lustre over the names of Domitian or Nero,—by enumerating various outrages and excesses which they did *not* commit. They excepted but twenty-six persons from their Act of Indemnity; they directed few prosecutions; they did not 'dabble in blood;' they even negatived a motion to hang 'two of the judges, according to the notable example of the head justice who was executed at Tyburn in Richard II.'s time, for a general example, at Westminster Hall gate.' He thinks that judges and crown lawyers might have been more hardly dealt with than they actually were, and for serious transgressions. 'The chief miscreant,' says Mr. Townsend, rising here into eloquence, 'Jeffries himself, ensanguined as in a scarlet robe, lay at their mercy in the Tower;
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within their own walls sat Sawyer, and Williams, and Finch, the persecutors to death of Armstrong and Sidney—the blatant revilers of the bishops.’—(*Ib.* 157.)

No right-minded man can wish to depreciate the great merits and services of the Convention Parliament, which was not, however, a club belonging exclusively to one party, gaining the upper hand by violence, and laying all adversaries low, but a union of all the parties in the state, which, while driven to resistance by the enormities of the late reign, were still earnestly bent on the noble task of erecting a new government by law, by a judicious balancing of the feelings, opinions, and interests of all.

The apology for the illegal severity into which the Commons were betrayed against two high functionaries who did their duty, attempted to be drawn from their forbearance and lenity towards others who had grossly violated theirs, cannot be admitted for a moment. Sir Francis Pemberton could derive no consolation in his cell in Newgate from knowing that Herbert, Wythens, and Williams, escaped the punishment due to their misconduct: such unjust partiality would rather aggravate his sense of the wrong he endured. With submission to Mr. Townsend, we think that Lord Ellenborough might naturally object to the precedent. Nothing is less acceptable to minds accustomed to any rational theory of crimes and punishments, than that species of mob-justice which, failing to secure Cinna the conspirator, is content to hang Cinna the poet; or the politic determination of the puritanical colony to hang an ‘old weaver who was bedrid,’ as an atonement for the preaching cobbler’s offence, whom they could not spare from among them. It is to be lamented that the lawyers who sat in that parliament either wanted the courage to resist this illegal vote, or the influence that should have dissuaded the majority from adopting it. *They*, at least, well knew that the punishment was an outrage upon justice, and the conduct praiseworthy which was treated as criminal. It is always a thing to be lamented when the historian stoops to palliate acts of wilful oppression. Fox justly reproaches Huine for withdrawing one strong check from the minds of princes by extenuating their faults; and experience proves that popular assemblies stand at least as much in need of all the restraints which a dread of censure and shame can impose.

Few persons will have taken up these volumes without the expectation of finding some allusion at least to those questions on the nature and extent of parliamentary privilege which have lately occupied attention. The period of the title-page does not indeed embrace them, as they began to be agitated since the passing of
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the Reform Act: but the history, in many of its branches, begins before 1688, and some particulars are brought down lower than 1832. In running over the table of contents at the head of the first volume, our eye rested on the phrase, 'This last feather in the plume of Privilege is at length torn away.' In the text the same last feather is said to have been 'remorselessly' torn away—a startling announcement at this day, when Privilege has been asserting its claims in the loudest and most commanding tones: but, on a more attentive perusal, the meaning of the word will appear to be here confined to the transmission of letters free of postage—an exemption not, as we think, remorselessly torn away, but gracefully surrendered to the popular anxiety for the full trial of a great financial experiment.

The more general subject is however touched in various passages of the work, and it yields to none in importance. Recent events induce us to enlarge once more on this great and interesting subject, *Privilege of Parliament*.

We hold its very name in reverence. We regard it as representing the influence legitimately exercised by public opinion over national affairs. It is the instrument by which the great body of the people interposes in the government, strengthening power when beneficially exercised by the most effective sanction, deterring from oppression by remonstrance beforehand, or chastisement inflicted after the fact, and seeking an appropriate remedy for every evil that may have crept into the State, or may menace the general welfare. From the hour when the first parliament sate, under whatever title, the consciousness of its own value, as securing these great purposes without violence, must have been present to the minds of some of its members. The first efforts would be coarse, rude, and inconsistent; rendered feeble and defective by the vast disparity between individuals who took a leading part and the mighty powers which they dared to control or question: but the principle was alive and active.

Without *freedom of debate*, Parliament could perform no part of its duty. Lord Coke, in his quaint language, calls this fundamental privilege 'the quintessence of the four essences': whether it was or was not first formally claimed in the Speaker's address to the Throne on the accession of Henry the Fourth, it was an inseparable attribute of the House of Commons. The rebukes and penalties that followed its exercise prove its existence. Though Sir Peter de la Marr suffered close imprisonment for his reflections upon Alice Pierce, the royal favourite, and the unfortunate clerk, Sir Thomas Haxy, was even condemned to die the death of a traitor for introducing a bill to restrain the extravagance of
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Richard the Second's household, these things show that the expenses and even the personal conduct of the king were in the fourteenth century made the subject of attack in the House of Commons. The noble name of Wentworth can boast that those who bore it in the reigns both of Tudors and Stuarts had the honour of suffering persecution for the freedom with which they canvassed affairs of state within the walls of Parliament; the illustrious Selden and his compeers were sent to the Tower, after the session, for their proceedings in the House; the courts of law, corruptly obsequious, recognised the power of commitment for such offences, at the king's pleasure; and Sir John Elliott, the ancestor of the Earl of St. Germans, fell a martyr in prison to this unjust sentence. But the offences were committed, were repeated, were avowed as meritorious, or rather vindicated as necessary for the discharge of duty. The privilege stands recorded in the Petition of Right; it is secured and enforced by the Bill of Rights: not created by those venerable statutes, but declared as that without which our free constitution existed but in name. This *privilege was the law of the land*: the judges who denied it betrayed and disgraced the law which they ought to have administered. The outrage thus committed in its name against the freedom of parliament in the times of James the First and his unfortunate son did more to estrange their loyal subjects than any other of their errors; and the mean acquiescence of the judges had the effect so feelingly described by Clarendon of uprooting the last hold possessed by the government on the confidence of the country.

Personal freedom from arrest must also have been of early introduction. The necessity for it might not have been foreseen; but any power of imprisoning the members may be so effectually employed to defeat the exercise of all parliamentary functions, and is so obviously capable of being abused to that end, that it must have been prevented from the first moment that the Commons felt their independence. We need not go higher than the reign of Henry the Sixth for the historical proof. The case of Thorp, Speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer, is extremely singular in all respects. Our present concern with it is only this: that when he was committed to the Fleet in execution of a judgment, the whole House petitioned the king for his release, claiming freedom from arrest as a privilege by common custom, 'time out of memory of man.' The privilege was extended to the servants of members; and persons of substance who feared to be arrested for their debts paid money to the members for this exemption, and were fraudulently enrolled

enrolled as their menials. The apparent retinue was likely to be large in proportion to its real insignificance: for the needy member was in the habit of selling his protection for a few shillings—an abuse long since swept away, as the servants' privilege has been abolished by act of parliament. That of the members is still kept alive, and is not likely to be extinguished.

The privilege of *committing for contempt* must belong to every legislative and to every judicial body. It rests on the necessity of removing obstructions—either such as create a physical difficulty of proceeding, or a moral impossibility of commanding the necessary respect—of putting down the coercion of members by popular violence, or resenting the disparagement of either house by insulting libels. The exercise of this latter privilege, powerfully vindicated by Lord Ellenborough in the judgment above cited, has nevertheless been long regarded with natural jealousy: and considering with what absolute freedom the measures of government and the acts of individuals are now daily discussed, the greatest caution and forbearance must appear to be necessary in acting on this species of contempt. The offence is in its nature doubtful, the punishment discretionary; and the judge, provoked to pass a sentence for an offence towards himself, cannot be expected to decide with an unbiassed mind. Besides, the ordinary tribunals are fully competent either to punish the libeller, where really criminal, or to give compensation to persons really injured by libel. Yet, with all these disadvantages, there may be a necessity for either house to act promptly in the repression of outrages upon decency; and the privilege admits of no dispute.

All penal visitation by either house of parliament for misdemeanors of a more general nature, as when the Long Parliament took upon itself to punish for blasphemy or heresy, we humbly conceive to be absolute departures from the line of duty prescribed to Parliament by the Constitution; nor is there the least fear (notwithstanding a long line of precedents) that we shall witness the infliction of punishment for such offences in modern times.

It is in the nature of Privilege to take a much wider range. As the great inquest of the nation, intrusted with *the right of impeachment*, the Commons must possess all necessary means for collecting information and evidence. Being bound to *exercise their judgment on all legislative measures*, they may find it necessary to institute a free inquiry into facts of every description; and as unforeseen obstacles may be wilfully thrown in their way, which they must have the power to remove, there may be no possibility of precisely defining beforehand the precise means by which the exercise of their power may be defeated. In this sense, therefore,

therefore, the House may be truly said to be the sole judges of breaches of privilege. For example: an assault is an offence at law, and may be punished in the courts, and is, generally speaking, no breach of privilege: but an assault accompanied with imprisonment, to prevent the attendance of a witness before a Committee, or an assault upon a witness by a party affected by his evidence, may obviously fall within that description, and the offender be properly chastised for breach of privilege.

The distinction between the right to punish for an invasion of known privilege, and the right to define privilege, seems too clear to stand in need of any proof. Yet it should seem that these two intelligible propositions have been confounded. Among the privileges of parliament, the privilege of declaring absolutely and exclusively what those privileges are, has been of late prominently and authoritatively claimed. Let us reflect on the nature of this claim, and consider what reception it could have expected at the hands of a Plantagenet or a Tudor, if Mr. Speaker, when presented for the approval of the sovereign, had asserted it as the inherent right of his faithful Commons. What would have been the surprise excited! Most likely some explanation would have been called for; and, if given in the unlimited sense to which it has been expanded in later times, as involving the right of disposing at their pleasure of the rights of individuals, without check or control from the king's courts, or any authority known to the laws—those courts and those laws to which the king never denied that he himself must yield obedience—a most animated scene of some kind could hardly have failed to be presented. The bold extravagance of the demand, its monstrous incongruity with the principles and the forms interwoven with the very idea of a parliament, and with the means of enforcing it, might have sunk all feelings of indignation in surprise and ridicule. The monarch might have stormed; or he might more prudently have undertaken the defence of popular rights, and reminded the delegates of the people that they were sent to deliberate on the granting of supplies and the redress of grievances, on the enactment of new laws, or the repeal of old ones, in concert with the king and the lords—but that neither king, nor lords, nor commons, had a right, in the name of privilege, or in any other name, to exercise a power superior to law! The third monarch of the Stuart race was supposed to have met such a claim with no unseasonable pleasantry. When the Commons went up with an address so worded that it could be fairly translated into the doggrel—

‘With all humility we crave,
That you, our king, should be our slave.’

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—his Majesty's most gracious answer was well couched in the familiar couplet, supposed to be pronounced by his commissioners:—

‘ Our lord, the king, having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.’

But a dialogue of this kind between the King and the Speaker cannot be even imagined as occurring since the period of the Revolution. The framers of the Bill of Rights cannot be conceived to have said—‘ We have overthrown a government which exercised a power of dispensing with the laws, and we mean to substitute a House of Commons which shall be free to do anything under the name of privilege: we insist upon being governed by the laws, but we reserve the right of superseding them, and lodge it in the privileged hands of ourselves and our successors.’ Henry the Eighth's parliament, which gave his proclamation the force of law, though guilty of a treacherous abandonment of its high trust, did not enunciate a palpable absurdity; but the language of our hypothesis is neither more nor less than a contradiction in terms. Whether kings or parliaments bear sway, the dominion of ‘*jus incognitum et vagum*’ is ‘*misera servitus*’—a yoke which no English elector ever thought he enabled the representative for whom he voted to bind upon the neck of himself and his posterity.

Yet truth compels the acknowledgment that the ultra doctrines of privilege have sometimes been taught by such authorities, that it would have been wonderful if they had not been received as true by those to whom they ascribed such mighty powers. Neither of the Jameses and neither of the Charleses was soothed by flatterers into a belief of their own divine right by words more submissive and servile than those often employed by the venerable guardians of the law respecting the uncontrollable nature and unfathomable height and depth of privilege. Such was Lord Coke, atoning in his old age, when he had put off the ermine and become a parliamentary leader, for too much deference paid by him when on the bench to the prerogative royal. His 4th Institute, left incomplete, and not published till after his death, echoed the mysterious responses of former judges when they declined, undoubtedly from prudential motives, to deal with a subject so far transcending judicial faculties; and they have been in later times repeated, even after Holt's masterly reasoning had demonstrated their inconsistency with the law and constitution of England. But that reasoning has been admitted, and its principles have been fully borne out by later judges who have been required to examine them judicially, among whom we would principally name

name Lords Kenyon and Ellenborough,* whose adoption of them was distinctly proclaimed, even when they were acknowledging the legal validity of privilege up to a certain point.

Unless this unlimited power exists—if the privileges of parliament are subject to any degree of limitation—the nature and extent of that limitation must unavoidably be brought into question before the courts of justice, when the rights of litigant parties depend upon it. He who shelters himself for an act which would be illegal if not sanctioned by privilege, can make out his defence by no other means than by showing that it is so sanctioned. In cases of arrest in former times, this proof was given by the writ of privilege; the validity or invalidity of which must then be discussed and decided on such party's application. It is the privileged defendant, not the unprivileged plaintiff, who exposes the claim to hazard. We are well aware of the inconvenience and the scandal arising from the avowal of opposite opinions by one of the estates of the realm, which must concur in making laws, and by any court of justice which is charged to administer them when made: but the same would have arisen—the same at least in its nature, though perhaps different in degree—if the judges had done their duty, and liberated the members imprisoned by a royal mandate, or had declared Charles the First's attempt to impose a tax unlawful. And the scandal and inconvenience are to be avoided, not by a sacrifice of conscientious conviction on either side, but by an earnest inquiry after the true principle, and as firm a resolution to abide by it when ascertained.

On a recent occasion, the printer employed by the House of Commons justified his publication of a libel to the injury of an individual, by the supposed privilege of that House to publish for sale such defamatory papers. Informed of this action, the House came to a resolution that it actually enjoyed the power so drawn into dispute. This resolution was unanimously pronounced inoperative by all the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, who thought with Lord Holt, that if such a privilege existed, it would protect the printer, though not declared by the House; and if it did not exist, that their declaration could not create it. To contend for a power which they did not possess, would have been an assertion by the Commons of 'the right divine to govern wrong;' and for the Court to take the law from any extraneous authority, against their own conviction, would have been a betrayal of the plainest duty.

The fate of the action, therefore, between the contending

* The former in *R. v. Wright*, 8 Term Rep.; the latter in *Burdett v. Abbott*, 14 East's Reports.

parties depended entirely upon the validity of this claim of privilege. The argument in support of it was maintained with great learning and distinguished ability. The Court, however, thought that the proposition was not established; that the sale of innocuous papers to any extent proved nothing on the point—and that the acquiescence of parties accused in parliamentary Reports, if properly considered, proved very little. They were of opinion that the votes of the Long Parliament, preceding, or rather indeed announcing, the outbreak of a civil war between the king and the parliament, were no safe guides to a determination of the legal rights possessed by those great contending authorities: they found, in one of their law-books of the greatest weight, the distinction expressly taken between publication to the world at large and printing for the use of the members: they found that attempts had actually been made in the House of Commons to permit the publication of its votes and proceedings, and were negatived. Their judgment, though disapproved by the House, was no otherwise questioned than by committing the attorney who sued it out, and the unfortunate sheriffs, who were bound by their official duty to carry it into execution. No writ of error was brought; ‘transiit in rem judicatam.’ Two propositions were thus established: first, that the House of Commons has NOT the uncontrollable power of declaring its own privileges; secondly, that it does not possess *the* privilege which it asserted upon that occasion.

Another action was brought by the plaintiff's attorney against the serjeant-at-arms for trespass, in breaking and entering his house and disquieting his family. The serjeant pleaded the warrant of the House of Commons; but the plaintiff replied, that the trespass had exceeded the command contained in the warrant. The jury found this fact for the plaintiff, and accordingly awarded damages, which were paid. In all this matter the House abstained from any interference. Yet, if judicial dicta could make a law at variance with the first principles of a free constitution, a judge no less eminent than Sir William Blackstone had expressly laid it down from the bench that the courts could neither inquire into the validity of the Speaker's warrant, nor into the correctness of its execution by an inferior officer.

The same plaintiff proceeded against the same defendant for a similar trespass in execution of another warrant issued by the Speaker. By a singular infelicity, this warrant itself was so drawn up as to make its legality doubtful, and three of the judges felt themselves constrained to pronounce it illegal. The House of Commons, entertaining the contrary opinion, has directed a discussion of this very subordinate point in a court of error. This

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is the unexceptionable mode of questioning a judgment from which any party interested may dissent ; and on the pending suit we abstain from remarking. However it may be determined, the important propositions above alluded to are left unquestioned.

Let it not be forgotten, that while these proceedings were going forward, the sheriffs, who had been committed to close custody for executing the writ placed in their hands, applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for liberation from an imprisonment which they deemed illegal ; and this application was refused by the Court. The ground of the refusal was, not that the Court thought the imprisonment warranted by the facts which had notoriously caused it—for they were known to hold the contrary opinion ; but that they thought they had no power to inquire into those particulars, inasmuch as the serjeant-at-arms had returned, by way of answer to the writ of Habeas Corpus, that the House of Commons *had committed in general terms for a contempt not specified in the warrant.* The recognition of this fearful power may surely relieve the judges from the suspicion of ill designs towards the authority of the House of Commons ; and it were strange indeed if such a power of general commitment were not sufficient for executing all the legitimate purposes to which any of their duties may bind them.

Recent transactions have given a new stimulus to the anxiety felt upon this subject. A committee of the House of Commons, engaged in the investigation of the Poor Law, had received statements injurious to the character of a surgeon. They were printed by order of the House, and circulated at the cheap regulation price. The surgeon does not appear to have had any opportunity of defending himself before the Committee, or to have known of the imputations cast upon him before this publication of them. Whether they were true or not, those who had only heard them *ex parte* could not possibly know : the person who suffered from them declared them utterly false, and took the proper means for his own vindication by bringing an action for slander. The defendant, if a trial had ensued, might have justified the truth of his charges to the satisfaction of the jury ; he might even have defeated the action by showing that, when summoned as a witness, he had stated to the Committee what he really believed to be true. But, instead of trusting to the merits of his case or the honesty of his motive, he preferred a petition to the House of Commons, complaining that the action had been brought ; and the House, calling before them the plaintiff and his attorney, directed Mr. Speaker to inform them that they had committed a breach of the privileges of the House, and were guilty of a contempt. They both protested their entire ignorance, till they were
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thus enlightened, that their conduct exposed them to such a censure, declared their contrition in the humblest apologies, and undertook to drop the action.

Shortly after, another petitioner respectfully apprised the House of Commons that his name had been employed without his authority in some proceeding before them inculcating third persons, and exposing him to consequences which in his opinion gave him a right of action against the person falsely representing him. He therefore requested the House to sanction his proceeding to bring such action. The permission was refused—with a distinct intimation that if he should venture to do so he would incur the penalties of a contempt.

On the 10th of July, 1845, the defendant in an action for defamation informed the House of Lords by petition, that the words for which he was sued were a part of his evidence given before the Committee appointed by that House to inquire into the law of gaming. After a delay of two or three days, in the course of which a committee sat to search for precedents, the House of Lords adopted the same course which the Commons had pursued;—reprimanded the plaintiff and his attorney for their contempt and breach of privilege—and compelled them, by similar threats of their lordships' high displeasure, to undertake that the action should be immediately discontinued.

Without being extremely nervous in the apprehension of danger to the constitution, we cannot help feeling surprise—we might even add, in the language of Lord Ellenborough, some little alarm, when we consider these votes of both houses of parliament. In the first place, we are wholly at a loss to conceive where the contempt lies; what offence or slight is offered by the supposition that a false statement may possibly have been laid before a committee by a malicious or interested witness. No committee nor any court pretends to guarantee the veracity of those who bring information before it; but if the information be false we should have presumed that they would be the first to promote its detection and exposure. Witnesses are protected *cundo, morando, redeundo*; not *calumniando, mentiando, pejerando*. If, besides being deceived themselves, the House of Commons have had the misfortune innocently to deceive others by publishing false charges, a strong additional motive appears for their aiding in the correction of so lamentable an evil. If the information be true, its truth alone will relieve the defendant from the groundless action.

But why, it was asked, must the witness be harassed at all by an action? The implied argument proves a great deal too much: it assumes the right to prevent all unfounded actions, and the power

power to determine, in the first instance, and on *ex parte* allegations, that a specific action is unfounded. The legal tribunals are the authorities appointed by the constitution to execute this high trust. They are not, indeed, infallible; but they are the best that society has been able to frame for its own protection, and with them on the whole it is well satisfied. No reason can be devised for believing that an injury committed in the course of a parliamentary inquiry invests either house of parliament with any keener perception of truth, or any better means of discovering it: while both are avowedly incompetent to award compensation for injury. The same answer will dispose of another argument which appears to have been urged as a reason for passing these votes:—‘As we compel the witness to give his evidence, we cannot permit any one to sue him for giving it’—and it has become a habit to talk of ‘*our* witness.’ The compulsion to attend and give evidence, whether by virtue of the Speaker’s warrant or of the ordinary writ of subpoena, requires nothing of the witness but to state what he truly knows—not to give the particular evidence, least of all, *false* evidence from malicious motives. *This* is what the plaintiff ascribes to the defendant, and by bringing the action obliges himself to prove at the trial.

In the mean time it is evidently possible that a grievous wrong has been inflicted, heavy loss incurred—that the slanderer may be actually deriving pecuniary benefit from the ruin brought upon the slandered. To whatever extent all these facts may exist, the sufferer, whose action is suppressed, is deprived of all redress, and treated as criminal for seeking it by legal means. It is not the anomaly sometimes exhibited, a right without a remedy; but, where the law recognises the right and supplies the remedy, Privilege threatens to crush with his iron mace the injured suppliant for justice.

These arguments appear to us as complete and unanswerable as they are clear and simple. And here we are not aware that any distinction has been drawn between either House of Parliament and an ordinary tribunal. Bearing false witness before any Court is an obvious contempt of that Court, as well as an offence of a deeper dye. But that contempt must be committed with perfect impunity, if the practice lately adopted should be established—for Courts have no instinctive power of discovering when evidence is false; that can only be expected as a fruit of the scrutiny to which it is subjected by some person sustaining injury from the falsehood. The endeavour to expose it may be no offence whatever, but a meritorious public service, according to the result of an official inquiry. But even if it fail, there is no shadow of contempt of the Court; for no kind of disrespect is implied by it, nor any obstruction

obstruction offered by it to the proceeding in which the falsehood is supposed to have been uttered. Others may possibly be deterred by the fear of an action from giving false evidence;—but this is no evil: the salutary fear which is found by experience to be the best security for truth is one of the greatest benefits conferred and intended by a system of laws.

On a calm consideration of this matter, we conceive that if any member of Parliament were now to propose a legislative measure, enacting that no person should be sued for information given to a committee, though such information were false and malicious, no power or influence could be successful in carrying such a measure through. If, on the other hand, it be a clear and acknowledged privilege, so uniformly exercised as to be placed beyond question, a privilege it must remain, like some others sanctioned by custom and practice, though in themselves not to be defended. But such exercise is not to be taken as establishing such practice, from a few occasional votes, if at variance with the first principles of justice, and in truth of no value for enabling the House to perform its functions. Sir S. Romilly disposes of such proofs in a summary but conclusive sentence:—

‘Instances, indeed, were produced where the House had exercised the power of imprisoning for libels on their past proceedings; but they were few, and mostly in very bad times. One case was that of Arthur Hall, in Queen Elizabeth’s reign (in 1580), who, on a complicated charge of publishing a libel on some members, and for disobedience to the summons of the House, was fined, imprisoned for a time certain, and till he should retract his book, and besides expelled; and of this case Hatsell observes, that it is the only instance he had found, previous to the Long Parliament, of proceeding on a complaint of publications derogatory to the honour of the House (1 Hatsell, 127). Other instances, indeed, were produced; but really instances of extraordinary powers exerted and submitted to cannot in such a case make law. If they could, the two Houses of Parliament would have a right to punish by pillory and other ignominious punishments, and by sentence to hard labour for life; *for such punishments have been inflicted by the Houses.*’

Such punishments have also been inflicted by the Courts at the dictation of the Crown: they have, however, not been adopted as precedents which the law can respect, but condemned as outrages never to be repeated.

Stopping actions by menace is not a new attempt. Like many other things done in the name of Privilege, the practice had been resorted to, with success in the particular instances, but appeared to have been tacitly relinquished. Thus the Commons denied the jurisdiction of the Lords to try appeals in equity suits: and during two sessions (both brought to an untimely end by the dispute) threatened parties, counsel, and attorneys with their high displeasure.

pleasure. At length they gave up the point. The delay in deciding these particular cases was probably the cause of no little expense and vexation to both parties. Whether Fagg or Shirley ultimately prevailed we know not. If the former succeeded in reversing the judgment previously obtained by his adversary, a successful attempt by a vote of the Commons to debar him from proceeding would have produced no less an injustice than that of handing over the property of one man to another who had no right to it.

In the case of *Ashby v. White*, before noticed, the House of Commons endeavoured to defeat a clear right of action by the interference of Privilege. An elector sued the returning officer for rejecting his vote. The Court of Queen's Bench, overruling Lord Chief Justice Holt, held that the action could not be maintained, because the question raised in it could be tried in the House of Commons only. This judgment was brought by Writ of Error into the House of Lords, who, under the advice of a majority of the twelve judges, reversed that judgment, held that the action will lay, and awarded execution to the plaintiff for his damages and costs. The House of Commons declared its privileges invaded, and made war in the usual style on parties, counsel, and solicitors. The execution was levied notwithstanding. If Privilege had triumphed, that triumph would have been achieved over one of the dearest rights of the subject.

The imprisoned parties sued out writs of habeas corpus, and applied to the Court for their discharge. The Court (dissentiente Holt, Chief Justice) pronounced their imprisonment legal under the Speaker's warrant, and remanded them to custody. On this judgment of remand they sued out their writ of error to the Lords. The Commons first tried to stop this proceeding by Law, and afterwards by Privilege. The legal point they made was a doubt whether such writ of error lay: the Judges unanimously declared that it lay. The Commons then addressed to the Queen a prayer that she would be graciously pleased to decline issuing the writ of error. The Judges, by a majority of ten to two, declared that her Majesty had no power to refuse it. The Lords therefore had possession of this process, in which the issue to be tried was, whether a vote of the Commons would make it criminal for one of the Queen's subjects to question, by due course of law, an erroneous judgment depriving him of his personal liberty.

Privilege still maintained the contest—not, as before, to the discomfiture of the *parties*, for these were already well secured in Newgate, and the Honourable House did not follow former precedents, when offenders were heavily fined, or pilloried, or led by the hangman through the streets of London riding on
a horse

a horse backwards. These aggravations might have ensued if the prisoners had contumaciously persisted in their efforts for liberation. But the counsel and attornies who should dare to plead the cause of personal freedom were not only menaced with violence, but hunted down. The Crown let the curtain fall on the scandalous scene, and by a prorogation rescued *Privilege* from further defeat and disgrace. Lest this narrative should be thought overcharged, and doubts raised how far the law may be so clear as it is here stated to be, we must add, that the right to sue a returning officer for the improper rejection of a vote at an election is placed beyond the reach of cavil, not only by subsequent decisions, but by the House of Commons itself, which, in concurrence with the Crown and the Lords, fully admitted that right, by passing an act which provided a specific remedy for its violation.

The regret that may be excited by the late proceedings of both Houses admits of some consolation. The vote of the House of Lords for stifling the action to which we have adverted was attacked by Lord Brougham in a short speech, but one of the keenest and ablest ever delivered by him. The division was followed by his Protest, which sums up all the reasoning, and brings the matter to a crisis. If the views which we have laid before our readers are correct, they are here stated in the most clear and forcible manner: if wrong, we are most desirous of seeing them met and refuted by that calm and deliberate discussion afforded by a more convenient season.

We shall select two or three salient points.

It seems clear that the object for which such great force is exerted—the stifling of the action brought—cannot be secured by it. John a' Noakes the party, and Thomas a' Stiles his attorney, may be deterred by threats from proceeding with the action; but you will make another Philip—a second John and a different Thomas will be found, possibly encouraged and stimulated by the pride of contending with so powerful an antagonist; as Paty and his brother electors brought their actions against the bailiffs of Aylesbury in the very same form which had been voted a breach of privilege when instituted by Ashby. Nay, the vote cannot operate directly even on the first action, which, after Parliament is dissolved, or while it is prorogued, may be carried on:—‘Because,’ says Lord Brougham in his Protest, ‘the order to prevent a defendant from pleading, or the commitment of the plaintiff for a constructive contempt, never can really stop the action, which may proceed through all its stages, whatever may be done to the parties: unless indeed the greater and unheard of violence were committed of arresting the judges and their officers,

and destroying the record, and tearing the proceedings from the file.'

Perhaps even that might not do. On proof that the proceedings had been conducted to a certain point, the mere destruction of the paper and parchment could not bar the party's right to carry on the cause; and, after a certain length of incarceration, the judges and officers must resume their seats. Even if the judges should be expelled from their office by an address unanimously voted in both Houses, and replaced by others, *the action must proceed*—if either party require it. The new functionaries, appointed probably on the speculation that they would be more obsequious than their predecessors, could only show their compliance by adjudicating in conformity to the law as laid down in the resolutions of the House: but, far from stopping the action, this would most likely send it forward to a Court of Error, where the law would be laid down by other judges, and would again be liable to question in the House of Lords. How strange would be the position of that illustrious assembly if they should find themselves compelled, as a court of *dernier ressort*, to deny the Privilege, on the assumed validity of which they had in the first instance voted that the action should be discontinued and all inquiry into the merits stifled! What a story would the journals present to admiring posterity!—the first vote being that the plaintiff was one of the worst of men, and the defendant the very best—the former proved a villain by his malignity in suing the latter,—and the last vote the affirmance of a judgment which entitled the villain to large damages against the true man, and an award of execution for that amount and his costs.

The want of power to protect the witness from legal proceedings is forcibly displayed by Lord Brougham:—

'No man pretends to deny, or even affects to doubt, that your protected witness, who must on no account be vexed with an action of slander, may be harassed with an indictment for perjury, presented by any one who chooses to buy sixpenny-worth of parchment, and send a bill before the grand jury at the Westminster Session-House. A witness swears before a committee of this House to certain facts, and swears falsely; though your lordships do not prosecute him, he is still liable to be prosecuted for perjury by any two individuals who heard him give his evidence, though they should be the door-keepers or any other attendants on your lordships' House. The protected witness is indicted for perjury; what is the issue upon the indictment? The truth or falsehood of the thing sworn. And what is the issue here if a justification is pleaded to the *action* for slander? The truth or falsehood of the thing sworn; the very selfsame issue; the one being a civil case, an action for damages; the other a criminal case, a prosecution for perjury.'

Criminal

Criminal Proceedings are, however, as liable to be stayed or prevented as civil actions; to the same extent and by the same means. A prosecutor might be deterred by the fear of personal suffering as easily as a plaintiff. But the public represented by the Crown is the party moving. On its complaint before the magistrate the accused is bound over to appear: if he fail, his recognizance is estreated: all the witnesses are placed in the same position. Is Privilege to enjoin the magistrate to receive no depositions, and take no recognizance—or to order the witnesses, though bound over, not to appear at the hour of trial—or to inhibit the court from estreating the recognizances? Great vigilance may find out all that is going on, and great activity may thus oppose the proceedings in every stage—if Parliament is sitting. But if the prosecution choose to carry the bill of indictment before the grand jury with *ex parte* evidence (for they can hear no other)—and the defendant pleads and takes his trial—all may be concluded during a recess, before it is possible for either House of Parliament to interfere: the scandal of their doing so would be as useless as revolting. If, in the meantime, the party is acquitted, interference is unnecessary; the law has been found sufficient: but the party may happen to be convicted upon clear and satisfactory proof; and the only effect of depriving him of the shield of Privilege will be one in which all good men will rejoice. It has come too late to protect a perjured man from punishment!

The possibility of a collision between Privilege and the Criminal Law may involve still more serious consequences; to which allusion was made in the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench in the case of Howard and Gossett, and which were glanced at, but by no means canvassed as their importance demands, in the late debates upon that case, as they are reported. The four judges were divided in opinion upon the sufficiency of the warrant to justify the trespass and assault complained of: all agreed that they were bound to examine into its sufficiency; but one of them was satisfied, while the other three appear to have held it insufficient. In the debates these judges were severely censured for so holding; it was observed that, whatever the form and construction of the warrant might be, the object of the House in issuing it must have been apparent to the court; and their adherence to its direct grammatical import was ridiculed as savouring of pedantry.

If in this warfare, or rather, let us say, this siege of the Court, ridicule were a lawful weapon, it might perhaps have been successfully pointed against the aggressors. For, of all the privileges that can be claimed, the privilege of issuing an unintelligible or ungrammatical warrant, and of having it interpreted,

not by any meaning that can be extracted from it, but by a plausible conjecture on the intention of the assembly from which it emanates, would seem to be the most preposterous. Why should so learned a body be exempted from the ordinary obligation of drawing up its instruments in such a form as may be clearly understood by all men, especially by those charged with the execution of them? Yet the argument was urged from high legal authority—as if the court were to guess at the wishes of others, which must be collected from all circumstances, instead of discovering the import of the document from its contents. *The warrant* is indeed an unsightly scrap of parchment, which senators may scorn to look at: but *the warrant* is the hinge whereon all legal proceedings turn: from that alone the officer derives his power to act. If resistance should be offered to him in the course of its execution, and death should unhappily ensue, an inquiry in a criminal court would be unavoidable, accompanied most probably with some inflammation of the public mind. Whether the homicide charged and brought to trial were a lawful act or a murder, must depend on the legality of the warrant; and that must be submitted to the judgment of the court. The judges of that court will necessarily be called upon to decide whether there was power to issue such a warrant, and to hold it unlawful, if convinced in their conscience that it was issued without legal authority. But, though they affirm the general power, the meaning and effect of the warrant must also be referred to the same arbitrement. And a third question will then arise,—whether the officer's conduct upon the occasion conformed to the warrant according to its meaning. Here is a series of questions, on which it is difficult to see how the power of Parliament could be interposed, though the one or the other House, or both, might have proclaimed the strongest opinion on every branch of their legal merits.

When in the year 1810 the House of Commons resolved to imprison Sir Francis Burdett for a contempt, the legal consequences of his possible resistance do not appear to have entered into their consideration. But the popular agitation requiring Mr. Coleman, the serjeant-at-arms, as a prudent man, to arm himself with legal authority on the course to be taken by him, he caused a case to be stated for his guidance, and laid before the attorney-general of that day, the eminently learned lawyer Sir Vicary Gibbs. On the question whether he would be justified, in execution of the warrant, in breaking open the outer door of Sir Francis's house,—the answer was in these terms,—‘the officer must judge for himself, whether he will venture to act on my opinion, which has no direct authority in point to support it, but rests on reasoning

soning from other cases, which appear to me to fall within the same principle' (17 *Hansard, Parl. Deb.*, 566). No very perfect clue for pilotage through the slippery labyrinth of life and death! Lord Erskine afterwards, arguing strongly in the House of Lords in favour of the resolution of the House of Commons not to stay the action at law, but require their officer to plead to it, used the following language:—'Why was any danger to the House of Commons or the country to be anticipated from a sober appeal to the judgment of the laws? If his noble and learned friend (Lord Ellenborough) and his brethren the judges had no jurisdiction over the privileges of the House of Commons, they would say they had no jurisdiction. If they thought they had, they would give a just decision according to the facts and circumstances of the case, whatever they might be. These facts and circumstances are considered, however, too clear for inquiry; yet the king's attorney-general, and a member of the House of Commons, when called upon by the serjeant for advice upon the subject, was obliged, and most properly, to admit that there was no precedent to be found for his forcible entry, and that if death ensued he could not undertake to insure him against a conviction for murder' (*Ib.* 852). Doubts of this serious and awful nature Wisdom may solve when they occur, but will be much more desirous to avoid.

In the exercise of discretion in determining beforehand whether a certain line of extraordinary proceedings shall be voluntarily commenced, common prudence would appear to dictate some regard for such results as are here indicated. We venture to think that they have not been sufficiently weighed, if indeed they were at all taken into the account; and would suggest the propriety of this being done before perseverance in such a course is irrevocably resolved on. If the case for interference were clear beyond dispute, the consequences might be fitly considered; how much more so when serious doubt exists whether any of the late occasions created a necessity for this resort to Privilege, or even presented a case in which its operation could be reconciled to wisdom or justice!

What are the actions likely to be stifled by interference? If the practice were once well established, every action at law in which a member of Parliament anticipated defeat, or in which some electioneering supporter thought his interest in jeopardy, might be twice brought into discussion in the House of Commons prematurely, and not without some hope of influencing, if not preventing, the trial; and afterwards, to scare the successful party out of the advantage which the law had awarded to him. And there is reason to believe that this practice formerly prevailed extensively.

extensively. But the class in which interference is in the first instance most probable, is that connected with matters strictly parliamentary. A Committee of Privileges has inquired into charges of bribery at an election, and has acquitted the member impeached. An action is, however, brought against him for the penalty. Here, as in the case of *Ashby v. White*, Privilege may assert its own exclusive cognizance, and wrest the inquiry from the judge and jury. Or if the member had been convicted and expelled, though that sentence had been obtained by falsehood the most audacious and the most easy of proof, Privilege may interpose in behalf of the false witness, and consign the injured man to a dungeon for aiming at the exposure of calumny.

Some of the examples on which we have commented are acts of meddling with the concerns of individuals, affected by private bills, and more especially by those of the all-absorbing railway companies. Nothing had previously occurred to deprive the subject of his remedy for an injury brought upon him by such enactments, if fraudulently obtained: that frauds were unblushingly carried on to an enormous extent was universally believed—but there is reason to fear that the precedents established may give licence and security to any advantage, in whatever manner obtained, whether before a committee up-stairs, or through the vote of the House itself. And thus vigilance must be paralysed and punished precisely in those cases where the temptations to fraud render it the most necessary.

One thing only remains to be noticed,—a desire which has been expressed in some quarters to set all questions on this matter to rest by the enactment of a new law. Whenever such a proposal may be advanced, it will be entitled to the most respectful consideration: and in the meantime no word should be uttered which could prevent the experiment from being tried with every chance of success. Englishmen can never forget or overlook the public services rendered by the two legislative bodies, and especially by that which represents the people—the great abilities which are there displayed—the intelligence which they constantly infuse into the public mind. Whether the inferior qualities which are called into action for judicial purposes can be reckoned upon with equal confidence, may perhaps admit of reasonable doubt. But their usefulness in the daily concerns of life is also to be remembered. Be it kept in mind that the utmost care and jealousy have been employed for centuries in devising the means of selecting juries free from every bias of fear, favour, or affection: that the judges of the land have been studiously placed out of the reach of every feeling that can divert the mind of man from an honest pursuit of truth—and that their independence

pendence was secured by the first act of that free parliament which, schooled by experience and suffering, fixed our constitution on its present basis: that to such juries and such judges the administration of the law, the most sacred of all trusts, is confided—sometimes, as in case of libel, with specified restrictions and defined precautions, deemed essential by the legislature for the security of the people;—and above all, that those laws can afford no guarantee for any of our rights, unless they are established, and capable of being understood, before they are called into operation.

ART. VIII.—*An Act for the better Securing the Payment of Small Debts.* 9th August, 1845.

IT is of the essence of our Parliamentary constitution that all legislative measures should be well weighed by both the Houses, and that the fullest opportunity should be afforded in each to correct errors, to counteract inadvertencies, to prevent trick and surprise—in a word, to ensure due deliberation and ample consideration of all that passes either chamber. With this manifest purpose have the Rules and Standing Orders of the two Houses been framed. Every bill ought in strictness to go through seven stages in one House and six stages in the other. If it is a bill sent from the Commons to the Lords, it does go through seven of these stages in the Commons and six in the Lords; if it is sent from the Lords to the Commons, then there are six stages in each House—the moving for leave to bring in, which is peculiar to the Commons, being here dispensed with in mutual courtesy among the Lords.

But there is this apparent anomaly respecting Amendments. These may be made at any stage of the bill, even at the last: hence they do not go through all the stages. In like manner a bill sent from one House may be amended in the other, and the Amendment is only considered once for all in the House from whence the bill comes as at first passed, and to which it returns as amended. Now it is quite manifest that this would open a door to the grossest abuses, indeed to an entire abrogation of the most essential standing orders, unless the fair and honest construction were put on the word Amendment. Thus no Standing Order can be suspended without notice; and therefore if it is deemed expedient at any time to pass over any stage of a bill which the Orders require, as, for instance, to read it more than once in one day, notice of a motion to suspend the Orders must
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be given. But as an Amendment may be moved without any notice, it is *possible* at the last stage of a bill, namely after the third reading, to move *as an Amendment* that all the bill after the word 'whereas' be struck out, and a totally new bill on a new subject be inserted. This *might* be adopted by a single vote, and then all that would remain would be the question *that this bill do pass*. In this way five stages would be dispensed with in the Commons; four in the Lords; and a bill would be hurried through without any notice, discussion, or deliberation. So, if a bill is sent from the one House to the other, it may, under the pretence of *amending*, be *wholly changed*, and a totally new bill be returned to the House from which it came, which House, instead of having six stages wherein to discuss and consider it, would have but one—namely, the one question put *to agree to the Amendments*. Hence it is quite clear that all the Standing Orders for protection against mistake, fraud, and surprise, proceed upon the assumption that no great change in the bill, no change which shall wholly alter its structure, above all no substitution of a Different Bill, shall ever be made under the name of Amendments. Good faith as much as common sense requires this.

We find, however, that the present House of Commons has thought fit to deviate widely from this obvious course in a late remarkable instance; and as we are assured this has been permitted through inadvertence, we deem it our duty to state the case, in order to call the attention of members of both Houses to so important a subject during the calmness of the recess; for assuredly if the House of Commons shall frequently do such things, the House of Lords will speedily cease to be a legislative assembly in any practical sense of the word.

The petitions of retail traders all over the country complaining of an oversight in the acts abolishing imprisonment for debt, called the attention of the Lords early in the last session to the general subject of small debts. A Select Committee was appointed, and it sat during three weeks of May, the Lord Chancellor and the other Law Lords attending. Much evidence was examined; a bill was carefully prepared; the Committee reported the evidence, and desired the chairman to bring in the bill; the bill was brought in; it was discussed; it was unanimously approved, and passed through all its stages regularly; it was sent down to the Commons without occasioning a division or meeting a dissenting voice in any part of its progress. It consisted of eight clauses. It was confined to one subject, the subject alone referred to the Select Committee, alone spoken to by the witnesses examined, alone ever mentioned in the House during its discussion
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of the bill—that one subject was the process for obtaining payment of debts after judgment obtained by the creditor. Not a word was said of any trial of the suit between debtor and creditor. The law as to the obtaining judgment was left as before.

But in the Commons a totally different course was taken. Four of the eight clauses were struck out, and the other four were a good deal altered. But still this might be said to be only an alteration by way of *amendment*. Then no less than *one and twenty* clauses were *added*—and these were all applicable to the subject which had never been once mentioned in the Lords or touched by the bill sent down—they were all applicable to the recovery of judgments, to the trial of actions—not to the execution upon judgments. They established a totally new system of judicature for the recovery of small debts. They altered the existing law on that subject entirely. They enacted a new small-debt code. In this form and so corrected the bill was returned to the Lords, and by a single vote the amended, that is to say, *the entirely new bill* was by the Lords passed, without going through any of the usual stages, and without being at all discussed.

It is said that the New Measure thus added to the Bill of the Lords, had been contained in a Bill which was before the Commons when the Lords' Bill came down, and that the said original Bill of the Commons was added to the Lords' Bill on a different subject. The truth is, that if this be so, the new law never had been opened and explained, much less discussed, in the Commons, and that ninety-nine in a hundred of the members, who may read these pages, will see for the first time what they have enacted. It was, we have reason to think, nearly as great a surprise in the Commons as in the Lords. But let us for a moment see what kind of measure has thus become the law of the land, without undergoing any of the usual, the constitutional, the absolutely necessary discussion and consideration which the House of Lords is peculiarly capable of giving to this class of legislative measures. It is no little measure—it is no small change in the law—it is no trifle that has thus been added to our Statute Book, by a very headlong decision of the Commons, and with hardly more than a nominal intervention of the Lords.

There are in England at least three hundred small debt courts, under the names of Courts of Request, Courts of Conscience, &c. These are constituted by above three hundred local Acts of Parliament; each Act, constituting one of these courts, was passed with sufficient deliberation through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament; each Act limited the jurisdiction in both space and amount; each Act appointed the judges of the courts thus constituted; and in only a portion of the courts did the Acts appoint as
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one of the judges a lawyer, either barrister or attorney. Some courts had jurisdiction to the amount of 40s. ; some of 5*l.* ; some of 10*l.* ; very few indeed of 20*l.* ; and almost all judgments were final, no removal or appeal being generally allowed. We are very far from saying that this system was not capable of improvement ; we do not even say that the new system put in its place is otherwise than an improvement ; it may be in some particulars better and in others worse than the old ; but all we now say is, that the system is wholly new, and we are about to show how, to introduce it, three hundred Acts of Parliament have been thus summarily dealt with, and by one branch only of the Legislature.

By the new Bill which the Commons alone passed—at least which went through only a single stage instead of six stages in the Lords—by that new Bill a power is given to the Crown, that is, to the Lord Chancellor and the Home Secretary, to alter in every respect the jurisdiction of the three hundred existing courts ; to enlarge the amount from 40s. to 5*l.*, or to 10*l.*, or to 15*l.*, or as far as 20*l.* The like power is given to enlarge the bounds of the district over which each court's jurisdiction shall extend, and in some cases to narrow those bounds. Thus there is a power given to the Crown not merely to suspend, but to alter, in by far its most important particulars, above three hundred Acts of Parliament deliberately passed for each of the districts over which the powers and provisions of the Acts severally extended. There is also a new power of appeal given by *certiorari* in the larger cases. We are in general no enemies to lodging discretionary powers of amendment *pro re natâ* in proper and responsible authorities ; but, when done, it should be advisedly and deliberately.

There is likewise a requisition that each Court shall have a lawyer added to its judges, and that lawyer is to have jurisdiction beyond the other members of the Court, and to act whether they attend or not. Neither do we object to this *per se* ; but we only are showing the change which the bill, unconsidered by the Lords, introduces.

Again—touching the nomination of these learned judges ; unless those having the choice shall exercise their power within three months, the patronage lapses to the Crown—and no judge can be appointed without the Royal assent.

Furthermore, all such judges are to be removable, and so are all judges already named, by the Lord Chancellor's mere authority, either for misconduct or for incapacity ; and no provision is made for any of them being even heard in his own defence, when about to be removed ; the proceeding is not either *in curiâ*, nor even *in camerâ* : it is in the Chancellor's closet, or in his breast.

Lastly,

Lastly, the financial part of the measure is worthy of notice. A table of fees to be taken by the judges, and by the other officers of these numerous Courts, is given, and we find them to be far from inconsiderable. Thus on a cause of 10*l.* the judge takes 13*s.*; on the smallest cause, 2*s.* 6*d.* The clerk's fees on the 10*l.* cause are 1*l.* 5*s.*; on the smallest cause, 6*s.* The fees of the other officers, as bailiffs, &c., are, on 10*l.* causes, 8*s.*; on the smallest causes, 2*s.* 6*d.* Thus the fees gathered on 10*l.* causes are in all no less than 2*l.* 6*s.*, or a fourth of the sum in dispute; and on the smallest causes, 11*s.*, which may be more than one-half the sum recovered. Now to all this we have a decided objection: the great evil of our whole legal system is *costs*; and, undoubtedly, the first principle of a Small Debt Bill should be that the costs should be reduced to the smallest possible amount. We should say, indeed, that there should be no costs, except (if it could be so managed) in cases of perverse litigation. There is a fund created, too, of unclaimed moneys, and as fully and as formally established as the fund of unclaimed dividends in Chancery. Fees, too, are authorized for building of Courts and other purposes: probably very proper, and even necessary, but which should certainly not be allowed to increase the expense of recovering small debts.

We suspect that few of our readers are aware of the vast number of small debt causes which will thus be disposed of, and consequently of the large salaries which this Bill creates. There are, for example, 14,000 causes tried in one of the Courts, of which returns are given in the evidence taken by the Lords' Select Committee. If we only take the average of these to be between 40*s.* and 5*l.*, and the judge's fees, according to that average, 3*s.* a cause, we have a salary of 2100*l.* a-year, which would thus be created for (possibly) some very obscure barrister, special pleader, or attorney of ten years' standing. Offices are to be found in this Bill of all sizes, from 300*l.* a-year to 3000*l.*

Now, again we entreat our readers not to regard us as objecting to a system of Local Courts. We, on the contrary, desire to see one well regulated, after due and enlarged consideration of this important subject. We greatly deplored the rejection of Lord Lyndhurst's Bill for this purpose in 1842—a rejection which was certainly owing to the Whigs—though we do not venture to adopt the story commonly told of the secret history of that rejection. But we think this is a Bill which above all others required full and deliberate consideration, not of the Commons only (by whom, however, it was not considered at all), but above all by the Lords; and we complain of so important a change in the judicial system of the country having been hurried through with-
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out the due concurrence of the hereditary judges and legislators of the land. The Bill, as it was thus passed, abounds (as might be expected) in error and oversight. Some competent persons doubt that it can be worked at all—we fear it cannot be usefully worked; but all who, like us, hold by the House of Lords and the Judicial System, must concur in the opinion that it never ought to have been passed in the unprecedented manner which we have described. It certainly cannot work so usefully as it would have done if it had been integrally and deliberately considered. And, considering that appointments once made, and emoluments once sanctioned, cannot be recalled without considerable inconvenience and hardship, we humbly think that the Government would do well, as far as they have the power, to suspend its operation; and at all events they should, we are satisfied, accompany any appointments they may make with a reservation of a power of amendment and alteration.

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- ART. IX.—1. *History of the Church in Scotland.* By the Right Rev. M. Russell, LL.D., &c. 2 vols. London.
2. *Correspondence between the Right Rev. C. H. Terrot and the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond.* Edinburgh. 1842.
3. *The Scottish Communion Office examined.* By the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond. Edinburgh. 1842.
4. *Letter from a Committee of Managers and Members of St. Paul's, Aberdeen, to the Lord Bishop of London.* Aberdeen. 1845.
5. *Charge addressed to the Clergy of the City and District of Glasgow.* By the Right Rev. M. Russell, &c. &c. Edinburgh. 1845.
6. *Historical Sketch of Episcopacy in Scotland.* By the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond. Edinburgh. 1845.
7. *The Church in Scotland: the recent Schisms.* London. 1845.

FROM amidst the natural grandeur of Edinburgh, and its numerous features of exterior interest, the singularity of its religious aspect stands forth at this moment in bold and prominent relief. A walk from the recently erected hall of the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, winding round the southern side of the Castle Hill, and onwards by the Lothian-road as far as the bridge which bounds the city towards the Queensferry, will occupy the visitor for about fifteen minutes, and will carry him past nearly the same number of places of
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divine worship, situated either upon his line of march or so close as to belong to it. And these are not, like the thickly studded monuments of former piety in our cathedral towns, reverend in particular from age and from unity of purpose; but, as to the first, some unfinished and nearly all new; as to the second, appropriated to the uses of a motley crowd of differing communities. Thus our traveller may be tempted to imagine a new reason for the name or nickname, whichever it be, of *modern Athens*, and one little dreamt of by those who gave or accepted it, when he reflects that the apostle of the Gentiles was led from external appearances to signalize the Athenians of former days as being pre-eminently, yet without much discrimination, addicted to the observances of religion.

The truth is, that the visible picture, of which we have endeavoured to present a sketch, is a correct and lively emblem of the ecclesiastical condition of Scotland as a whole, and particularly of its towns. It is impossible, perhaps, to find a region in which, relatively to its population, there is a greater amount of active convictions upon the subject-matter of religion: and alike impossible to discover one in which the prospect is more faint and distant of harmonising and combining the energies now disjoined, estranged, and in conflict, for the purposes and according to the laws of Christian unity. There are no less than five religious bodies within the narrow range of Scotland, each of which may be regarded as having pretensions *in esse* or *in posse*, though derived from different sources, ultimately to lead and determine the religious tone of the country.—First, we will name the Roman Catholics, who of all the five are the smallest in numbers, and perhaps in importance; but who, from their never-abandoned claims, their organisation, and their connexion with a powerful and widely-spread Christian communion elsewhere, must be regarded as a distinct and proper element in the religious condition of every country where they have a footing.—Next comes the Episcopal Communion, of which, as of the Roman Catholic body, the strength is not numerical. It has about an hundred congregations, some of them very large, but the greater part of only moderate numbers. It has, however, the only episcopal succession in the country, with its claim thereby to represent in a spiritual sense the ancient Church, and with its sisterly relation to the Church of England: while it likewise numbers among its adherents considerably the greater part, as is supposed, of the landed proprietary, and, in general, a large proportion of the more highly educated classes.—We shall place third upon the list the United Secession Church, or old Presbyterian Dissenters of Scotland. The nucleus of this body consisted

sisted of those persons who for the most part quitted the establishment above an hundred years back on account of their vital objection to the system of patronage, placed practically in abeyance at the Revolution, but gradually restored to stringent vigour after the act of Queen Anne in 1712. Here we are to look for the proper home of *radicalism* in Scotland, so far as it is associated with religion : and this is the body which we should point out as occupying there the place which in England may be said to be held by the Protestant Dissenters generally. It comprises from three to four hundred congregations.—Fourthly, we come to the Free Church ; undoubtedly the chief inheritress of the traditions of the early, and especially of the middle, Presbyterianism of Scotland. Here is the hard-favoured but manifestly legitimate descendant of Knox and Melville, of Cameron and Cargill. The spirit which animated those men, whatever else it may have been, certainly was a notable fact in the history of the world. On the one hand, *dour*, dogged, and unruly ; having little of the serpent, and nothing whatever of the dove ; hedged in between the narrowest defiles of prejudice, and unable not only to see but to believe in any world beyond them ; on the other hand, bold, resolute, enthusiastic, indefatigable, not less earnest than intolerant, not less self-devoted than self-willed, masculine alike in its virtues and in its faults—it supplied a picture for the master's hand, and within our own memory that hand has been found to draw it. But it is not only a picture ; it is at this hour a living reality—though softened and attempered by the powerful influence of time to the age in which we live, yet still retaining some of the narrowness and some of the sternness, with as we believe all the courage and all the fervour of its earlier and more renowned existence. The Free Church of Scotland, as it is called, is about two years and a half old. Within that period it has levied in voluntary contributions, from the less wealthy classes of a not very wealthy people, some seven or eight hundred thousand pounds. Its original ministers are a body of persons of whom a large portion abandoned actual benefices in the Establishment, and the remainder the road to such benefices, because Lord Aberdeen and those for whom he acted would not allow that the acceptableness of a candidate for a charge was to be considered unconditionally and universally as among his qualifications for it ; or, in other words, would not give an irresponsible right of rejection to the people. The notion for which these men abandoned their warm firesides is to the minds of Englishmen shadowy, thin, unappreciable, in great part unintelligible. The secret of its strength and sacredness to the minds of a large number of Scotchmen is to be found, if anywhere, in the peculiar history of the Scottish Reformation, of which it appears to have been

been a secret instinct to replace, or to aim at replacing, the title, commission, and ecclesiastical descent of the former Church, by an authority purporting to be derived immediately and of divine right from the Christian congregation at large. The Free Church, therefore, is strong in its relation to the Presbyterian traditions of Scotland. It is strong in zeal, as may appear from the few words in which we have spoken of its efforts and its sacrifices. It is strong in unity of doctrine: nothing can be more remarkable than the patience, nay the pride, of great numbers of Scottish Presbyterians under the yoke of Calvin, as compared with the uneasiness of the modern Germans under the mere shadow of the yoke of Luther. Lastly, it is strong in its numbers, counting something near seven hundred congregations: it beards the Establishment in a majority even of rural parishes throughout the country generally; and in some districts, as in Sutherland, it is evidently and undeniably the Church of the people.

We have reserved for the last place in our enumeration the National, or, as it is contemptuously called by the rival body, the Residuary Establishment. There can be no doubt that the Kirk of Scotland lost by the secession of 1843 the great majority of its more conspicuous and popular ministers. As little can it be disputed that we are not now to look within its bounds for the spirit which anathematised the Black Indulgence, which repudiated Leighton's Accommodation, which prompted the risings that terminated at Pentland and at Bothwell Brigg, the Covenant of Queensferry, the Declaration of Sanquhar, the Excommunication of the King at Torwood, and, in a word, which finally achieved the legal and political establishment of Presbyterianism in Scotland. We can find no counterpart to the present Kirk in the struggles of a century and a half, from the Reformation to the Revolution. Perhaps it more nearly represents the indulged ministers of the time of the later Stuarts than any other class. But, on the whole, it must be considered as answering to the large neutral mass which subsists in the composition of all communities, which enters into the *substratum* of history, but gives to it little or no portion of its form. For it is still an extended mass, and has elements of strength after a kind of its own. It is certainly and considerably the largest religious body in Scotland, though less numerous perhaps, or on the most favourable showing not more numerous, than the aggregate of those which are opposed to it. It has the vantage ground of law, and holding the churches, the schools, and the universities, it is secured, at least for the time, even by its external points of contact with the people, in the command of many of the avenues to public and general attachment. Over and above the fact of possession, it has great advantages in its
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composed and tolerant spirit, in its willingness to live on good terms with all men, in the general respectability and competency of its ministers, and in its presenting the natural and only rallying point for the whole Conservative feeling of the country, properly so called, as far as it applies to religion. In this way, Presbyterianism notwithstanding, it comes under the sheltering wing of the Church of England, and claims a common interest, inasmuch as both have standing-ground in the law and alliance with the State, and the removal of the one may, at least in some qualified sense, afford a precedent or a pretext for assaults upon the privileges of the other.

Such then, without reference to a host of minor bodies, is the variegated surface which an ecclesiastical map of Scotland presents to view. But there are some common properties, in the midst of so much diversity, which ought to be noted. Besides the positive characteristic, namely, that all these bodies have lately acquired, though in different forms, an increased activity, they have a remarkable resemblance in one negative but very important feature, their indisposition to move the waters of religion by the spirit of speculation. Although within the last two or three generations the philosophic mind of Scotland has undergone a powerful fermentation, yet the forms of religious opinion prevailing in that country have remained, in a remarkable degree, exempt from its influences. No theological school of any kind appears to have been either formed, or even modified, under its operation. So likewise, although that country has abundant quarrels belonging to herself in matter of theology, she is but slightly affected by those of her neighbours. All her religious parties seem to move in an orbit of their own, and to remain singularly faithful to the traditions under which, whether new, middle-aged, or ancient, they severally exist.

We do not indeed say that speculation has no home in that country, but simply that, notwithstanding the number and distinction of her speculative men in recent years, Scottish philosophy has not wrought itself into Scottish religion, whether to illustrate and defend, or to corrupt, relax, and destroy it. It remains there as an alien power, and, as we fear, works upward from the masses. It is certainly no good augury that infidel works should, as we believe to be the case, be largely read in cheap and popular editions by the mechanics and operatives of the great towns of Scotland. The small bookshops which there, as with us, expose to view the intellectual stimulants offered to the people, and which in London abound in extravagant caricatures and more or less scurrilous political publications, in Glasgow are supplied with subtler and more deleterious matter in the productions of
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foreign and domestic unbelievers. The consequences, indeed, are less apparent upon the surface of society, because public opinion in Scotland demands with unsparing rigour from each of its members, unless in the higher classes, a certain participation in the observances of religion. But one of the peculiarities of that country is, that on account of the very urgency of this demand, we must not expect to find exactly the same relation prevailing between the standards of profession and practice, as in a country like England, where the individual is practically more free to think and act for himself, and to disregard appearances if he pleases: the case of Scotland has in this point some resemblance to that of the most strictly Romish countries where the exterior and perfunctory discharge of religious offices, being a condition of social existence, is yielded with a reluctance little more than passive, while, under cover of this protection, unbelief is silently but profoundly and permanently entertained.

It may be saying little to observe, that the Romish communion in Scotland has produced no Nicholas von Hontheim, no Hermes, no Czerski, no Ronge, because it has no substantive Scottish character, and must be regarded simply as a branch or twig of the papal tree fed from without. But it is a fact very well worthy of remark and of investigation, that the whole Presbyterianism of Scotland—be it Established, be it Free, be it Seceding—has been so entirely unprogressive, and has rested content, under all its diversities of communion, with the singularly technical and unpliant forms of the Westminster Confession. It has had, on the one hand, no Pietists: on the other, no Rationalists, no Friends of Light, no elasticity of thought or opinion, no desire to develop and appropriate a theology for itself. Singularly contrasted in these respects with the sister forms of Christianity in Switzerland and elsewhere, it has employed its universities, so far as religion is concerned, not for scientific purposes, but simply as the ministers of its external and popular activity; and has thereby afforded at least a remarkable indication of the firm texture, the substantive masculine independence of the national character—its freedom from wants, and abstinence from indulgences, which have driven persons and communities of a different temperament into the utmost extremities of excess.

The same *substantiveness* of character, if we may be allowed the expression, is traceable perhaps to a yet more remarkable degree in the Episcopal Communion of Scotland; and here, on account of the limited scale of its numbers, the phenomenon is the more singular. Brought down, at times, by the continued hostility of opinion and of law, to the verge of absolute exhaustion, it has retained through all vicissitudes, as now appears, together

with its vital and expansive powers, that unity and continuity of idea which we have indicated as so peculiarly Scottish. The same uncalculating desperate fidelity, which has ever formed the glory, especially of the Highland character, and which shed so much grace and lustre around the struggles and last history of the Jacobites, is reproduced, and again presented to us, in the ecclesiastical character of the Scottish Episcopal Communion.

To this portion of the religious organization of Scotland, after the slight and rapid sketch just attempted, we propose to give a more particular attention, and this for several reasons. First, because the Episcopal communion is the only body north of the Border with which, as members of the English Church, we have any religious concern of a kind at once determinate and amicable; secondly, because the character itself is one presenting some points of comprehensive, and, so to speak, Catholic interest; and lastly, because it is not impossible that important practical and legal questions may arise in England out of the subsisting relations of the Scottish Episcopal communion with our Church.

In the first place, there is a dense cloud of false information and false impression, that now darkens the religious history of Scotland, and which the dispassionate researches of the present age may, we trust, gradually remove from the public mind. Let us ask ourselves what is even to this day the popular impression, as to the history of Episcopacy in Scotland from the time of the Restoration onwards? We apprehend it is pretty accurately represented by the following series of propositions:—First, That through the treachery of Sharp, and the determination of the civil power to establish religious uniformity in the two countries, the prelatical government, with its usual accompaniments, was forced upon Scotland after the accession of Charles II.; that the people of Scotland were generally and radically opposed to it; that military force and many cruel and arbitrary impositions were employed by the State and the Church conjointly, for the purpose of establishing this ecclesiastical system in defiance of the general wish; that at length, when upon the arrival of William of Orange the civil government of the Stuarts was overthrown, the *incubus* of Episcopacy as a matter of course fell powerless to the ground, and the Presbyterian system, which had always possessed the affections of the people, naturally as it were, and without effort, took its place among the legal and public institutions of the country. And if any one thus impressed has ever taken the trouble to inquire what became of the Bishops and their followers after the Revolution, he probably will not have pursued the subject farther than to an acquiescence in some vague idea that Episcopacy, like a whipped hound, went howling into
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the wilderness, and has since been skulking in the obscurity which belongs to its insignificance in a country where it is without any substantial following among the people, and to which it has been consigned by a wise and contemptuous toleration on the part of the Legislature; until at length this busy age, which exhumes and revives everything, has brought even Scottish Episcopacy into a kind of galvanized activity.

This, we conceive, is no inaccurate summary of the notions popularly current, not only among opponents of Scottish Episcopacy, but likewise in the world at large with respect to it. At the period when, under the government of Mr. Pitt, it became a subject of Parliamentary discussion, there were persons of great eminence who confessed that they were in total ignorance of his character and even its existence. Indeed it may be said, that the removal of the penal laws was postponed for a year, because Lord Thurlow had not had opportunity or inclination to inform himself what was the religion of the Scottish Bishops and their adherents, or whether they were of any religion at all.

It cannot be our task, within the compass of these pages, to rectify the history of a whole period; but we shall briefly indicate some circumstances that may infuse some elements of caution and suspicion amidst the mass of misconception, and serve to indicate the general direction in which the truth is to be sought and found.

First, then, let it not be supposed, that what was enforced in Scotland under Charles II. was the Anglican system. There was probably no such desire, certainly no such attempt, on the part of the ruling body. Without doubt it was a body of low moral tone and of despotic acts and inclinations: but this is not a reason why those acts should be represented otherwise than as they really were. Now the maximum demand of the Government in Scotland after the Restoration, we believe, was this: that those who had acquired illegal possession of their parishes, under the Usurpation, should simply accept presentation from the patron and collation from the bishop. No question of doctrine, commonly so called, was brought to issue. The Westminster Confession indeed was displaced, but only to revert to that of 1567, in which there surely was no tint of black prelacy. There was no question of ritual in dispute: no liturgy, no set form of prayer, no kneeling at the Holy Communion, no altars or surplices—no crosses, rings, bowings, or other antichristian abominations. The use or non-employment of these was left to be ruled in particular parishes according to inclination; and it is, we apprehend, indisputable, that in point of fact they were not enforced, and generally not practised. The machinery of synods, presbyteries, and sessions, was

retained, but of course under episcopal authority. The government of the Church was placed in the hands of a National Synod, consisting of a single house, in which the Bishops were greatly outnumbered by the Presbyters. The English Dissenters, it is notorious, would have been overjoyed to receive offers much more restricted than these.*

It is stated on the Episcopal side that from one to two hundred ministers quitted their parishes rather than submit to these terms. The Church had no representation in the Council at the time: and we are told, on the authority of Kirkton,† that Archbishop Sharp disapproved of a proceeding so summary. But if, as we may well believe, it was both unwise and tyrannical, we must recollect that the bloody and heart-rending conflicts of the time did not turn upon the question thus raised. Toleration and comprehension were both attempted, and both in vain. In June, 1669, the Indulgence was issued, which allowed the 'outed' ministers, subject to the approbation of the Privy Council, to be appointed to officiate in any parish vacant or falling vacant, without any submission or stipulation of an ecclesiastical kind required from them. It was renewed in 1672 and in 1679. Almost immediately after the first of these, Leighton attempted to gain the purposes of union by concessions so large that he scarcely retained any feature of Episcopacy. The Bishop was to be perpetual moderator in the diocesan Assembly; but, while he could not act against its will, he had no *veto* upon its proceedings. The only question that will now be raised among us is, whether the loving spirit of that admirable man did not lead him to an actual surrender of the substance of Episcopacy for the sake of reconciling the Covenanters to its name. It was not, however, on this account that he failed: his plan was repudiated by those for whom it was intended; and not only by the Mucklewraths, the Macbriars, and the Kettledrummles, but by the very Poundtexts themselves—by the indulged ministers who had been admitted into parishes with the approval of the Privy Council, and who by becoming the objects of that approval had utterly lost caste with their brethren of undiluted principles, and were esteemed guilty of an 'homologation of Erastianism.' Thus, then, the quarrel between the Government and the Covenanting ministers was not upon the question whether they would submit to even the most qualified Episcopacy, but whether they would accept of the permission for themselves, and confine their ministry within the bounds of their charges, abandoning thereby their general crusade against the established reli-

* Bishop Russell's *History of the Church in Scotland*, ii. 250-5; Stephen's *History of the Church of Scotland*, ii. 510.

† Kirkton, p. 150. Ed. Edinb. 1817.

gion of the country. In point of fact, these approaches made towards toleration by the offers of the Council in Scotland, though later and less than they ought to have been, were large and early with reference to the temper of the time, of the country, and in particular of those with whom they had to do.

We are thus led to the next question—Why was the Government of Charles thus, on the whole, anxiously engaged, though with many fluctuations of purpose, in the maintenance of Episcopacy in Scotland? The religious aim of the King we know was indulgence and toleration with a view to the advantage of the Church of Rome: his political aim was approximation to an absolute government. Lauderdale, his principal instrument in Scotland, was of Presbyterian opinions, at least during great part of his ministry. Why, then, these continual efforts, and why all the oppressive and savage proceedings of a lawless soldiery quartered upon the people?

The question presented to the State at the Restoration was not what ecclesiastical system should be tolerated, but what should be established. They had before them two of a definite character—the Covenant, and Episcopacy. It is true that there was a party of comparatively moderate Presbyterians under the Usurpation: but, firstly, it is reasonable to believe that under this name many of those who desired Episcopacy sought for shelter; secondly, that a party so composed, as a whole, had not the means of sustaining itself in power against the fanaticism of the Covenanters on the one side, and on the other against the powerful tide of loyal feeling which brought with it a sympathetic movement in favour of government by bishops. Nor were any body of genuine Presbyterians at that period prepared to depart from the Covenant, or to grant a toleration. The alternative, then, opened on this side was to establish a religious sect which forswore prelacy, not only for itself but for the three kingdoms—with whose followers it was a living and cardinal idea to destroy by force the Church government of England and Ireland, and to bring the people of those kingdoms to an uniformity in religion with themselves, an insignificantly small minority of the whole people. This was no mere opinion of their schools: it was that which they had done, and were prepared to do again. In 1660, the Covenanting party of Scotland denounced the re-establishment of the Church in England by Charles as an act of perjury, and denounced judgment on him if he should not return to the Covenant.* Nay, more than this: with them, as with the Roman doctors of the time, the title of the Prince depended on his acceptance of a spiritual symbol;

* Burnet, B. ii.

in their view there could be no separation of the Covenant and the Crown; the renewal of that fearful engagement was the cornerstone of their proceedings when they took to arms; and, in 1680, Cargill at Torwood excommunicated the King 'by the power and authority of Jesus Christ.' It is difficult to confute the profession of Charles in his letter of 1673—'It is not for their opinions, but for their traitorous practices, that we intend to punish them;' or that of the Council, in its letter after the assassination of the Primate—'We never straitened the liberty of any religion, save that which dissolved the principles of human society;' that is to say, of human society so constituted, of a kingdom in alliance with two other and greater kingdoms, whose religious institutions the Covenanters were determined to subvert. A great degree indeed of toleration was offered by the Indulgences; but with no softening—on the contrary, rather with an exasperating effect on the extreme party: for even of the indulged ministers themselves* some were compelled by the violence of the populace to fly their homes. At the same time, we must admit, that we are here examining the right and reason of the case as it stood in itself; and that we must pass by the inquiry, whether it was in any manner qualified by engagements on the part of Charles, with which the Church had no concern; and thus regarding it, we do not perceive how the Covenant could have received a legal establishment in Scotland without disturbing the peace of the three kingdoms. It will not do to say—this course was taken under William, and succeeded. It was taken: and with great difficulty and many checks the Presbyterian assemblies were kept in order; but the change of times and opinions between 1660 and 1690 had been immense; and it was one thing to come into power after the severe experience of thirty years under the Stuarts—it would have been quite another to carry onwards from 1660 that iron system which prevailed under the Rebellion, flushed with its recollections of successful violence, and not only averse to toleration, for that was the general temper of the time, but by a fanaticism of its own treating indulgence to differing opinions as a capital offence against the Majesty of Heaven. Sharp, as the delegate even of the Resolutioners, was instructed, in 1660, to obtain the removal of such relaxations as had been granted under Cromwell; but these had never been extended so as to include either purple Popery or black Prelacy; they were for the benefit of the Independents.

It is plain that if Presbyterianism had been adopted there could have been no toleration of Episcopacy: and what if we should

* Stephen, iii. 112.

assert that in such a case the desires of the great majority of the people of Scotland must have been stifled to give effect to those of a small minority? The act restoring the Church government passed (1661) through parliament with only five dissentients.* Middleton assured Charles that the great mass of the Resolutions were prepared for Episcopacy: Glencairn, that six for one desired it. These indeed may be suspected witnesses: but Douglas† had written, 'the generality of this new upstart generation have no love to Presbyterian government; but are wearied of that yoke, feeding themselves with the fancy of Episcopacy or moderate Episcopacy.' Guthrie allows that its introduction was inevitable;‡ and it is wonderful how long we have indolently acquiesced in the representation, which received the seal of authenticity from the spirit of party at the Revolution, that the people of Scotland were forced at the Restoration to bow their necks to an ecclesiastical system which they abhorred. Certainly the policy of the government was sufficiently exhibited before 1673: but in that year Burnet printed an eulogium upon Lauderdale§ which endows him with every virtue under heaven, and vindicated the course which had been pursued. Nor does he in his history, we apprehend, speak of the popular feeling against the bishops as prevalent anywhere except in certain districts of the south. It is stated that before 1688, in the whole country north of Tay,|| there were only three or four Presbyterian meetings; but upon this subject we choose rather to quote the testimony of Kirkton, as that of an opponent:—'Truly at this time (1665) the curates' auditories were reasonably throng: the body of the people in most places of Scotland waited upon their preachings.'¶ And there is abundant evidence from later records of the numerical strength of the Episcopal party; although their views of civil obedience as affecting the individual, and the general temper of their religion, indisposed them to those means of making it felt which had been so much in vogue among the followers of the Covenant. No regular parliament was called under William, for fear the settlement of the Kirk should be disturbed. Calamy** travelled in Scotland in 1709, and learned among the Presbyterians that the Kirk settlement could not be maintained except by means of the Union. Even so late as the period of the rebellion of 1745, it is stated that there were no less than eighteen

* Stephen, ii. 433.

† Stephen, ii. 334.

‡ Guthrie's *Scottish History*, vol. x. p. 78.

§ Burnet's *Vindication of Church and State*, dedicated to Lauderdale, 1673.

|| Bp. Russell's *History of the Church in Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 359.

¶ Kirkton, p. 221.

** Calamy's *Historical Account of his Own Life*, vol. ii. p. 171.

congregations under the Scottish bishops in the city of Edinburgh. Calamy had found eleven at a time when some of the clergy still continued to hold their churches.* These, under the subsequent action of the penal laws, were reduced to one, which still subsists and flourishes.

Nor can there be a greater mistake than to suppose that the government under the later Stuarts took its cue from the bishops. To act against the Covenanters was one thing, to act for the Church was another. In its own interest it did the first, and with tyranny and cruelty: but the same tyrannical inventions were frequently turned against the ecclesiastical authorities. The Assertory Act of 1669, in vain opposed by the bishops, placed in effect all church power at the disposal of the crown. The Test Act of 1681 was not less extravagant in its enactments. Within the short period from 1669 to the Revolution, Archbishop Burnet was suspended; eighty clergymen of the diocese of Aberdeen deprived; Bishop Bruce and Archbishop Cairncross deprived. The schemes of the civil power in favour of absolutism and Romanism, which bore especially upon the Presbyterians, caused likewise at times a severe pressure on the Church.

And why was the Episcopal government overthrown? The day of delusion with respect to this subject is, we are persuaded, near its close. William, according to Burnet, had no disinclination to Episcopacy as a form of government, but quite the reverse.† In England, while the primate with a minority adhered to the Stuarts, a decided majority of the bishops either promoted or accepted the new settlement. It is established by the clearest evidence that the King was prepared to have maintained the Church in Scotland, if the bishops of that country had been likeminded with their English brethren. Upon this subject our authorities shall be brief; but pertinent, and beyond question. Guthrie,‡ a Presbyterian writer, says, King William hinted that if the bishops would support him, he would support them. Burnet, who in reference to such matters is even more than a Presbyterian, says § William answered the Dean of Glasgow, who had been sent up by the Episcopal party, ‘he would do all he could to preserve them, granting a full toleration to the Presbyterians, but this was in case they concurred in the new settlement of that kingdom.’ Even Neal,|| while he asserts that there was a resistless popular impulse in favour of Presbytery, concurs in the statement of Burnet, and like him proceeds, ‘the bishops, instead of submitting to the Revolution, resolved unanimously to

* Calamy, ii. 164.

† Guthrie, x. 280. 289.

‡ Burnet, Book iv., An. 1686.

§ Burnet, Book v., 1689.

|| Neal, ii. 805, ed. 1754.

adhere firmly to King James, and declared in a body with so much zeal against the new settlement, that it was not possible for the king to support them.' Upon these accounts we are content to rely. The narrative, indeed, of the Episcopal envoy announces an unqualified offer on the part of William through Bishop Compton:—'He bids me tell you, that if you will undertake to serve him to the purpose that he is served here in England, he will take you by the hand, support the Church and order, and throw off the Presbyterians.'* It is likewise asserted on the same side, that at the very last moment William renewed his offers to the bishops through the Duke of Hamilton;† and further, Guthrie,‡ in his account of the Scottish Convention, uses these words: 'a new Revolution must have been the fate of Scotland, had it not been for the conscientious part of the Jacobites, who refused to take the oaths to qualify themselves to sit in parliament.' The majority, thus created by their withdrawal, effected the restoration of Presbyterianism.

The bishops had, on November 3, 1688, addressed to James a formal letter of unqualified adhesion; and the Episcopalians were thoroughly and almost unanimously Jacobites. Under these circumstances, as King William said, he could not swim with one hand, and he supported the party that supported him, while on the other hand he did much to curb it. From this time forward the fortunes of the bishops and their Church were upon the whole dark and calamitous, though with some gleams of sunshine as at intervals the prospects of the exiled family improved. It may be that, as Burnet charitably states in relating their conduct at the Revolution, they then anticipated with confidence a new Restoration of the Stuarts: still their unanimous fidelity, however the opinion that governed them may have been mistaken, was honourable, and in its unswerving continuance for a hundred years of gradually decaying hope, it became heroic.

But we must not too severely judge the conduct of the government. The Church had virtually proclaimed an internecine war against it. It had not indeed to apprehend from her what her principles forbade, namely, the resistance of the subject to authority. But this was not precisely the aspect of the case in the view of the Episcopalians. It was a case of civil war between two races of rival claimants for the throne, intermitted, indeed, but never at an end so long as the Stuart family continued to exist. The new government therefore was compelled in self-defence to view their body as a powerful and dangerous intestine foe. And the mea-

* Bishop Rose's Letter to Bp. Campbell, in Keith's Catalogue of Scottish Bishops, pp. 69–71, edit. 1824.

† Stephen, vol. iii. p. 401.

‡ Guthrie, x. p. 301.

asures taken against them were not in intention, though they were in effect, those of religious persecution. Three hundred clergy * were ejected in 1689, and others at subsequent periods, but many were permitted to remain, upon the condition of taking the oaths or of praying for the sovereign, of which perhaps the performance was not rigorously exacted ; and even in the close of the reign of Anne there appear to have been two hundred of them still in legal or virtual † possession. But of course they had had little or no share in the ecclesiastical government of the country, though they had been permitted to retain their cures in a condition somewhat analogous to that of the Indulged ministers under the Stuarts. In the reign of Anne, notwithstanding the opposition of the Kirk, an Act of Toleration was passed in their favour ; but the accession of George, and the failure of the rebellion of 1715, again smote down their hopes ; and the acts of 1746 and 1748 made it severely penal for any Scottish Episcopal clergyman to officiate, unless in a private house, and even then if more than four persons besides the family were present. Thus the fortunes of the Kirk came, through circumstances, to be, especially from the time of the Union, closely and effectually bound up with the general peace of the three countries, and with their public institutions, including the Episcopal Establishments of England and Ireland—a combination by much too powerful for the ejected Scottish bishops and their followers to resist. They were supported only by a titular prince, himself estranged from them in religion, and a beggar at a foreign court. And last and worst of all, the channels of religious sympathy from the English Church were stopped up : the very same opinion which wedded Scottish Episcopacy to the alien dynasty of the Stuarts, associated it in like manner with the alien Church of the Nonjurors.

This chapter of its history came to a close in the year 1792 ; when, as the Pretender was dead, and the Scottish bishops and their clergy declared their unqualified loyalty to the reigning sovereign and his descendants, the proscriptive laws were repealed, and the old Episcopacy of Scotland again crept forth from its hiding-places into the light, and began to feel the warmth, of day. By degrees the English clergy, who had been brought in to supply its place, attached themselves to its communion ; and the English bishops, in the year 1805, accelerated this process by an unequivocal proof of their judgment in favour of such sub-

* Lawson's Episcopal Church, ii. 135.

† Lawson, ii. 515, from a MS. in the Advocates' Library. In strict possession there were 122, besides 97 parishes which had no Presbyterian ministers.

mission. The absorption four years ago had become all but complete, when new actors and new mischiefs came upon the stage.

In the month of October, 1842, with declared personal reluctance, but under a strong impression of official duty, Dr. Terrot, Bishop of Edinburgh, addressed Mr. Drummond, one of his clergy, on the subject of a prayer-meeting which it was his custom to hold weekly during the winter in a hall hired for the purpose. The bishop referred to the 28th Canon of the Church, which contained the words:—‘ That if any clergyman shall officiate or preach in any place publicly, without using the Liturgy at all, he shall for the first offence be admonished by the bishop, and if he persevere in this uncanonical practice shall be suspended, until after due contrition he be restored to the exercise of his clerical functions’ (*Canons of Episc. Ch., Edin., 1838*).

The bishop considered that the meetings, such as they had been described to him (indeed they seem to have had all the parts of a complete Presbyterian service), amounted to public ministrations, and as such he resolved to stop them. Mr. Drummond, on the other hand, ‘ had invariably regarded them in the light of private ministrations, and as such in no wise affected by Canon xxviii., which he with many others had held throughout as applicable solely to the recognised public ministrations of the sanctuary’ (*Corresp.*, p. 23).

It appears that these assemblages were usually announced in the congregation (*ib.* 18); that they were held in a room hired by Mr. Drummond (*ib.* 15); that he had been solicited to obtain a larger room for extending the accommodation, and had declined, because he wished only to hold ‘ large family meetings’ (*ib.* 24); and that they were attended indifferently by persons of the congregation, and by strangers (*ib.* 18).

According to the law of the Episcopal Communion of Scotland, the bishop can admonish of his own motion, but he can only suspend with his Presbyters as assessors, in open court, after regular hearing; and an appeal lies from any sentence of his to the College of Bishops. In this particular case, doubt had arisen as to what constituted a public, as distinguished from a private ministration. The bishop appears to have felt the difficulty in which he would be placed, if Mr. Drummond should accept his individual opinion upon such a subject as conclusive; and he took, as it appears to us, the rational method of bringing the matter to a more satisfactory issue. He addressed Mr. Drummond as follows:—

‘ I entreat you to reconsider your intention of resigning. If indeed you consider the law to mean what I maintain it to mean, it must be the Church,

Church, and not me individually, to which you feel yourself opposed. But if you think that I am in error, do not, I pray you, desert the Church for the supposed injury inflicted by one of her ministers, so long as a remedy for that injury remains to be tried.'—*ib.* p. 28.

We are deeply convinced that if Mr. Drummond had acceded to this wise recommendation, the kindly temper and moderate views which distinguish the bishop, and which likewise appear to us to be traceable at that time in the conduct of Mr. Drummond, could not have failed to lead to some arrangement which, by confining the prayer-meeting to the members of his congregation, should have brought it into some sort of harmony with the canon. The defence of this unhappy error of judgment is more singular than the error itself. He says, 'I must have committed a clerical misdemeanour, by refusing to listen to the bishop's admonition, before the matter could have appeared in the Diocesan Synod.'*

But the bishop had not only suggested, he had entreated this very thing. *Volenti non fit injuria*; much more then *roganti*. Mr. Drummond was fastidious indeed in his respect for the Episcopal office, when he would not, even in concurrence with its occupant, consent to let an admonition pass *pro formâ* in order to bring the merits into full and open discussion. If he had better understood the nature of law, and of the Church as an orderly society, he would have known the value of judicial forms in all contentious questions, and would also have been aware that no greater kindness can be conferred upon persons in authority, if they are honest and candid men, than to subject their impressions and views to the most strict scrutiny before they take the form of conclusive judgments, instead of first precipitating their arrival at that ultimate form, and then rising up in open revolt against them.

So, however, it was; Mr. Drummond's language, at this stage was like that ascribed, we believe, in some of our grammars to the Frenchman not yet master of our future tense:—'I *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* help me.' He accordingly resigned his charge under his Scottish bishop; but immediately thereafter he appeared in a new character, as the pastor of a pretended English congregation in Edinburgh; and his chapel is one of those which salute, or rather smite, the eye upon the walk which we traced at the commencement of this article; a building of a shape and front just as anomalous in relation to architecture, as is the position of those who occupy it in relation to all that distinguishes society from a moral chaos, or a rope of tow from a rope of sand.

* Reply to Resolutions of the Clergy, p. 14.

But 'the beginning of strife is as when a man letteth out water : ' and Mr. Drummond, having thus summarily and almost eagerly quitted his post, began seriously to alter both his views and his tone. It will perhaps scarcely be believed, but so it is, that Mr. Drummond, quitting the poorest church on earth, and proclaiming at the same time his unimpaired connexion with the richest, compares himself in print to the three children of Israel under Nebuchadnezzar, and in a transport of faith exclaims,—

' Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the BURNING FIERY FURNACE, and he will deliver us.'

This is the closing passage of his 'Reasons for withdrawing from the Scottish Episcopal Church,' and continuing to minister in Edinburgh 'as a clergyman of the Church of England.' The evident and grinding hardships of this position recall the truly pathetic description of the Athenian envoys in the *Acharnæ* of Aristophanes :—

ἔφ' ἀρμαμάξων μάλθ' ἄκως κατακείμενοι,
ἀπολλύμενοι.—v. 70.

This, however, is the common infatuation of those who suppose themselves to be martyrs. It is a more serious evil, when persons endeavour to burn the house out of which they have driven themselves, and, though with sincere intention and in ignorance, are tempted to magnify the importance of their immediate quarrels by dragging other and greater subjects out of repose into the arena of contention.

Thus it happened, that while Mr. Drummond was on the point of assuming his new position, he saw in a new and baleful light an Office of the Scottish Episcopal Church, with which he had up to that time lived in perfectly good neighbourhood. His correspondence with the bishop ended on the 22nd of October. On the 4th of November (*Reply to Resolutions*, p. 13) he had, by the aid of 'an English clergyman,' discovered 'another and an insuperable barrier to the possibility of his ever returning' to the communion he had left. Shortly afterwards, in another publication, he made this astonishing announcement :—

'That in the two following points she (the Scottish Episcopal Church) is vitally opposed to the Church of England in her standards and offices; viz.,—

'1. Because she propounds the doctrine of a commemorative sacrifice in the Lord's Supper.

'2. Because she likewise propounds the naked doctrine of Transubstantiation, in language absolutely the same as that employed in the canon of the Romish Mass.'—*Reasons for Withdrawing*, p. 12.

And these propositions he undertook in plain terms to prove.
The

The intrinsic absurdity, however, of making the latter proposition at all, or of converting the former into a charge, appears to have occurred to some judicious friend; and in his next publication, which bears a date no later than November, 1842, Mr. Drummond methodises his assault on the Scottish communion office, and seeks to mend his ground by changing his allegations into the two following ones:—first, that it teaches a ‘commemorative material sacrifice;’ and, secondly, that it teaches, not indeed the doctrine, but a doctrine, of transubstantiation—(*The Scott. Commun. Office examined.* pp. 3, 4).

This after-thought of Mr. Drummond’s lighted up the flame of religious discord in that unobtrusive and tranquil communion, of which he was the servant, and has since become the disturber. The remark which we have made above with respect to the freedom of other religious bodies in Scotland from foreign influences, was pre-eminently true of the Episcopal Church. Neither the local nearness of the fierce conflict of non-intrusion raging in her ears, nor her spiritual affinity with the religion of England, had then made her a partaker in the troubles that prevailed north and south of the border respectively. As to the first indeed, a quarrel in which benefices were concerned, her exemption is less remarkable, inasmuch as she has no livings, but only *starvings*—the usual income of her bishoprics is 160*l. per annum*, while an endowed pastoral charge of any kind is only to be met with in very few instances, and upon the most limited scale. But as respects the second, when it is recollected that during the years 1841 and 1842 the controversy of the Ninetieth Tract, with all its painful accompaniments, raged in England, our readers will, we think, agree with us in considering it a circumstance most honourable to the Scottish Episcopal Communion, that for its members, whether clerical or lay, that controversy appeared to have no existence. Neither Tracts nor Charges reverberated within its peaceful borders. Her clergy and congregations, built up in their own indigenous theology, pursued their placid way: they knew nothing of tendencies or of provocatives to Romanism; they had no quarrels, either dogmatical or rubrical; their spirit had been fraternal, and their doctrine uniform.

It was reserved for an English clergyman to carry the firebrand among them; that clergyman was Mr. Drummond, and what he attacked was not any writer or any combination of writers, any class or party, but the authorized and established Communion Office of the Church, of which he had, some fortnight or month before, been the solemnly pledged minister. His course—honest, we doubt not, but most wild and most anarchical—found imitators. Sir William Dunbar, in Aberdeen, a second English clergyman;
Mr.

Mr. Miles, in Glasgow, a third English clergyman; and some two or three more, we believe, have followed his example, and have carried with them a greater or less number of the members of the Church who had been under their pastoral charge. The details of these various cases, and of such judicial proceedings as have been taken by the synods or by the bishops against these seceders, strictly, we apprehend, within the spiritual province, in vindication of order, are before us in a multitude of pamphlets; among which we recommend 'The recent Schisms,' published in London, by a nameless author, as containing a full, able, and learned exposition of the general merits. On the part of these unruly clergy, the predominating notions appear to be objection to the enforcement of any penal discipline, and to the Communion Office, which they had all recognised, by their submission to the canons, as of primary authority in that Church. In point of fact, the real principle upon which they are acting, though most probably, as is usual in such cases, without any distinct consciousness on their own part, is that of the most uncontrolled and licentious theory of private judgment: that disposition which likes very well the name of law and its imposing proprieties, so long as it does not entail any act of self-sacrificing obedience, any surrender of one jot or hair's breadth of individual persuasion; a disposition not the less but the more subtle and dangerous because it commends itself to our own minds with a colour of divine authority imparted to it by our own resolute prepossessions; or, in the very remarkable language of Mr. Drummond, because its dictates come to us as the dictates of 'that blessed spirit whose glorious office it is to stamp infallibility on the directions of Scripture to those who seek them in sincerity and truth.' And these parties still profess, and doubtless believe themselves, to act as regular ministers of the Church of England. From the Episcopal Communion of Scotland, which was a living organised body in the place of their own habitation, and which therefore they could feel, they retired into the Church of England, which has and can have no existence in Scotland, which has no arm to guide nor law to correct them, which therefore they cannot feel, and to which they can pay a cheap and imaginary obedience.

There are two pleas by which these mistaken persons have sought to vindicate their thoroughly schismatical position. The one is, that, although they have renounced the episcopal authority in Scotland, they continue to be clergymen of the Church of England, acting under her laws and discipline. It is needless to verify this statement by citations; the publications in defence are full of them. The other plea is, that they have seceded on account of doctrines in the Scottish communion office either actually

Romish

Romish or so near akin to it as to fall under the censure of the English Church, and thus to be at variance with their obligations to her. Of each of these pleas we shall, though very briefly, undertake the examination.

Mr. Drummond, in his 'Sketch,' and the managers of St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen, in their letter to the Bishop of London, draw their historical evidence in support of the former proposition from the history of the last century. They succeed in showing that, in the years 1746 and 1748, penal laws of a stringent character were passed, which may be said to have extinguished the public ordinances of the Scottish Episcopal Communion, but which left untouched any ministrations performed in Scotland by an English or an Irish clergyman. Then they contend that the toleration which was granted in 1792 did no more than replace the proscribed body in a condition of equality with other religious communities, separated like itself from the Established Church—(indeed it did rather less),—and invested it with no authority to claim the allegiance of those southern clergy who had been exercising their pastoral charge in Scotland under the previous state of things. And, strange to say, Mr. Drummond, an ordained priest of the Church, appears to imagine that these facts of political history vindicate his present ecclesiastical position; that the relative rights and duties, even of free and unestablished forms of religion, are to be sought nowhere except in the Statutes at large—the Canonical Scriptures of Church government and discipline! From an Erastianism so grovelling and reckless the very neighbourhood of the Free Kirk should have preserved him.

But let us do justice to the lay managers of the Aberdeen congregation.* They appear to rely in great part upon several testimonials between the years 1738 and 1792, from which it appears that certain prelates of the English Church then recognised congregations in Scotland not connected with the bishops of the country, and entered into their concerns. Let us give to these facts the utmost force and meaning which can be asked for them, and assume that they implied a judgment of the English Church in favour of those congregations, and her communion with them. Nothing can be more easy of explanation, and by considerations which the slightest regard to Scottish history could not have failed, one might suppose, to suggest.

First, as to the legal proscription of Scottish Episcopacy—it is at once accounted for by the dogged adherence of the body to the Stuarts, and by its participation in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. As to the ecclesiastical recognition of independent Angli-

* Letter to the Bishop of London, pp. 15-16.

can clergy in Scotland—we explain it in the simplest manner; just as the like recognition in the case of Rome or Paris is explained—namely, upon the ground that the Church of the country is not in communion with our own. At the time in question the Scottish bishops were not in communion with those of England. The English Nonjuring body still subsisted in voluntary separation; and with our *petite église* thus formed in the South, the northern Episcopate, of which the members had quitted their legal position upon the very same ground, was in intimate connexion,—even so that consecrations took place, in which the bishops of the two bodies jointly officiated. If, then, the Nonjurors of England and the Episcopal Communion of Scotland were ecclesiastically one, and if the former body justified its very existence only by denunciation of the Church as established by law, it is plain that the Church of England could have no regular relations with the latter, and that she might intelligibly enough consider herself under the obligation to make any provisional arrangements that the case would admit for the care of such Episcopalians in Scotland as had been brought into relations with her; quite apart from the question whether she might or might not have found another reason for the same course in the forcible suppression by law, from 1746 to 1792, of all regular ministrations in the Episcopal Communion of the country, and thus have deemed it an office of charity to provide the nearest substitute for the flocks that the iron hand of power would permit.

But how stands the case now? In 1788 died Charles Edward,† and the graceful monument of Canova to his memory and that of his brother is likewise the cenotaph of the once celebrated nonjuring schism. Whether logically or not, yet unanimously, the Jacobites carried over their warm allegiance to the House of Brunswick; the nonjuring community as such was extinct, though individuals belonging to it and even its last bishop still survived.* By virtue of that extinction the Scottish Episcopate was relieved from all that had placed it in an attitude of antagonism to that of England. It had already founded the Church of the United States in the person of Bishop Seabury; the Anglican prelates associated themselves with that proceeding by the consecration of Bishops White and Prevoost; from them, together with Bishop Seabury, sprang the whole of an extended and active communion in the United States, now numbering twenty-six bishops and above twelve hundred clergy. In the year 1792, by the zealous intervention of the English Episcopate, the penal laws affecting the body in Scotland were repealed. The Liturgy was

* Lathbury's History of the Nonjurors.

already used in Scotland: about the commencement of the present century subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles was adopted, and it is now required from every clergyman. Lastly, the full communion of the two Churches obtained, in its principle, an entire civil recognition by an Act passed in 1840, which permits the bishops and priests of Scotland to officiate in England with a renewable licence from the diocesan; and it is to be recollected that, according to our own law, no strange clergyman, even of English orders, is entitled to officiate except under the bishop's permission. This Act, we believe, was passed with the unanimous concurrence of all parties in Parliament; and Bishop Russell, in a note to his Charge, has paid a graceful tribute to the interest which Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, then in power, manifested in its progress.

The sum of all this is,—there was a time when Scottish Episcopacy was legally proscribed by Parliament, and was ecclesiastically in opposition to the English Church; and at that time English clergymen, with the sanction of some English bishops, took charge of congregations in Scotland. But what has this to do with the position of an independent clergy now, when the law of the land, as proposed by the Primate himself and unanimously approved, which formerly proscribed one of the Churches, recognises and regulates the communion between both? It is true, indeed, that clergy of Scottish orders cannot hold benefices among us; and seeing that a Roman Catholic priest on his conformity, or a Dissenter on his ordination, may hold them, we shall leave to others more ingenious than ourselves the vindication of this restraint. All that need now be said is, it does not impugn the spiritual relation of the two bodies in the one case more than it implies such a relation in the other. Is this denied? If it be, we are not in communion with our own colonial Churches; for clergy of colonial orders are under the very same disqualification.

Now this consideration, of the communion between the two Churches as such, is not only material to the point at issue—it is decisive. If it be true that English clergymen, placed out of England, may properly renounce the authority of the local Church, whatever be its relation to the Church of England, and may, in vulgar phrase, set up for themselves, it must and can only be for one of these three reasons—either that the Church of England constitutes the whole Catholic Church and has an universal mission; or that we do not really, but only in sheer falsehood and collusion, recognise any Church beyond our own shores and border, thus realising the sarcasm of Voltaire, *que Dieu s'est incarné pour les Anglais*; or, lastly, upon principles of utter anarchy such as this, that the individual may deliberately disobey the laws of

of the body to which he belongs, and still continue to bear its ensigns and enjoy its privileges.

But now we are met by Mr. Drummond,* who apprises us that he was at pains to assure himself that he was acting consistently with his position as a clergyman of the Church of England, and that he had obtained that assurance from the highest legal authorities. Well, we have always understood that a great licence is permitted in the anonymous description of any barrister or advocate who has signed an opinion upon a case for the behoof of the describing party. But what now is the utmost conceivable extent to which any opinion in this case can have gone? Suppose Mr. Drummond may have been told that he would not, in consequence of his Scottish proceedings, lose his qualification for a benefice in England: he may yet learn that there are more opinions than one upon that subject; but, setting aside any consideration of the kind, how far can such a proposition go towards satisfying a conscience once, as we have seen, so tender? Is this the first or only case in which the laws of England, or, indeed, of any country, have been found insufficient to correct excesses, to chastise even the most flagrant crimes, committed beyond her borders? Nay, even within that narrow range, let us remember those most miserable cases of clerical delinquency in England which have lately scandalised the community. All but one, we believe, of those unhappy men still continue in legal possession of their benefices. Of them also, in one sense, it is true that their continued possession 'is strictly consistent with the rules of the Church of England.'† Of course, we do not mean to imply that Mr. Drummond is, as these parties must be, conscious of his offence; but to expose the singular absurdity of the assumption, that everything which cannot be punished in law is therefore warrantable in conscience.

So much, then, for the historical argument upon the ecclesiastical position of priests of English orders in Scotland not under Episcopal jurisdiction; and as hostility to the Church of Rome has in this instance been pleaded in defence of anarchical conduct, we will venture to declare that no man can be so sure, no man so efficacious a friend to the Church of Rome among us as he who shall prove, whether by reasoning or by facts, that we of the English Church have no practical conception, in matters of religion, of law as a curb upon private will—much less any principles of order and cohesion extending beyond the sphere of our own country; consequently that we are by our own act, our own inward disposition,

* *Reasons*, p. 10. *Statement of Mr. Drummond's Friends*, p. 12

† *Statement by the Committee of Mr. Drummond's Friends*, p. 12

cut off not only from the enjoyment, but from the possibility of communion with any other portion of Christendom, inasmuch as that communion essentially requires and presupposes that each of the parties entering into it shall, in deed as well as in name, support and cherish the authority of the other. And, indeed, the rulers of the Church of England have been forward in the recognition of this principle, so far as we have the means of knowing their judgment. From the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Exeter, letters have appeared in the public journals, addressed to bishops or clergymen of the Episcopal Communion in Scotland, and declaring in the strongest terms the sisterhood of the two Churches. Their letters are substantially identical in their purport. His Grace the Primate writes as follows :—

‘The Episcopal Church in Scotland is in communion with the United Church of England and Ireland, through the medium of her Bishops. . . .

‘Of congregations in Scotland not acknowledging the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop in whose diocese the chapels are situate, yet calling themselves Episcopalian, we know nothing. In order to prove their right to this designation they should be able to show what Bishop in England has authority, by law or by custom, to regulate their worship, and to direct or control their ministers in respect of discipline or doctrine.

‘In default of such proof they cannot be considered as Episcopalian, though the service of their chapels be performed by clergymen who have been regularly ordained by a Bishop.’*

The Bishop of London, in one of several letters to the same effect, writes :—

‘My opinion as to the obligation which binds an English clergyman desirous of officiating in Scotland to seek for authority to do so at the hands of the Bishop within whose diocese he is to officiate, and to pay him canonical obedience, has long been made known in that country. I retain that opinion unchanged.’†

The Bishop of Exeter declares the notion of a connexion between the seceding chapels and the Church of England to be ‘monstrous.’‡ And such, so far as they have transpired, are the uniform sentiments of the prelacy of England and Ireland; if we except a letter from the Bishop of Cashel,§ which has recently appeared in some of the public journals, and with regard to which the circumstance that it is countervailed by so overwhelming a

* Letter to Rev. A. Ewing, Aug. 19, 1845, from the ‘English Churchman,’ Sept. 4, 1845.

† Letter to the Bishop of Glasgow, Nov. 21, 1844, in the Bishop’s ‘Reply to certain Statements by Mr. Miles.’

‡ Letter to Mr. Ewing, Aug. 10, 1845, from the ‘English Churchman,’ Sept. 4, 1845.

§ Edinburgh Evening Post, Nov. 5.

weight of authority, combined with the respect we owe to the position of the writer, induces us to maintain a total silence.

But besides history, and besides authority, there is still the tribunal of common sense before which the new seceders must be contented to appear. Now let us compare their professions with the facts of their position. 'We continue to be Episcopalians.' But you have no bishop. 'We adhere to the laws of the Church of England.' Well: one of them is, that those only may minister who are called by persons having authority for that purpose:* and you are called by no man whatever. 'But we are ordained.' Yes, you are; 'to preach the word of God, and to minister the Holy Sacraments—in the congregation where thou shalt be lawfully appointed thereto.'† 'But we use the Liturgy.' So do Lady Huntingdon's ministers; but the cowl does not make the monk, so the Liturgy does not make the Church. Again, suppose you doubt its meaning, who construes it for you? Suppose you alter it, who corrects you? Suppose you abolish it, who punishes you? 'We will not abolish it.' But the question is as to law, not will. Law may be known by all; your will, it is plain from what has already passed, even you do not know. Again, suppose the minister and the congregation differ upon doctrine, who decides between you? Who consecrates your churches? Who confirms your children? The Church is perpetual; who preceded you, and who is to succeed you? Who forms the link and centre of union among your scattered atoms? No one: and are you then Episcopalians or Independents? 'But all this is true of English congregations on the Continent.' By no means. They have the universal and understood, even when tacit, sanction of our bishops. They exist in a state of things precisely the opposite of that in Scotland; in lands of tongue and usage wholly foreign; in the absence, and not in the presence, of a Church holding full communion with our own; in the territory of bishops, not who invite, but who generally refuse our fellowship;—they exist for the members of their own Church, not for the purposes of aggression and defiance; and yet even their existence is deemed so defective, that by great efforts, and by means more or less anomalous, bishops have been provided for them in three cases—those of Gibraltar, of Bishop Alexander in Jerusalem, and of Bishop Luscombe in Paris—and the time is anxiously expected when difficulties of detail and of arrangement shall be so far overcome as to place all these bodies under regular and continuous superintendence. But do the Scottish seceders for a moment dream that if Englishmen were to establish independent religious congregations in the United

* Art. xxiii.

† Office for Ordaining of Priests.

States, they would be acknowledged as legitimate churches by the Episcopate of England? And yet this, and stronger still than this, is the case of Scotland.

But we turn to the second objection: that the schism is to be justified on the ground of the existence and use of the Scottish Communion Office. Not, we trust, simply because in a single rite,* the Episcopal Communion of Scotland, which still, be it remembered, represents the Church of a nation, and of a nation distinguished for the tenacity of its local and national attachments, speaks her own language as well as ours; we say as well as ours, for in her liberal consideration of the close union of the two countries, and of the English habits and associations of some among her communicants, the Scots Episcopal Church permits the free use of either office according to the circumstances of each congregation, imposes the same restraints in either case upon the substitution of the one for the other, and only claims for her own the very innocent distinctions, that it shall be employed at the consecrations of bishops, and at the opening of general synods. The American Church gives no such terms, nor have we a right to ask them. Now in Roman Catholic France, Count Montalembert informs us there are forty various forms of the Liturgy. In Italy the Office of Saint Ambrose is still celebrated at Milan; in Rome itself the Rite of the United Greeks is allowed to be performed, and may be witnessed in the Chapel of the Propaganda. Certainly Englishmen have acquired in many quarters an evil repute for the narrow insularity of their notions and their intolerance of the usages of other countries. But we are not, surely, so far gone in this career, as to insist that an independent Church shall surrender the one last badge of its independence in order that it may enjoy the honour of a bow and smile from us—and we therefore beg the reader to dismiss from his mind any such false and childish impression as that the Churches are not in the very fullest communion because their rite is not in every single particular the same.

Yet if it be true that the doctrine of the Scottish Office is substantially different from our own, the case assumes a very different aspect. To this question accordingly we now turn, and we only regret the difficulty which we must experience in treating a subject of such extreme solemnity, not only within the narrowest limits, but likewise in pages which must be read for the most part in a temper less collected and devout than such a theme imperatively demands.

We have already extracted from a work of the parent of the

* There are, we believe, some other variations of rite, but so small or of such limited use that they do not substantially qualify this statement.

schism the two doctrinal accusations which he has advanced.* He has enhanced them by the charge that the present Scottish office has 'approximated more nearly to Rome' than either the Service Book of 1637 or the first Prayer Book of Edward VI.

Divinity, in the hands of passionate men, has ever been the fertile mother of logomachies; to a greater degree probably than any lower science, in proportion to its hold upon the universal affections of mankind, and therewith its liability to be clouded by their passions. We are no adepts in the conduct of such disputes; we know not what heinous enormity may have been or may yet be present to the imagination of Mr. Drummond; but he perhaps may have read those words of St. Paul used in reference to the Holy Eucharist, 'Ye do show forth the Lord's death until he come:' and we are totally at a loss to conceive how the commemoration of a sacrifice, not by an arbitrary token, but by acts intrinsically resembling it, can be less than a commemorative sacrifice; how its commemoration through the specific means of material elements is other than a commemorative material sacrifice. Indeed, it is not the word *sacrifice* which has sounded the alarm; as it could hardly be with any who remember that the service of the English Church prays for the acceptance of a 'sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving' in the Eucharist, distinct from that 'reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice' of 'ourselves, our souls and bodies,' which pertains to the idea of universal priesthood in the Christian Church. And for the comfort of the seceders let us remind them of the following circumstance. Courayer wrote very learnedly to show, that the Church of England held a representative (something more than a commemorative) sacrifice, and that this satisfied essentially the definitions of the Church of Rome; and for this latter argument he was not only censured in France, but also condemned by the Pope.

But the Scottish Communion Office also teaches a doctrine of transubstantiation. Never before did we hear that there subsisted more than one. Of various explanations of that one we have heard, but Mr. Drummond gives us no clue to his meaning, and, as we are persuaded, for a good reason: because he had none to give. Strange to say,† a main support of his charge he finds in the circumstance that the meaning of the word 'be' is doubtful, but the meaning of the word 'become' is 'precise, definite, and unambiguous.' For our parts we should have thought that the ancient symbol 'I AM' might have suggested to this writer a different idea: nor can we conceive how, if the idea of entity be obscure, that of genesis can be perspicuous, inasmuch as what-

* Scottish Communion Office Examined, p. 9.

† *Ib.*, p. 23.

ever a created thing can possibly *be*, that it must necessarily have *come to be*, which we hope he will grant is pretty nearly the same thing as to have *become*. But leaving the argument and looking to the charge it is brought to support, we must allege that the Scottish Communion Office is actually farther from the Roman, though nearer the primitive sense and structure, in its central point, than any one of the Liturgies with which it has been compared, namely those of 1549, 1552, 1637, and 1662; and, strange to add, that of all these the existing English Liturgy is the nearest to that of Rome. For the recital or narrative, retained in our prayer of consecration, is held by the Church of Rome to be the exclusive means whereby the elements assume their mystical character; and a writer in this controversy quotes a pithy passage to this effect from Cardinal Bona de reb. Liturg. II. 13. 4, where he mentions, '*recentioris Genevæ pessimum ac detestandum errorem, consecrationem scilicet non fieri verbis in personâ Christi a sacerdote prolati, sed precatione ejusdem Sacerdotis, postea orantis et dicentis, fac hunc panem pretiosum Corpus Christi tui.*' But in the Scottish Office the invocation of the Holy Ghost, and the prayer for the spiritual conversion of the sacred elements, follow after this recital, and thereby directly contradict the Roman doctrine, as they involve the position that something more than the recital, instead of being profane, is either necessary or at least desirable. Consequently, as Bishop Russell of Glasgow has observed with much acuteness, while a person holding the Roman Catholic tenet in all its rigour 'might receive the sacrament according to the English form, he could not possibly receive it according to the Scottish.*' And we are also reminded† that Bishop Jolly, one of the most eminent in sanctity and learning among Scottish bishops, has upon this very ground claimed for the Scottish Office the praise, that it erects an insuperable bar against a misconstruction of our Saviour's words by the Church of Rome. No doubt it is true that the arrangement and the language of the Scottish Office are more conformable to the primitive Liturgies in this particular than those of our own; but we really thought that the restoration of primitive, as distinguished from Roman doctrine, had been the very watchword of the English Reformation. Is this an honest and sincere profession, or is it (we are almost ashamed to ask) a convenient plea for our defence from the assaults of the Church of Rome, to be treated with all honour in our conflicts against her, but in our dealings with one another to be discarded and disgraced?

* Charge, p. 35.

† Recent Schisms, p. 26; Jolly's Christian Sacrifice in the Eucharist, Preface, p. vi.

Why should any man hesitate to grant to the Scottish Communion Office its due meed of praise for its closer adherence in some particulars to the venerable models of the early Church, even though he feels, as it is ours to feel, the power of the familiar and endearing associations connected with the English one, though he is resolute and convinced upon the essential identity of the two, and though he regards them *pari pietatis affectu*, or at least with a sentiment if differing in degree, yet the same in kind, as compounded of approval, reverence, and love?

But now, having reversed the charge of a Romish character, we will proceed to show, in the words of the moderate and learned Bishop of Glasgow, what testimonials of commendation this Eucharistic Office of Scotland, or the first Book of Edward VI., which nearly corresponds with it as to the particulars now in question, has received from divines of the English Church, upon whom the breath of accusation never has been breathed.

‘I have already suggested that the Eucharistic forms adopted by the Scottish Episcopalians have received the approbation of many learned divines in England. Though Bishop Horsley’s opinion has been so frequently quoted that it is familiar to every one, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of repeating it in your hearing:—“I think the Scotch Office more conformable to the primitive models, and, in my private judgment, more edifying, than that which we now use; insomuch that were I at liberty to follow my private judgment, I would myself use the Scottish Office in preference. The alterations which were made in the Communion Office, as it stood in the first Book of Edward VI., to humour the Calvinists, were in my opinion much for the worse; nevertheless, I think our present Office is very good: our form of consecration of the elements is sufficient; I mean that the elements *are consecrated* by it, and made the body and blood of Christ, in the sense in which our Lord himself said, the bread and wine were His body and blood.”

‘Sensible of the apparent defect in the present English Office, the pious Bishop Wilson, whose praise is in every Church, in his “Short Introduction to the Lord’s Supper,” directed his readers, immediately after the prayer of consecration, to “*say secretly*—Send down Thy spirit and blessing upon this means of grace and salvation, which Thou thyself, O Jesus, hast ordained. Most merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, look graciously upon the gifts now lying before Thee, and send down Thy Holy Spirit on this sacrifice, that He may make this bread and wine the Body and Blood of Thy Christ, that all who partake of them may be confirmed in godliness, may receive remission of their sins, and obtain everlasting life.”

‘Archdeacon Daubeney admitted that the Episcopal Church of Scotland, “by forming her Communion Service upon the model of that first set forth for the use of the Church of England, keeps closer to
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the original pattern of the primitive Church than the Church of England herself now does."

'Bishop Fleetwood, in his "Reasonable Communicant," observes that "the Church of Christ did heretofore pray that the Holy Spirit of God coming down on the creatures of bread and wine might make them the Body and Blood of Christ."

'In reference to the same subject, Dr. Waterland remarks that, "in the Liturgy of 1549 [the first of Edward] there was a solemn address to God for His propitious favour (a very ancient, eminent, and solemn part of the Communion Service) in these words: 'We, Thy humble servants, do celebrate and make here, before Thy Divine Majesty, with these Thy holy gifts, the memorial which Thy Son hath willed us to make: having in remembrance His blessed Passion and precious Death, His mighty Resurrection, and glorious Ascension.' Why this part," he adds, "was struck out in the Review, I know not; unless it was owing to some scruple (which, however, was needless) about making the memorial before God, which at that time might appear to give some umbrage to the Popish sacrifice among such as knew not how to distinguish. However that were, we have still the sum and substance of the primitive memorial remaining in our present office; not all in one place, but interspersed here and there in the exhortations and prayers."

'One of the latest historians of the English Church, the present Bishop of Man, when adverting to the alterations introduced into the Communion Office of the second Liturgy of Edward, remarks, "It is difficult to understand why the Invocation of the Second and Third Persons in the Trinity was left out: it has been wisely restored in the American Prayer-Book." *

To these we must add the following testimonial from Archbishop Sharp of York, and especially because of the distinguished part which he took before the Revolution of 1688, in resisting the Romish party, of his known moderation, and of the fact that he was preferred under William III., probably on account of those services.

'Though he admired the Communion Office as it now stands, yet in his own private judgment he preferred that in King Edward's first Service Book before it, as a more proper office for the celebration of those mysteries.' †

Again: Wheatley, ‡ our most popular ritualist, is of the same mind. And these judgments, it is to be observed, are not extracted from among others of a different bearing, but they are the spontaneous and uncontradicted testimonies of English divines, in favour either of the Scottish Office, *eo nomine*, and as it stands,

* Charge of the Bishop of Glasgow, delivered in May, 1845, p. 33.

† Life, i. 355.

‡ P. 25, 289, et seq. Ed. Oxf. 1839.

or of its leading characteristics. It is vain to talk of the advantage of bringing the two Churches to a perfect similarity by the extinction of the Office of the weaker: first, because there is a positive value in the genuine forms of the expression of national and local character—they are all homes of the affections; secondly, because the thing cannot be done. We may ape the manners and adopt the speech of Frenchmen: the result will be not a duplicate nor even a copy, but a mean and flat caricature. The English Church has much that her Scottish sister cannot have: her unbroken episcopal succession, her ancient canon law, her high standing as an estate of the realm, her millions of acres and of tithes, her millions upon millions of Christian souls. Let it not be grudged then to the Church in Scotland, if she cling with fondness to an Office so honoured by our own divines, so adapted by its form to exemplify the blessed truth of our relationship to the Church at large, and to remind us of the law of love. Let no pedantic love of uniformity, none of that inclination to domineer, in which manifestly we are to recognise one of our besetting sins, urge upon the Scottish bishops the surrender of this most beautiful and affecting service. If, as seems to be God's will, their Church is to continue poor, let her hold her poverty in freedom; and cherish in her breast the one ewe lamb of her native pastures, unsolicited to barter it for dignity or gold. Indeed it is not for its intrinsic merits, nor for its nationality, alone, that it should be revered; but also because it is precious to the poor Episcopalians of Scotland; to those who have followed the fortunes of their Church, not, we grant, in revolt and bloodshed, but in silence, obscurity and contempt, throughout the dreary period of the penal laws: and it is now high time that in our ecclesiastical arrangements we should begin to have some more show of regard to those 'poor of this world' who are especially the chosen of God, 'rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love Him:'* who, when once touched by religion, seem so much more easily than others to give the whole heart to God; and who are therefore so well qualified, by the spiritual tact of the inward man, to appreciate the very forms of the ordinance appointed to be the special medium of their union with their Lord.

But although in the manner we have described schism has been introduced among the Episcopalian Protestants of Scotland, their religious condition on the whole presents a promising and a pleasing picture. The eulogium of the devout Bishop Horne, who (in the days too when their own Communion Office held an un-

* St. James, ii. 5.

divided empire) indicated their Church as that with which, among existing Christian societies, an Apostle returning upon earth might most joyfully communicate, has still an intelligible application to their government and laws, and to the remarkable simplicity, purity, and patient firmness of that peculiar type of Christian character which seems to belong to them. The ravages of schism have been more than repaired, under the Divine grace, by the energy of faith and love. Their churches and congregations grow. With them, as in England, the standard of character and practice rises. They are now engaged in erecting a central institution of education, both clerical and lay, on the banks of the Almond, in the county of Perth, with the active and munificent support of the three Primates of the Churches of England and Ireland, as well as of many other distinguished prelates.* They have at their command, if a small portion of the goods and therefore of the temptations of this world, an open and unencumbered position, with every advantage for the attainment of spiritual excellence. The fact of schism is to be deplored for the sake of its victims; but the question may be raised whether the condition of the Church they have left is not more healthy after the amputation than while she bore about with her such materials of convulsion and disorder. Only let us hope that, among the forms of her increased and increasing activity, will be found an ever-growing earnestness in prayer for those whom she has lost, and an unwearying toil to win them back, not only to an external but to a true obedience, by gentleness, and by those overpowering demonstrations which sanctity of life can bring in aid of authority and of argument; that so, if it be the Divine will, we may live to see removed from the face of Christendom one at least among those many feuds which are at once the shame of religion, the stumbling-block of infirmity, and the rank food of unbelief.

* The wardenship of this important institution has just been conferred, as is understood, by the Scottish Bishops, upon the Rev. Robert Scott, a very eminent scholar of Shrewsbury and Oxford, and a learned and exemplary parish priest of the west of England. This gentleman's share in the Oxford Greek-English Lexicon must have made his name familiar to most of our readers; but his professional publications have also been highly meritorious.

ART. X.—*Memoirs of the Reign of King George III.* By Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited with Notes by Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1845.

THESE Memoirs of the first ten years of George III. will add certainly not more, and we think less, to the reputation of Horace Walpole or to English history than those of the last ten years of George II. They have the same occasional merit and the same general and pervading faults. They contain many traces of his peculiar wit, and frequent touches of his graphic style—a few, and but a few, new facts and lights scattered through a very intricate mass of political intrigues—with an overbalancing proportion of prejudice, partiality, misrepresentation, and inconsistency—trivial and variable, but always rancorous, resentments—and a general and constitutional proclivity to slander and calumny. These, indeed, may be said to be the essential characteristics of his admired Letters; but the gossip and scandal, which in a familiar letter are not merely tolerated, but, as it were, expected and welcomed, are grievous offences against good taste as well as good faith when it is attempted to array them in the grave and responsible character of history. Many, otherwise tolerably strict moralists, will not scruple to enliven a conversation or a correspondence with circumstances which the loosest conscience would not venture to repeat in judicial evidence. So it is that although many, most indeed, of the objectionable topics of his two sets of Memoirs, had been already produced in his ‘Letters,’ ‘Reminiscences,’ and ‘Walpoliana,’ they have not there created the same disgust or indignation, and, we will add, tedium and nausea, which they do in their inspissated form; and there can be no doubt that Walpole’s literary as well as moral character would have stood higher if these more solemn chronicles of libel and malignity had never been published.

We considered it our duty to trace, in our account of the first set of Memoirs, the real motive of Walpole’s personal animosity to the leading political men of the period; and again in our recent review of the second *livraison* of the ‘Letters to Mann,’ the same task was forced upon us by the strange blunder of the editor of that publication, who was so blind or so indiscreet as to seem to question the justice of our opinion, even while he or she* reproduced the very documents under Walpole’s own hand

which

* It seems to be generally understood that the ‘Advertisement’ we allude to was not in fact written by the *Editor*, but supplied to him by Miss Berry, whose amiable partiality

which established the proof of corrupt jobbing and mercenary slander against him even more flagrantly than we had originally stated it.

If the peculiar temper and personal bias of the writer were important ingredients in our consideration of the earlier Memoirs, they are much more so in the present work, which comes closer to our own time, and deals with persons and events better known and, on many accounts, more interesting. Referring, therefore, to our former Numbers, and particularly to that for October, 1844, for the extraordinary details of the influences under which Walpole acted and wrote, during the period comprised in the first 'Memoirs,' we shall here repeat so much of the general facts as may refresh our reader's memory, and we shall afterwards produce some remarkable elucidations and confirmations of our opinions afforded by the work that we are about to examine.

There can be no doubt that Walpole's wit, various and abundant as it was, had always an ill-natured, selfish, and cynical turn; and under any circumstances we might have expected that Memoirs from his pen would have been tinged by the same greedy appetite for scandal and the same unscrupulous propensity to satire which are the characteristics of his letters; but it required additional and deeper influences to chain this lively and mercurial spirit to the daily labour of a chronicler, and to evolve a disregard of truth, a perversity of judgment, and a rancour of feeling so intense, so gloomy, and we must add so dull, as these Memoirs exhibit. These influences were principally two—one pecuniary and accidental, and the other physical and constitutional. Walpole's sole income arose out of no less than *five* sinecure places or shares of places conferred on him by Sir Robert—amounting, he admits, when he first received them, to about 3000*l.* a-year. They afterwards more than doubled in value; but we at present take Walpole's own earliest estimate. Of this sum nearly one-half was derived from a *rider*, as it was called, of 1400*l.* on the patent office of *Collector of the Customs*, of which his elder brother Edward was the patentee, receiving only about 400*l.* a-year of the present profits, but having the reversion of the whole 1800*l.* if he should survive Horace. It would be useless to our present purpose to inquire why Sir Robert made this distribution of the income of the office; but the result was that Horace was

partialty (if the paper was indeed hers) must have obscured either her memory or her judgment as to the real and indisputable *facts* of the case. The writer (whoever that was) forgot or did not observe that the facts which Walpole himself confessed for a narrow and temporary object, were irrefragable evidence for the larger and more permanent purpose to which we have applied them with a force that we venture to assert defies rational contradiction.

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thereby placed, as he himself tells us, in the 'precarious' and very unpleasant position of having so large a proportion of his income dependent on the life of a brother ten years older than himself. But there was also another more powerful though less prominent interest of the same nature constantly at work. Walpole, besides this precarious sinecure of 1400*l.* a-year, had another office which grew up, under a cloak of almost menial humility, to an enormous income. He was *Usher of the Exchequer*—

'and the duties of my office are to shut the gates of the Exchequer, and to furnish paper, pens, ink, wax, pencils, tape, penknives, scissors, parchment, and a great variety of other articles, to the Treasury, Exchequer, &c.'—*Appendix to Letters to Mann*, 1844, vol. iv. p. 330.

This office was performed by deputy, and produced a clear profit, as stated in 1780 by the Commissioners of accounts, of 4200*l.*—though Walpole himself had made a return of only 1800*l.*, and it was to defend this erroneous return of his emoluments that he drew up the statement which has led to elucidations of his literary character which its author never thought of.

Walpole says these profits were made on the articles supplied by him, and that the time of payment of his bills and of course some previous inspection of them

'depends on the good will and pleasure of the First Lord of the Treasury;—and yet, though a *mere tradesman* in that respect, I believe no man will ever accuse me of having paid court to any First Lord of the Treasury.'—*ib.* 331.

We not only accuse, but shall convict him, on his own evidence, of having paid obsequious court to *every* First Lord in succession; he was in a constant fever of uneasy dependence on what he peevishly calls 'the First Lord's good will and pleasure,' and in a restless anxiety about the examination and discharge of these accounts, which, it appears from his correspondence with his deputy (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 381), were sometimes chargeable with gross abuse, and always liable to question.

Such precariousness and annoyances attached to so large a portion of his income would have been a source of reasonable uneasiness to any man, and would have justified efforts to obtain a more secure position. The attempts he made we do not blame in themselves; but we blame, with some mixture of pity, the species of *monomania* under which Walpole, while pursuing this natural, but certainly interested object, was eternally protesting that 'disinterestedness was the passion of his life'—that he despised place and profit, and that it was his pride and glory to soar above all such selfish influences. We are satisfied that Walpole's anxiety about his offices, combining with the constitutional peculiarities of

of his temper, became the *primum mobile* of all his misanthropical feelings, and led him especially to calumniate by every indirect means, under every false pretence, but with inveterate and indefatigable malignity, everybody whom he knew or fancied to have interfered with his incessant endeavours to place his income on a more permanent footing. This was clearly the first and chief motive of both sets of Memoirs; and we have little doubt that if the whole truth could be discovered, we should find that *all* his animosities were, in some way or other, connected with this great pecuniary stake, or perhaps now and then with some collateral interests of the same kind. Nothing but some such all-pervading infatuation could have blinded the keen sight and blunted the nice taste of such a man to the mass of inconsistency, contradiction, and, in fact, nonsense which his Memoirs present, and which on any other hypothesis must we suppose appear to every observant reader, as it does to us, quite inexplicable; but we may say as Pope did of another noble and eccentric wit—the Duke of Wharton—

‘This clue, once found, unravels all the rest;
The prospect clears, and *Walpole* stands confest.’

If it be said that his animosity against the public men of his long day is too universal to be attributed to a single motive, it may be answered that in the corrupt and factious times of which he wrote there were so many changes of administration that—following up, as we shall see he did, on every change, this the first and most important object of his whole life—there was perhaps no minister or ministry from whom he did not receive the affront of a refusal. How many attempts of this sort he may have made we know not—certainly not less than half a dozen; but it is by mere accident that we have been able to trace so many. Such intrigues, especially when they fail, and still more when the offended postulant takes refuge in *patriotism*, are generally carefully concealed by both parties—by the jobber for his own sake—by the Minister from motives of personal honour, official duty, or political expediency. Old Sir Robert Walpole is said, we think by Horace himself, to have declared that no one but a minister could fully know the turpitude of the human heart; and accordingly, except in a few rare cases of persons blinded by personal vanity or resentment, we have had scanty revelations of this sort—and we should never have known anything of the secret motives of Walpole’s malignity but for that apology for his conduct which, with entirely other objects and a very different aim, he drew up in 1782, and which Mr. Berry, not, we are satisfied, seeing their real meaning or full extent, had the indiscretion—
for

for historical truth a fortunate indiscretion—to publish in the great quarto edition of Walpole's works, and which *somebody* had, as we have said, the still greater blindness of republishing, the other day, as if, instead of being the *pièce de conviction*, it had been an honourable excuse. In that paper we found the account of his strange manœuvres with Mr. Pelham, and were thence led to the details of his enormous sinecure income, and the influence which his expectations and his disappointments with respect to them had on his conduct and on his writings. In the *Memoirs* now before us this influence appears in additional and growing force, and indeed so mingles itself with every page that not only are we bound for the sake of historical truth to expose it, but we really do not think we could give a better general idea of the work than by following this clue. But in order to present a full view of the case, we must mention (very shortly) his first attempts with Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle, which were more fully detailed in our article on the first *Memoirs*.

In 1751, at the outset of Horace Walpole's political life, his first thought was to procure the *addition* of his own life to that of his brother in the *Customs'* place; and he reckoned confidently on the Pelhams—old friends of his father who were then in power, and of whom he himself was a zealous supporter—to make this change. The ministers, though willing to oblige him, were either reluctant or afraid to grant an *additional* life in so great a place; but they offered to *substitute* Horace for Edward, if the latter would consent. This Horace protests *he* most indignantly rejected; and it may be true, for he knew very well that Edward was not of a disposition to sacrifice gratuitously his present third of the place and the whole reversion.

Immediately on the failure of this negotiation, Horace, who had been up to that moment the obsequious servant of the Pelham Ministry, turned short round—and commenced those false and scandalous *Memoirs* of the last ten years of George II.—in which, while not merely concealing, but directly disclaiming, any personal motive, and assuming

‘a patriot's all-atoning name,’

he libels, with the most inveterate rancour, everybody whom we know, and many others whom we believe, to have had a share in his disappointment.

On Mr. Pelham's death the Duke of Newcastle became Minister, and we find that in 1755 there was some kind of negotiation through Mr. Fox for obtaining from the Duke a grant of the *Customs'* place for H. Walpole's life: that too failed—rejected, says Walpole, ‘because he would accept no favour from that

Duke,'—which is certainly untrue; for we find that when Newcastle, after a short interregnum, again returned to the Treasury in 1758, Walpole made two attempts, both very corrupt, to sell this place to the Duke or his nominee.* This also fails; and yet Walpole has the—may we not say—effrontery to declare in his first Memoirs that 'the Duke of Newcastle never gave him the *most distant cause for dissatisfaction*' (ii. 335).

Here open the new Memoirs, of which, as we have said, the most remarkable characteristics will be best developed by endeavouring to explain Walpole's statement of the motives of other men by what we know or have good reason to suspect of his own.

The most prominent feature that strikes us at the outset, and all through the work, is the large and very unfavourable share of Walpole's notice engrossed by Lord Bute. From the first pages of the first volume, to the very closing lines of the last, Lord Bute is the object of the most indefatigable malvolence. Everybody is ill-treated; most others, however, are dealt with as their names happen to occur in the course of the narrative; but Lord Bute, under the invidious title of '*The Favourite*,' and with all the odious imputations and insinuations attached to that name, is introduced on every occasion—those even in which he could by no possibility have had any concern—and with, in a majority of instances, the most flagrant falsehood. Our readers will remember that we expected something of this kind, but our worst expectations are exceeded. In our review of the last collection of the Letters to Mann, we extracted two passages from Walpole's autobiographical '*Notes*,' one dated 18th August, 1766, stating that he then 'began the Memoirs of the Reign of George III.,' which, we added, were about to be published; the second, we said, 'looked trivial, but might turn out to be important,' viz.:—

'1761—16th July, wrote the "Garland," a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name; nor did ever own it.'—*Letters to Mann*, vol. iv. p. 349.

and then we went on to say,—

'We know nothing of this piece, and should be glad if it were recovered. If, as may be presumed, it was a panegyric, it would afford a curious contrast with Walpole's subsequent rancour against George III. and Lord Bute. We really have a curiosity to compare the Memoirs of George III. in 1766 [of which we then knew no more than the name] with the "Garland" of 1761.'—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxxiv. p. 415.

We have not been yet able to discover the 'Garland':—being, as Walpole tells us, anonymous, the copy sent to Lady Bute was probably lost or destroyed with the mass of fulsome trash with

* See Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 366; and Quarterly Review, vol. xxvii. p. 189.
which

which no doubt flatterers of less note, but not meaner or greedier than Walpole, overwhelmed the 'Favourite.' But as Walpole took the trouble of recording the composition, we dare say he also took care to preserve the original, which is probably amongst his papers. Walpole, it will be observed, states that he had sent it *anonymously*, meaning to imply that his flattery, since it was anonymous, must have been disinterested—a gross *non sequitur*—for the temporary veil might be lifted whenever any merit was to be claimed. It was probably, like all Walpole's rhymes, so bad as to be wholly disregarded, and was therefore '*never owned*;' if it should be brought to light, we have little doubt that it will corroborate all our suspicions.

But we have evidence enough of Walpole's time-serving duplicity, without the actual verses. They were written, the '*Notes*' say, on the 16th July, 1761. On the 8th July the King declared in Council his intention to marry; it is clear then that the '*Garland*' transmitted to *Lady Bute* was a congratulatory poem on the intended marriage, written, we see, with all a courtier's haste, and with, we dare say, all a courtier's adulation. But in the *Memoirs* we find *under the same date* a sneering and sarcastic account of the intended marriage, in which it is represented as the device of a '*junto*'—the Princess Dowager and Lord Bute—to perpetuate their power over the King;—and this '*junto*,' being alarmed at some symptoms of the King's aversion to the match thus forced upon him, employ a tool to watch and interrupt His Majesty's conversations; and who do our readers think this tool was? No other than *Lady Bute*—Lady Bute, the very person whom Walpole had chosen as the most decorous and acceptable channel of his poetical congratulations on an auspicious union which he so soon after describes as the dark intrigue of an unprincipled *junto*. If a '*junto*' be unprincipled, what shall we say of him who applauds its intrigues? If a '*Favourite*' be so odious, what shall we say of one who descends to court him by such skulking flattery as we have seen; and, still more monstrous, boasts not only of his general high-mindedness towards all ministers, but that he '*had never bowed to the plenitude of Lord Bute's power*?' (*Mem.* ii. 5.) It is true; he had not bowed—he had crawled.

At length, however, we arrive at the explanation of all this virulent animosity. We know from Walpole himself (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 376), that very soon after the King's accession he attempted some *cajoleries* of his Majesty and Lord Bute on '*their love and patronage of the arts, and their countenance of genius*;' while in the *Memoirs*, *under the same date*, he sneers at the would-be '*Augustus*,' who stupidly falls asleep over the objects of

art put before him by an ignorant, tasteless, and illiterate 'Mæce-nas' (vol. i. p. 18).

Let us now look for some explanation of this duplicity—this fulsome flattery exchanged for virulent abuse. Having no information but the scanty traces which Walpole inadvertently supplies, we cannot say whether, on Lord Bute's accession as First Lord of the Treasury, Walpole made any overtures to him to obtain an arrangement of his offices; but we do know that Walpole again addressed an adulatory letter to Lord Bute on his Majesty's and his Lordship's patronage of the arts, quite inconsistent with the contemporaneous tone of the *Memoirs* (*Works*, ii. 378); and we find soon after a short dry note (which seems to imply a previous correspondence on the subject), requesting Lord Bute to order the payment of his office bills, which had been, it seems, for some months delayed. We shall see hereafter that Walpole attributed this delay to Fox's enmity. It is, however, clear from the style of his note, that there was a coolness with Lord Bute also on this point; but be that as it may—Lord Bute, just before he resigned the Treasury, committed an offence which Walpole never forgot nor forgave.

'The place in the Custom-house held by my brother [Sir Edward], but the far greater share of which had been bequeathed to me by my father for my brother's life, was also granted in reversion to Jenkinson.* I was, I confess, *much provoked* at this grant, and took occasion of *fomenting the ill-humour against the Favourite*, who thus *excluded me from the possibility of obtaining the continuance of that place to myself in case of my brother's death.*'—*Mem.* i. 265.

He then affects to care little about it, and repeats a story, the falsehood of which he elsewhere reveals, of his having twice refused it; and then adds that he was on terms of 'great civility' with Lord Bute, and that his resentment towards him 'kept no deep root.' Alas! we have evidence that it rankled through the whole of Walpole's long life. He proceeds:—

'And I can with the utmost truth say that as I afterwards, though never connected with him, was on many occasions friendly to that *great Favourite*, so no word in these *Memoirs* to his prejudice has been dictated by a vindictive spirit.'—*ib.* 266.

And then, to show the absence of all vindictive spirit, he proceeds in the *very same page* to expatiate on the '*infinite ill* he had occasioned to his country;' '*the meanness of his ability*, and the *poorness of his spirit*, which place him *below resentment*;' and concludes with saying that this '*pusillanimous Favourite purchased*' a scandalous peace. (*Ib.* 267.) Is this not insanity? Could

* Private Secretary to Lord Bute.—*Walpole.*

any man in his sober senses persuade himself that 'his resentment kept no deep root' when he in the very same page recorded this gross abuse and these unfounded libels on the man with whom he was living on civil, and even friendly terms? But it was not in the first burst of his monomaniacal fury merely that he recorded this bitter imputation—he did so to the very last—and during the whole four volumes insists and persists that the retirement of Lord Bute in 1763 was '*pretended*;' that he still continued *the Favourite*—a character in that case the more odious, because it would have been really criminal; that he governed the King in private in opposition to his constitutional advisers, and was the real cause of everything that Walpole, in his insane spirit of faction, chooses to think a misfortune or a crime. We care nothing about Lord Bute any more than we do about Lord Chatham or Lord Orford—in truth much less—but we care a great deal about truth and justice, and we will not, as far as our exposure may reach, permit the mean and dirty spite of a disappointed jobber to sully the fountains of history.

But after we had laboured with indignation through these accumulated and protracted falsehoods—now known and admitted by every candid and well-informed person to be so—of the *post-official*, unconstitutional, and criminal influence of Lord Bute—the mainspring and chief topic of these Memoirs—we were astonished to find in the last volume a note of Walpole's, in which he overthrows by a stroke of his own pen the whole edifice he had been so many years building, and leads us to the very just but *here* surprising conclusion that there is not a syllable of truth in all that he has said on the chief and predominant topic of his four volumes.

In the year 1770 Mr. Burke published his '*Thoughts on the Present Discontents*;' of the great merit of which we know (except the pamphlet itself) no greater proof than Walpole's long, peevish, and inconsistent criticism of it. Its faults in Walpole's eyes were manifold; it took, in spite of Burke's party feelings, a higher view of political duties than Walpole could understand, and spoke generous sentiments which he never could feel—but his chief objections are two—first it was '*calculated for no one end*' but to exalt Lord Rockingham, and Lord Rockingham was first minister when Walpole was, as we shall see, *not* offered political place, and *was* refused a job;—but secondly—

'The most absurd part of all was Burke's discharging Lord Bute of all present influence [1770]—a fact not only *improbable*, but it was *extremely unwise in a political light*, for the book thus *removed from the people's attention an odious and ostensible object*.'—iv. 133.

And after thus admitting that Lord Bute's continued and secret influence

influence was only a *probability* (and the reasons with which he supports this probability are absolute nonsense), and confessing that the real object was to keep up an *odious* and *ostensible* imputation before the eyes of the *people*—after, we say, these admissions, he goes on treating with the most solemn malignity Lord Bute (who during a great part of the interval had been residing abroad, and had no more concern with the administration at home than with the court of Versailles) as the still predominant ‘Favourite,’ and actual dispenser of all favours and adviser of all measures;—but then comes the note to which we have alluded, and which, to use a homely metaphor, *kicks down the pail* he had been so long and assiduously filling:—

‘I have changed my opinion, I *confess*, various times, on the subject of Lord Bute’s favour with the King.’

Of which various changes of opinion, be it observed, these veracious Memoirs afford no trace; all is one black assumption of a despotic and disgraceful *favouritism*—though he goes on further to confess

‘that even before his *accession* the King was weary both of his mother and her favourite, and wanted to, and *did*, *shake off* much of that influence. After Lord Bute’s resignation his *credit declined still more*.’

And then, in a rambling, contradictory, and almost unintelligible style, he proceeds to state other *pros* and *cons*, concluding—if, indeed, anything that he ever produced in the way of reasoning can be called a conclusion—with an acquittal of Lord Bute and the substitution of another ‘odious and ostensible’ victim—Mr. Jenkinson—

‘If I have accounted rightly for so great a mystery, as whether Lord Bute had an ascendant or not from the time of his ceasing to be openly prime minister—[meaning that his final opinion was that no such influence existed]—I might be asked, who *then* had real influence with the King—for his subsequent ministers indubitably had not?—I should answer readily, Jenkinson.’—iv. 134.

Jenkinson?—Oh yes! Mr. Jenkinson had obtained ‘*the reversion of the place in the Customs, thus excluding me from the possibility of the continuance of that place to myself*.’ And Mr. Jenkinson therefore was to replace Lord Bute as a scarecrow of faction. But when at length, after so much deliberation and so many fluctuations of opinion, Walpole professes to have arrived at this conclusion (which we all know *aliunde* to be the true one), that Lord Bute’s interference and influence ceased *bonâ fide* on his public resignation, does he make any amends or endeavour in any other way than by this confused and ambiguous note of 1770 to retract his error? Not at all;—he still persists in gratifying his posthumous vengeance for his own grievance by bequeathing to posterity

a series

a series of imputations against Lord Bute and the King, which he knew, even before he had written one line of them, to be false; for, to crown all this, it seems quite certain that Walpole never from the first moment believed in this pretended influence, as—in addition to the hint above quoted that ‘the King, even before his accession, was weary of the “Favourite”’—we find Horace, in the third year of the reign, and before he had thought of the ‘Memoirs,’ writing on the 28th February, 1763, to Mr. Conway, whom he neither would nor could deceive:—

‘Indeed I think Mr. Fox’s power so well established that Lord Bute would find it more difficult to remove him than he did his predecessors, and may even feel the effects of the weight he had made over to him; for it is already obvious that Lord Bute’s *levée* is not the present path to fortune. Permanence is not the complexion of these times—a distressful circumstance to the votaries of a court.’—*Letters*, iv. 255.

We may seem to have gone into more detail on this point than is necessary—for Lord Brougham, whose testimony is on every account of the highest value, must be admitted to have settled the question. In his historical sketch of Lord North, he says—

‘It is no doubt a commonly received notion, and was at one time an article of belief among the popular party, that Lord Bute continued the King’s secret adviser after the termination of his short administration; but this is wholly without foundation. The King never had any kind of communication with him, directly or indirectly; nor did he ever see him but once, and the history of that occurrence suddenly puts the greater part of the stories to flight which are current upon this subject. . . . The assertion that the common reports are utterly void of all foundation, and that no communication whatever of any kind or upon any matter, public or private, ever took place between the parties, we make upon the most positive information, proceeding directly both from George III. and from Lord Bute.’—*Brougham’s Historical Sketches*, Knight’s edition, pp. 61, 62.

We, however, think it right to retain, as *against Walpole*, the more equivocal evidence that his own volumes afford.*

* Before we close the chapter of Lord Bute we must notice a serious error into which it seems to us that the Editor has fallen. Walpole says in his text, that ‘In his first council the King named his brother, the Duke of York, and Lord Bute, of the cabinet;’ on which the Editor observes, ‘This nomination was severely criticised in the publications of the day. It is treated by Mr. Adolphus as a simple nomination to the Privy Council, and is defended as such on the ground that the Groom of the Stole has always been constituted a Privy Councillor. This is a misconception. The empty honour of the council could be grudged by no one to a great officer of the household—the real grievance was his admission into the cabinet.’—i. 8. Now, we are satisfied that Mr. Adolphus is right, and that the misconception is on the part of the Editor. Walpole’s mention of the ‘cabinet’ is a mere slip of the pen for ‘council,’ as the Editor might have surmised from seeing that the Duke of York was named with Lord Bute, and every one knows that the Duke of York was not of the cabinet. It is also equally well known that the cabinet is not named by the King in council; and it is, we believe, indisputable that Lord Bute was not of the cabinet till some months later, when he became Secretary of State.

In 1762 Mr. Fox undertook the leadership of the House of Commons under Lord Bute: he had been an early friend of Walpole's, yet there are few characters worse treated in both sets of the Memoirs. Of the cause of this enmity (which seems to have been concealed with studious hypocrisy during Fox's life) we find some by no means complete, yet very characteristic traces in another of those indiscreet apologies by which Walpole—with the usual ill-luck of an over-cunning man telling an untrue story—in tinkering one hole seldom fails to make a worse:—

'I had soon after my appearance in the world lived in much intimacy * with Fox, and had warmly espoused his side when persecuted by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and had happened to confer some other little favours upon him. I had *carefully avoided* receiving the smallest or *the greatest* from him.'—vol. i. p. 211.

He does not tell us what those '*greatest favours*' were which at that early period Fox could have granted and Walpole so '*carefully avoided*,' when we see that he had been soliciting '*great favours*' from one whom he hated still more than Fox—Mr. Pelham. He proceeds, however:—

'As Fox's character opened more to the world I declined any connexion with him in politics, though determining never to have a quarrel with him, as I well knew his vindictive nature. When he united with the Duke of Newcastle [in 1755], he had offered—in *truth slightly enough*—to procure the *reversion of a considerable place which I hold only for my brother's life to be confirmed for my own*, provided I would be on good terms with the Duke of Newcastle. I answered with much scorn, "I will not accept that reversion from the Duke."—vol. i. p. 211.

Fox, perhaps, when he made this *slight* overture, was not aware that this favour had been only four years before refused by Mr. Pelham—probably with the concurrence of his brother the Duke and of Lord Hardwicke, both of whom were still in power;—but Walpole no doubt remembered it keenly, and scornfully refused what he suspected Fox, who mentioned it so slightly, could not have obtained. And as to his aversion to receive such favours from the Duke of Newcastle, we have only to remind our readers of the corrupt favours that he solicited from that Duke in November, 1758.

This negotiation with Fox in 1755, Walpole relates as introductory to another still more shameless. Fox having undertaken the management of the House of Commons, very naturally set about mustering his forces; and, with a view of securing Wal-

* So great a political intimacy that Walpole was one of two or three confidential friends whom Fox consulted as to his accepting the seals of Secretary and the lead of the House of Commons from the Duke of Newcastle in 1754.—*Mahan*, iv. 56.

pole and his connexions, wrote him the following letter, which Walpole calls '*artful and disingenuous*,' but which, on the contrary, seems to us to tell plainly and honestly what all but Ministers and Members of Parliament would be apt to call its very dishonest purpose :—

' TO THE HON. H. WALPOLE.

' November 21, 1762.

' Dear Sir,—When I heard that the *Parks*, which Lord Ashburnham had quitted, were worth 2200*l.* a-year (as they certainly are), I thought such an income might, if not prevent, at least procrastinate your nephew's ruin. I find nobody knows his lordship's thoughts on the present state of politics. Perhaps he has none.

' Now are you willing and are you the proper person to tell Lord Orford that I will do my best to procure this office for him if I can soon learn that he desires it? If he does choose it, I doubt not of his and his friend Boone's [member for Lord Orford's borough of Castle-rising] hearty assistance; and believe I shall see *you too* much oftener in the House of Commons.

' *This is offering you a bribe*, but it is such a one as one good-natured man may offer to another,' &c.—*Works*, vol. i. p. 213.

Walpole's reply is not quite so intelligible; but as its conclusion eulogises his own scrupulous delicacy, we shall produce it that it may speak for itself. He says he will transmit the offer to his nephew without any advice :—

' Because I do not mean to be involved in the affair any otherwise than as a messenger. A man who is so scrupulous as not to accept any obligation for himself, cannot be allowed to accept one for another without thinking himself bound in gratitude as much as if done to himself. The very little share I ever mean to take more in public affairs shall and must be dictated by disinterested motives. I have no one virtue to support me but that disinterestedness; and *if* I act with you, no man living shall say that it was not by choice and by principle.'—*ib.* 216.

We should have expected that such high disinterestedness would have flamed out against an *avowed* bribe—not at all; and the result was that Lord Orford accepted the rangership and that Horace Walpole voted for Lord Bute's peace—a peace which he everywhere throughout the whole *Memoirs* censures with undying virulence, as on the part of Lord Bute and Fox personally corrupt. He calls it '*a scandalous peace*,' (i. 169)—'*ruinous and shameful to the country*,' (i. 338)—'*thunder was wanting to blast such a treaty*,' (i. 226)—'*the infamy of the peace*' (i. 168). Yet he and his nephew accepted Fox's '*bribe*,' and voted for the peace.

Bad as this appears, we suspect that there was still worse behind. We do not believe that Walpole's vote was determined altogether by his nephew's place, about which he probably cared very

very little; and we find that he was exceedingly enraged with something in Fox's conduct in the affair, which is not explained, but which, we strongly suspect, was that, instead of this superfluous care about his nephew, Fox had not contrived to make some arrangement for *his own places*. That this was strongly in his mind is clear, for he immediately adds that Fox was displeased by his answer to the 'artful and disingenuous letter,' and showed his spite by prompting Martin, the Secretary of the Treasury, to *delay the payment of Walpole's office-bills*; on which Horace adds that he made a direct appeal to Lord Bute and was redressed:—not, however, very speedily; for from the note to Lord Bute, already mentioned, it appears that payment was delayed for five months after Lord Bute had signed the order. It is clear, therefore, that Lord Bute had for some reason interposed a new delay, and that reason could not have been exactly what Walpole represents—Fox's dissatisfaction with his *answer*—for the obstacle had arisen, it seems, a month before the date of Fox's letter. This affair, whatever the details may have been, evidently rankled in Walpole's mind, always morbidly sore on the subject of his offices, and inflamed his animosity against both Bute and Fox.

Yet this was not Mr. Fox's greatest offence at this period. After repeating his violent censures of Fox for the shameless corruption with which he obtained votes for the peace, and stating that the *numbers* of the division were printed—227 against 63—he adds, 'had they printed the *names*, the world would have known the names of those who were *not* bribed!'—*he* having been in the majority, and in that majority we doubt whether there was any man more open to the imputation of bribery than himself. Probably he was the only one of them all that had accepted a *Bribe*—offered directly *eo nomine*. He then proceeds to expatiate on the vengeance that Fox took of those placemen who had voted against the government—'a more severe political persecution never raged,' and so on—with such vehemence, that the Editor, apparently well inclined to excuse Mr. Fox, knows not what to say in his defence, and after several successive expressions of regret at divers instances quoted by Walpole, can only wind up by saying, 'This persecution is inexcusable, and very unlike Mr. Fox, who was a very good-humoured man.' Sir Denis de Marchant might have boldly said that the ministers did no more on this occasion than their mere duty. Could they have carried on the government an hour in those days of faction, if on such a question as a *PEACE*—the pivot on which all national as well as all party interests turned—they had permitted their subordinate placemen to oppose them with impunity? But Sir Denis might have seen that it was no tenderness for the little ousted clique, whom

whom Walpole despised and hated, that excited his virtuous indignation. The real cause comes out a little later :—

‘The persecution set on foot at the close of the last year was kept up with unrelaxed severity . . . and though Mr. Fox enjoyed a considerable sinecure in Ireland, yet so much did his thirst of vengeance surmount his interest, that a question was put to the Chancellor whether the King *could not take away patents granted in former reigns!*’—vol. i. p. 240.

The patents of former reigns! ‘Ha! thou hast touched me nearly!’ But this is followed by a still more striking instance of the selfish virulence of Walpole’s judgment of men. Sir Fletcher Norton, the Solicitor-General, is distinguished throughout all Walpole’s works by a special measure of obloquy and defamation. In this place he says of him :—

‘This man now rose from *obscure infamy* to that *infamous fame* which will long stick to him. It was known that in private causes he took money from both parties.’—*Ib.*

To this the Editor enters a very faint denial—‘the charge is very improbable, as he had too many rivals and enemies to admit of such conduct remaining unpunished,’ &c. &c. This is a very inadequate notice of such an atrocious calumny—the real explanation and consequent refutation of which are found even in Walpole’s own text, in which he says that this question of the resumption of the *patents granted in a former reign* was referred to the Solicitor-General, and that Norton

‘advised to *take away the places*, and then see if the law would restore them!’—*Ib.*

Take away the places! Walpole had only *five* of them, producing 6000*l.* a-year, and not one other penny of income in the world.

‘What! all my pretty ones?’—

Did he say all?—*O Hell-kite!*—all?’

We pardon Walpole for hating Fox and Norton on such provocation—but we cannot forgive his professions of impartiality and disinterestedness.

George Grenville succeeded Lord Bute in the Treasury, and in due course of time in Walpole’s hatred—and from the same cause. Walpole began, as he did with all first ministers, as a zealous supporter :—

‘I had been pleased at Grenville’s becoming minister, having (I confess my blindness) entertained a most favourable opinion of his integrity. Nor had his venal prostitution of himself to Lord Bute as yet opened my eyes. But I was again roused by the arbitrary treatment of Wilkes. Still I had not the most distant suspicion of what his heart was capable, nor any view of opposing his administration. Thinking him as frank and candid as myself, I desired Mr. Thomas Pitt—attached to him,
and

and my own friend—to tell him fairly in the summer that I *believed* I should differ from him when the point of General Warrants should be agitated in parliament.

‘But not content with opposing them myself, I earnestly desired that Mr. Conway should oppose them too, and in bringing that about *I by no means piqued myself on the same frankness.*’—vol. i. p. 340.

And after this strange confession, he proceeds to state the details of the intrigue by which he persuaded Conway, who was a Groom of the King’s Bedchamber, to separate from his brother and friends, and vote against General Warrants. For this vote poor Conway, who little suspected that he was the cat’s-paw of the *Usher of the Exchequer*, was dismissed both from his place, and, as was not unusual in those days, his regiment. That the *Ushership of the Exchequer* was in some way implicated in Walpole’s sudden breach with Mr. Grenville comes out in a long-subsequent passage of the ‘Memoirs,’ where, in acknowledging ‘the justice and civility which he always received from Lord North’ (after he had left the House of Commons and abandoned politics), he adds, ‘when I am thus grateful to the living for civilities, *I scorn to recollect the rancour of the dead*’ (*Ib.* 332). The only First Lord of the Treasury to whom this bitter and ‘rancorous’ sarcasm could then apply was George Grenville.

Again:—

‘I had *risked* [in opposition to Grenville’s ministry] an easy, ample fortune with which I was thoroughly contented. When I found *unjust power exerted to wrong me*, I am not ashamed to say that I flattered myself that if ever our party were successful, I should obtain to have the *payments of my place settled* on some foundation that would not expose me to the *caprice or wanton tyranny of every succeeding minister.*’—*Mem. Geo. III.* ii. 211.

And again:—

‘The very day before the dismissal of Mr. Conway, Grenville, whether to detach me from him, or fearing I should make use of the indiscretion he had been guilty of, *ordered the payment of my bills at the Treasury.*’—vol. i. p. 408.

The bills, then, had been *stopped*!—why, or how long before, we are not told, but we have not the slightest doubt that if we could obtain the details of the case we should find that Walpole’s first suspicion of his friend Grenville’s integrity and his earliest scruple as to the legality of General Warrants were simultaneous with the occurrence of some hitch in the ‘*payment of his bills.*’ What he was likely to feel at the *delay* of his bills may be judged by the fury—‘the ebullitions of rage,’ as he calls it—which he felt at Grenville’s ordering their *payment* at such a critical

tical moment—meaning, perhaps, to convey a contemptuous hint that he saw and appreciated the motives of Walpole's new-born patriotism. Walpole proceeds not only to confess, but to boast of the rancour and success with which he contrived to embarrass and annoy the Ministry; though we believe that he very much overrates the actual effect of his intrigues;—a common fault with most men—but a peculiarly predominant one with him—the most blind of any man we ever saw or read of to everything he was unwilling to see. In his thirst of vengeance he formed some projects which he himself admits would have been unbecoming a man of honour. We have seen that he employed his '*own friend*,' Mr. Thomas Pitt, as a channel of communication with Mr. Grenville. In the course of the negotiation some letters passed between the parties, and Walpole had conversations with both Grenville and Pitt, all which, even on Walpole's own statement, appear to us perfectly innocent and natural; but Walpole, really wanting to be bribed, affected to consider one or more of the Letters as an offer to bribe or intimidate him and Conway; and then he relates that

'to add to their confusion, I had preserved exact minutes of the two conversations of Pitt and Grenville, *of which they had no suspicion*. I felt the opportunity of doing justice both to Mr. Conway and *myself*; and of making Mr. Grenville understand that *if he did not do me justice in the regularity of my payments*, he was at my mercy, and must expect those letters to be laid before the public, if not before the House of Commons.'—vol. ii. p. 11.

This was little better than an attempt to extort money, and would have been a fit subject of a criminal prosecution. We have ourselves seen these letters, which are altogether to the disadvantage of Walpole, whose conduct was so shuffling that Mr. Grenville terminated the discussion by writing to Mr. Pitt in a style that must have stung Walpole:—

'*After what I have met with, you will not wonder that I will have no further intercourse with Mr. Walpole upon this subject, neither directly nor through the channel of any one else.*'—Grenville MSS.

Walpole, however, says—and here we believe him—that he would have been very unwilling to make this exposure; but

'Grenville was far from having the generosity to imitate me. *My payments* were carefully made before the parliament opened; but when I had let the session pass without using the materials in my hands, an *embargo was again laid on the income* of my employment. Have I been unjust in saying that almost any steps which are lawful against *banditti* would be justifiable against such men? But I found means to retaliate without violating the strict laws of honour.'—vol. ii. p. 12.

What his *honourable* modes of retaliation were, he does not say—
perhaps

perhaps the libelling his enemies in these Memoirs was one—but it would have been rather fairer to have published the original documents. No reader, we believe, will doubt of the motives that prevented the execution of that menace, and substituted the safer course of traducing, in these posthumous Memoirs, the memory (for Grenville died while he was writing them) of that eminent and we believe honest statesman, who, with his habits of business and in his desire of economy, had, probably, attempted some inquiry into the practices by which his own immediate subordinate, the *Usher of the Exchequer*, received 4200*l.* per annum for 'shutting the Exchequer-gates, and paying the tradesmen's bills.'

In 1765, after a short ministry of about two years, Grenville was turned out by that combination of factions which led to the first Rockingham ministry; and General Conway became Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons. And this opens some new scenes of Walpole's indefatigable perseverance in pursuing his jobs, more curious and as little creditable as any of the former. He has told us frankly that he expected that a Government which he had helped to form could not be so ungrateful as to refuse to accomplish his objects. He does not tell us the special form his wishes now took, but it was something so monstrous, that even his cousin-german and—if we are to take his own word for it—his creature, Conway could not listen to it—Conway—who, before the publication of these volumes, we said and thought, was the only human being for whom he seemed to feel what is ordinarily called friendship—almost the only one of whom he had left a favourable report!—but, alas! this solitary friendship—this unique affection—was, we find, weakened if not severed by this engrossing anxiety about the sinecure places.

At this moment, apparently so auspicious, and when we should have expected to find Walpole triumphant in the success of his patriot friends, we are startled at reading, at the head of the tenth chapter of the second volume of these Memoirs, '*Walpole's separation from his party*,' and by a statement that

'the dissolution of our opposition now afforded me that opportunity of *retreating* from those who had composed it, for which I had so eagerly longed; nor was I dilatory in executing my resolution. Many new reasons concurred to make me adhere to the plan I had formed.

'If I quitted them triumphant, they would have no right to call on me should they again be defeated by their own want of skill. I had fully satisfied my honour and my engagements, and had any body cause to complain, it was myself—but I chose to part with them on good terms. Not the *smallest view of self-interest had entered into my imagination*.'—vol. ii. p. 210, 211.

All this, even if true, would be, when closely examined, more plausible

plausible than satisfactory; but, unfortunately, it is altogether false. For, proceeding to say that 'truth demands some further explanation,' he enters with the blind impetuosity of an angry man into explanations which contradict in fact and even in terms every point of his preceding assertions, and exhibit the continued influence of the same mean motives that we have traced on so many other occasions.

'He left not faction, but of it was left,'

and retired not spontaneously, but in deep and double dudgeon at not having had an offer of political office for which he was totally unfit, and at being again disappointed in the accomplishment of his sinecure jobs. After exclaiming, as we have seen, that *he had not the smallest view of SELF-INTEREST in the matter*, he goes on to prove that he had nothing else. Beginning with the allusion to Mr. Grenville already quoted, but which we must repeat as an introduction to what follows, he says—

'when I found unjust power exerted to wrong me, I am not ashamed to say I flattered myself that, if ever our party was successful, I should obtain to have the *payments of my place* settled on some foundation that should not expose me to the *caprice* or *wanton tyranny of every succeeding minister*.

'*My wish of making this independence perfectly easy* I had hinted to Mr. Conway during our opposition. He received it with *silence*. It was not in my nature to repeat such a hint.'—vol. ii. pp. 211, 212.

Our readers will not wonder that Conway should receive with silent reproof a proposition for rewarding Walpole's *independent* support, by getting the Treasury to relinquish its control over the bills of the Usher of the Exchequer, and by obtaining a place of 1400*l.* a-year for two lives, and one a young one, instead of for one old life—but we may surely feel some surprise that Walpole should imagine that this was political *independence*. A more barefaced avowal of a more corrupt object we do not know that we ever before met with—not even in Bubb Doddington. But this was not all. This man, possessed of *five* sinecure places producing an income of 6000*l.* a-year, would not, if we are to believe his own accounts, have been satisfied with making them more 'independent,' that is, more lucrative and permanent; his vanity and ambition must be further gratified by an offer of political office—and this he avows in the following astonishing paragraph immediately following that last quoted:—

'As *DISINTERESTEDNESS was my ruling passion*, I did hope that on the change some considerable employment would be offered to me, which *my vanity would have been gratified in refusing*. It was mortifying enough to me, when Mr. Conway reported to me the proposed arrangement

ment of places, to find that my name had not been so much as mentioned.'—vol. ii. p. 212.

Then comes a sharp invective against Conway. He complains that the other leaders of the party did not at least go through the form of *offering him something*, although 'he had declared, and it was well known, he would take no place.' (*ib.*) Now we do not see why a statesman, employed to form a ministry, should embarrass and depreciate his mission by offering office to one who he knew would, merely to gratify his own vanity, refuse it. But after all we have good reasons for believing that Walpole did not seriously wish for political office, nor even expect an offer of it. It would not have suited either his habits or his tastes; and his more substantial views were certainly directed towards the sinecure jobs; but as a failure there would have been neither a *safe* nor decent cause of quarrel, he prudently chose to place it on the more absurd but less dangerous and discreditable ground of the political slight. This, probable from all the circumstances, is proved by some expressions in his complaints of Conway's indifference to his interests, which begin with the supposed *political* neglect, but soon fall into the real grievance:—

'What could excuse this neglect in Mr. Conway? For him I had sacrificed everything; for him I had been *injured, oppressed, calumniated*. The foundation of his *own fortune, and almost every step of his fortune, he owed solely to me*. How thoroughly soever he knew my sentiments [as to not wishing for political office], was a *compliment* at least not due to me? Whatever was due to me, much or little, he totally forgot it; and so far from once endeavouring to *secure my independence*, in his whole life after he never once mentioned it. I had too much spirit to remind him of it, though he has since frequently vaunted to me his own independence. Such failure of friendship, or, to call it by its truer name, such insensibility, could not but shock *a heart at once so tender and so proud as mine*. His ensuing conduct completely opened my eyes.'—vol. ii. p. 212.

'*A heart so tender and so proud*' as to quarrel with its nearest and we might say, only friend, because he did not interfere, contrary to his duty as a Minister of State, to do a dirty job for the Usher of the Exchequer. In winding up this story, Walpole, with a show of doing justice to Conway, supposes that his neglect arose not from ingratitude, but forgetfulness;—

'his temper was chill and his mind *absent*; and as I had too much delicacy to mention even *my own security*, I am persuaded it never came into his conception.'—*ib.* p. 215.

Here again the word '*security*' betrays the real cause of quarrel to have been the precarious sinecures; and when Walpole, with wonderful self-complacency, supposes that nothing but forgetfulness

ness and *absence* of mind could have prevented Conway's accomplishing his object, while his own delicacy prevents his joggling the memory of his oblivious friend, he himself forgets that he had just told us that he had stated it to Conway before the formation of the new ministry, and that Conway had even then received it with an ominous silence which forbade the repetition of the suggestion.

But though thus disappointed at the outset of the Rockingham administration and affecting to have abandoned politics, we find Walpole more active than ever in the long and complicated ministerial intrigues between 1766 and 1770, and employing his influence over the wavering and unconscious Conway to keep him in office, and even, on the resignation of the Duke of Grafton, to place him at the head of the Treasury. In all this he was actuated, no doubt, partly by his natural love of dabbling in such intrigues and his personal interest in Conway, but partly also, we are satisfied, by the hope of laying the government under such an obligation to him as should ultimately carry his job. The King, who confided in Conway's honour, though he feared his want of firmness and resolution, felt obliged to Walpole for his endeavours to steady his friend, and so expressed himself to Conway's brother, Lord Hertford. Walpole was delighted. He now saw in the King's gratitude a shorter cut to his great object:—

'I must confess there was a moment in which, reflecting on my success, and on the important service I had rendered to the King in so distressful and critical an hour, I was tempted to *think of myself*. I saw I might have written to the King, or asked an audience, or made any terms I pleased for myself. *My brother had just been at the point of death, and presented me with the near prospect of losing half my income.* What would remain, would depend on the *will of every succeeding First Lord of the Treasury*; and it was determined in my own breast that I would pay court to none. I resisted, however; and in this favourable shining hour, resolved to make no one advantage for myself. I scorned to tell either my friend or myself, and sat down contented with having done the best for him, and with shutting the door against a crew I hated or despised.'—vol. iii. pp. 78, 79.

We are not the dupes of this heroic self-denial. Walpole on reconsideration could not but see that in that crisis the King neither would nor could have attempted to meddle with this paltry job, and that eventually his best and indeed only chance of success was by keeping Conway in office with a friendly First Lord of the Treasury. This prospect was, however, soon closed. The Duke of Grafton resigned—Conway retired—Lord North's administration commences a new era—the sinecures remain in *statu quo*—and the Memoirs terminate.

We have thus traced, even by the scanty light of his own inadvertent confessions, Walpole's attempts at what too clearly seems a corrupt jobbing with each successive administration, from 1751 down to 1770; and we think nobody can doubt after this detail, that Walpole even in his 'Letters,' but distinctly in every line of both sets of his Memoirs, was writing under the impression of morbid feelings which distort and discolour every scene and person, and disentitle him to any credit wherever his passion or prejudice can intervene; and these were so acute and so subtle that it is impossible to say that there is any circumstance, however apparently indifferent, into which they did not penetrate. His works are really 'a copious polyglot of spleen' and an 'universal satire' on all mankind. When we formerly made a somewhat similar observation, we excepted Conway as the only person spared from the general obloquy—we can except him no longer; he has now descended into the *limbo* to which Walpole consigned all his contemporaries—we believe we may now say without exception.

If any reader should be inclined to think that we assign too much importance to this detection and exposure, we beg leave to remind him that, from a variety of concurrent causes, Walpole is likely at first sight to obtain a confidence which he in no degree merits, and that his pertinacious efforts to poison history require that *at each successive attempt* the antidote should be administered. Nor let it be supposed that this iteration of our charges is superfluous when we see such a writer as Lord Mahon—so impartial, so desirous of truth, with such apparent opportunities of information, and so well aware of Walpole's bias as to set out with admitting that 'on no occasion would he readily trust Horace Walpole as to motives' (*Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 14), yet immediately after falling into Walpole's snares—habitually quoting, and sometimes copying without quoting—his malicious romances, adopting as to Lord Bute the stigmatising description of 'the Favourite,' and giving consistence and countenance to the factious libels of Wilkes and the sneering slanders of Walpole by such an assertion as that 'no monarch was more deservedly beloved than George III. in the latter half at least of his reign—after he had shaken off the sway of the NORTHERN FAVOURITE!'

the 'earlier half' of his reign extending to 1790. Lord Mahon adds indeed that 'the report of that sway long survived its reality;' but this, taken with the context, implies his opinion to be, that the influence did not outlast 1790, while the jealousy of it survived even that late period—the truth being, even by Walpole's own confessions, that there was no favouritism at all, nor any influence beyond the time when Lord Bute ceased to be minister—1763.

But

But Lord Mahon must be well aware that Walpole's *Memoirs* are little else than an apocryphal chronicle of '*motives*.' There are in either series very few new facts—hardly one, that we recollect, of any real historical importance; their value, whatever it may be, is nothing else than the *motives* which they assign to the several actors in scenes and circumstances already superficially known—and such, in truth, is the special value of that class of historical information generally described as *memoirs*. To say, therefore, that a memoir-writer is not to be trusted for the motives he imputes, is to say that, as helps to history, his work is infinitely worse than worthless. We do not go quite so far. Walpole is like any other prejudiced witness: though there may be a predominance of falsehood and a general discolouration, there will yet be, in a long and varied narration, a considerable portion of voluntary or involuntary truth. The art of using such a witness to advantage is a minute study of the admitted facts—a general balancing of the antagonist testimonies, and a conscientious sifting of the evidence in each minute portion of the case, so as finally to discriminate between the real colour of the transaction and the partial colour of the narrative. It ought to be something like restoring an old picture which has been painted over: you must wash off the whole varnish, and then proceed with great care and caution to remove the supposititious touches from the original ground. You will probably find there some elemental traces, more or less slight, of the surcharge which you have removed—but you will also frequently find that the manufacturer, by way of producing an effect after his own taste, has made gratuitous additions for which he had no ground whatsoever. Thus, to take three of Walpole's most prominent figures: we believe that his account of the Duke of Newcastle is much exaggerated—that of George Grenville a mixture of exaggeration and falsehood—that of Lord Bute's influence as '*the Favourite*' after 1763, a gross and from many indications 'we must add, an intentional and malicious deception. In all these cases, and in many others collateral to them, we have traced the malevolence to one special and powerful cause—but we know not to what extent beyond our limited inquiries, *that* cause may have operated, nor have we space or time to indicate, much less examine, various *other* motives of private and personal animosities, of which his Letters and Memoirs, as well as the evidence of his contemporaries, afford abundant symptoms. We here need only say that no historian reverent of truth should quote one line from Walpole without a minute investigation of the individual fact, and of the possible *temper* in which Walpole may have related it.

Without, therefore, saying positively that Walpole's *Memoirs* are

are of no historical value, we assert that their value is much less than their mischief; because few readers can have the means, and still fewer will have the diligence, for a minute and critical examination of his details, while the public will greedily swallow the potion so suited to the general appetite for scandal, without attempting to distinguish the ingredients.

There are, however, in this work degrees, and if we may so express ourselves *æras* of more or less credibility. Up to the year 1765, when General Conway came into office, Walpole was in Parliament, and attached to one or other of the various factions of the day—always endeavouring to be on good terms with each successive ministry until the disappointment of his job sent him into opposition;—in a word, habitually in opposition—but that opposition generally a prudent one, with a careful eye to the possibility of a turn of the ministerial wheel which might give him another chance of obtaining his private object. During this period he was of course but imperfectly acquainted with the real views or principles of the Government; of which indeed he could know no more than a member of the Opposition usually does of the real motives of Ministers, and is no more entitled to credit than the rumour of Brookes's as to the business of Downing Street. He was, however, well acquainted with the intrigues of the several opposing factions, and may generally be trusted for any unfavourable exposure of that to which he happened at the moment to belong.

The next period extends from Mr. Conway's accession to the cabinet in 1765 to his resignation of the seals in 1768, and even for the following year, in which Conway as Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance still attended Cabinet Councils. During this period it seems that Walpole was better informed than *he ought to have been* on many cabinet questions—not indeed, it would seem, on any great national concerns, but very much as to the difficulties and embarrassments in the conduct of the King's government, especially those created by the strange trance in which Lord Chatham voluntarily or involuntarily passed the whole of his last unhappy and discreditable administration. In this portion of the work it is amusing, and not without instruction, to observe how much more rational Walpole's ideas of government had grown—how sensible he had become of the indecency and mischief of a factious and interested opposition, and how much less disposed to doubt the good sense of the King, his sincerity towards his ministers, and his love of his people.

The third period cannot be better described than in Walpole's own words:—

‘As I had rather disparage these Memoirs than disappoint the reader by promising him more satisfaction than he will find, let me remind him

him that I had now quitted my seat in Parliament; and consequently, what traces of debates shall appear hereafter must be mutilated and imperfect, as being received by hearsay from others, or taken from notes communicated to me. As I had detached myself, too, from all parties, I was in the secrets of none: and though I had curiosity enough to fathom some, opportunities of learning others, and made observations on what was passing, in which I was assisted by the clue of what I had formerly known; yet it will doubtless be perceived that my information was often incomplete, and that the mysterious springs of several events never came to my knowledge. In those situations I shall be far from decisive: yet that very ignorance may guide future historians to the search after authentic papers; and my doubts may lead to some certainty. It may yet be asked why I choose, under these impediments, to continue my narrative, while I allow that it must fall short of the preceding parts? The honestest answer is the best: it amuses me. I like to give my opinion on what I have seen: I wish to warn posterity (however vain such zeal) against the folly and corruption and profligacy of the times I have lived in; and I think that, with all its defects, the story I shall tell will be more complete than if I had stopped at the end of the foregoing Parliament.'—vol. iii. pp. 180, 181.

The *amusement* was the gratification of his resentments—the *odium in longum jacens*—and yet it is evident both in his style and sentiments that his escape from the actual whirlpool of party had somewhat sobered and rationalised his mind; and although his narrative is still disfigured by the worn-out bugbear of 'the Favourite,' and still tainted with his constitutional or at least habitual propensity to conjectural imputations and personal malice, this is on the whole the portion of the volumes that instead of 'falling short' as he supposed of the others, may, we think, be read with the most satisfaction and the greatest approach to confidence. But it contains little that is new—particularly to the readers (and who have not been readers?) of Walpole's Letters; where most of the essential matter having been already recorded, especially the two first volumes of the last series to Sir H. Mann, which contain in truth the substance of these Memoirs in another form.

As an historical work these volumes have—besides the capital sins we have already exposed of self-interested malignity working on a cynical temper—some great faults both political and literary. As to naked facts and the mere succession of events, the skeleton, as it were, of history, Walpole is in general accurate, and no doubt brings to light many small details of this kind which, *valent quantum*, are obviously entitled to credit; but his natural inclination was to grope an obscure way through mazes and *souterrains* rather than walk the high road by daylight. He is never satisfied with the plain and obvious cause of any effect, and is for ever
striving

striving after some tortuous solution. It was the turn of his mind. He was crooked in all his own little habits—

‘Nor took his tea without a stratagem.’

Everything that passed through his mind seemed to undergo a kind of refraction,—like a stick in water,—the straight appeared crooked, and crooked straight: and so in all the actions of men, and especially in politics, he conjures up intrigues, and plots, and purposes which never entered into any mind but his own. Almost every page would afford an instance of this *mania*—for such it really seems: two or three of them taken at random, and which have the advantage of requiring little explanation from us, will suffice.

The young Queen was, in Walpole's morbid fancy, a *prisoner* from the hour of her arrival in England:—

‘Lord Harcourt had been sent to fetch her from Harwich with the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton: but as an earnest of the *prison prepared for her*, and to keep her in that state of ignorance which was essential to the views of the Princess, they were forbidden to see her alone.’—vol. i. p. 71.

‘The affection she conceived for the King softened the *rigour of her captivity*.’—*Ib.* 72.

‘Soon after Buckingham House was purchased and bestowed on her Majesty; St. James's not seeming a *prison strait enough*!’—*Ib.* 159.

The jailer was the Princess Dowager of Wales—the King's mother: and so extravagant was her tyranny, that the young King himself was absolutely shut up in the same dreary dungeon:—

‘There the King and Queen lived in the strictest privacy, attended absolutely by none but menial servants, and never came to the Palace but for the hour of levees and drawing-rooms.’—*Ib.* 159.

Tastes differ. We dare say that the foolish young couple mistook this ‘imprisonment’ for as near an approach to freedom as royalty can enjoy. They were at least so deluded as to continue the same mode of life for the almost half century that they survived their jailer.

Again:—after extravagating on the prodigious patronage showered on the Scotch, he proceeds—

‘In the beginning of the reign, Lady Charlotte Edwin, a sort of favourite Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, dropped this *memorable* expression to me—“*Things are not yet ripe*.”’—iv. 310.

‘Ripe’ for *what*—Walpole does not venture to say distinctly, but clearly intimates a *Jacobite Revolution, to be effected by a Scottish army*—a secret most judiciously confided to Lady Charlotte Edwin, who, with equal judgment, ‘drops these *memorable words*’ to

Mr.

Mr. Walpole—as well known for his great discretion as for his Jacobite inclinations—and who immediately corroborates Lady Charlotte's intelligence by the following alarming fact:—

‘The swarms of Scots that crowded and were gladly received into the army and into the *corps of Marines*, a body into which few English deigned to enlist, were no doubt placed there to *bring things to a maturity*, or protect them when brought to it.’—iv. 310.

This astute detection of the King's personal desire and purpose to overturn the Constitution, and establish despotism, by means, as a chief agent, of the *corps of Marines* (!), is subsequently repeated with still more solemn and argumentative sagacity.—(iv. p. 353.) Faction is for ever the same; and Walpole revives the extravagance of Shaftesbury, and fills his pages with fanciful

—‘jealousy and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a *Jacobite*.’

Again:—Lord Chatham and Lord Rockingham happened to be both thrown into opposition to the Duke of Grafton. Lord Chatham—full of fire and faction, and with some additional spleen against the Duke of Grafton—made a very natural move to combine with Lord Rockingham their opposition against the common enemy. See how Walpole travesties this proceeding into a low meanness, of which, sober or mad, Lord Chatham never could have been guilty.

‘Lord Chatham's profusion had involved him in *debts and great distress*; and that *distress reduced him* to more humane condescension than he usually practised. He sent a message to Lord Rockingham, professing high esteem, and desiring a personal interview to remove former misunderstandings, and to cement a common union between the friends of the public.’—vol. iv. p. 33.

And in another place he makes a similar imputation against him as well as against another great and popular name:—

‘Calcraft, that minion of fortune, to *ensure Lord Granby's dependence* and resignation, now lent him sixteen thousand pounds, additional to a great debt already contracted. Lord Granby accordingly, on the 17th, resigned.

‘Lord Chatham was in the *power of the usurer Calcraft*—so low had those two men, who had sat at the top of the world, *reduced themselves* by their dissipations!’—vol. iv. p. 47.

These extravagancies amuse by their absurdity or disgust by their malice; but to an ordinary reader the *Memoirs* have a still greater fault—they are confused, obscure, and therefore wearisome: there is no narrative—no attempt to preserve a train of action or thought—he writes, as the French say, *à bâtons rompus*; and the whole is such a constant recurrence and jumble of names, opinions,

opinions, and events—the smallest being always treated with more detail and emphasis than the greater—that we ourselves, who have paid some attention to the real history of those times and who are familiar with Walpole's style of treating it, often get bewildered in such an unvarying labyrinth of intrigues and intriguers—such a chaos of proper names and improper motives—that we hardly know after an hour's reading which is which—Butes or Bedfords, Grenvilles or Graftons, Rigbys or Rockinghams—any one of the *dramatis personæ* might play the part assigned to any other; and as Mr. Dangle, in the Critic, found 'the Interpreter the harder of the two,' we confess that we never thought the political events of the first ten years of George III. so difficult to understand as in the explanatory pages of Walpole.

But moreover; political intrigues are very stimulating topics while they are fresh, but very little so when the personal interests are passed away; and they become additionally insipid by growing so rapidly obscure. It requires not merely great attention, but some collateral information, to understand the nice distinctions, the slender differences, and the even verbal difficulties on which great political negotiations have turned. Take, for instance, the phrase by which Lord Chatham's negotiation with the Duke of Grafton was terminated—a negotiation that, if successful, might perhaps have prevented, or at least postponed, the American war, and all its tremendous consequences. 'I asked Lord Chatham,' says Colonel Fitzroy, the Duke's brother and messenger, 'Whether I should write that "*he was resolved not to renew the negotiation*;"' he said, "*Resolved is a large word*;" and desired I would express myself thus—"Mr. Pitt's determination is final, and the negotiation is at an end." These are his own words.'—ii. 185; iv. 392.

The difference between the phrases is not very obvious,* and our readers would hardly forgive us for now wasting their time in attempting an explanation—so trivial do things become which were once so important. We do not say that such circumstances are not, to deeper inquirers into moral and political history, of some collateral value as features of a remarkable period; and this particular instance has a certain degree of importance as elucidating Lord Chatham's character, who could condescend in a great national crisis to such hairsplitting. But those who read only for amusement or general information will find the accumulation of such minutiae tedious and puzzling, and it is, as we have seen, the peculiar fault of Walpole that to an over-laborious

* Walpole's accuracy in this statement is confirmed by the autobiography of the Duke of Grafton, which the Editor has quoted in an appendix; and which, from this specimen, we shall be glad to see published *in extenso*.

detail of such realities he is always ready to superadd, when facts fail him, conjectures and visions of his own still more enigmatical. But, in truth, the natural turn of his mind was not only, as we have said, to mystery, but also to littleness—he loved *miniature* both metaphorically and really—preferred a Petitot to a Rubens, and—as he playfully, but we have no doubt truly, confesses—Strawberry Hill to Windsor Castle. So his Memoirs tend to lower mankind to one common size and level of mere selfishness; and we do not recollect in all his works above one or two admissions of any man's having uniformly acted from an innate principle of rectitude—a purely conscientious distinction between right and wrong;* for even the few to whom he occasionally attributes amiable qualities and high sentiments—such as George III., the Duke of Richmond, Lord Chatham, and General Conway—he seldom fails to disparage by a close-following imputation of some degrading influence. We do not mean to say that the words 'principle,' 'integrity,' 'disinterestedness,' 'honour,' 'patriotism,' 'the people,' 'my country,' and so forth, are not frequent in his pages; but they are either employed to glorify *himself*, or, when attributed to others, are treated as mere rhetorical expletives—a kind of oath like 'zooks,' or 'parbleu'—that politicians use, without attaching any determinate meaning to the terms; while some form of self-interest—either place, or profit, or revenge—is the only motive by which he believes any man can be really influenced. And assuredly if we could give any credit to his picture of his times, we should be obliged to concur in his opinion: but without having any exalted opinion of human nature in general, still less of politicians, and, least of all, of the politicians of that factious and profligate age, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that it was so utterly *nullâ virtute redemptum* as Walpole describes. It was his habit to look at the low and dark side of every character; and as every character has, we fear, some touch of the low and dark about it, the result has been a picture of his times as minute as Mieris and as savage as Spagnolett.

Walpole himself says (vol. ii. p. 159), 'that he is painting *portraits of the time* rather than writing history:' the metaphor is appropriate, but it would approach still nearer to the truth, if for

* We recollect but two cases which even look like exceptions. We think he bears general testimony to the integrity and honour of the *Duke of Richmond*; and he records of *Edmund Burke*, that when very young in public life he separated from his powerful political allies and dearest private friends, by declining to support a factious, and as it turned out a most mischievous and unfortunate, motion for the diminution of the land-tax; but even in these favoured cases, so strong is his propensity to slander, that he afterwards raises against Mr. Burke an unfounded imputation of having jobbed in India stock; and the Duke of Richmond, though connected with Walpole by his marriage with Conway's step-daughter, receives now and then a *coup de patte*.

portraits he had said *caricatures*—for such, indeed, his pictures are ; and—as in other collections of caricatures—amidst a general exaggeration and many total failures, there are some sketches which may be like, and others which in various degrees approach to resemblance.

The figure chief in importance and first in interest—though, from the nature of our constitution and the opportunities of the painter, by no means the most prominent—is the KING. Connecting his Majesty, as Walpole with a most culpable insincerity persisted in doing, with the secret influence and pernicious designs so untruly attributed to Lord Bute, we are rather surprised to find that his picture, though unjust and grossly erroneous in some important points, is not marked with deeper touches of his characteristic malevolence. Indeed, it is remarkable that every *act and fact* that he relates are highly to his Majesty's credit—honourable to his head as well as his heart,—while the imputations he raises against him are those of conjecture or inference ; and it is also to be observed that the time during which he was nearest the court, and best informed as to the conduct of the King, is that in which he expresses the most favourable opinion of him. But upon this we lay no stress, for it is certain that Walpole, with all his natural shrewdness, knew nothing at all of the *character* of George the Third : witness his own sketch written after he has been by the Grafton administration brought almost into contact with his Majesty :—

'As far as could be discerned of the King's natural disposition, it was humane and benevolent. If flowing courtesy to all men was the habit of his *dissimulation*, at least it was so suited to his temper, that no gust of passion, no words of bitterness were ever known to break from him. He accepted services with grace and appearance of feeling ; and if he forgot them with an unrestrained facility, yet he never marked his displeasure with harshness. Silence served him to bear with unwelcome ministers, or to part with them. His childhood was tinctured with *obstinacy* : it was adopted at the beginning of his reign, and called firmness ; *but did not prove to be his complexion*. In truth, it would be difficult to draw his character in positive colours. *He had neither passions nor activity*. He resigned himself obsequiously to the government of his mother and Lord Bute : learned, and even entered with art, into the lessons they inspired, but added nothing of his own. When the task was done, he relapsed into *indifference and indolence*, till roused to the next day's part.'—vol. i. p. 20.

Here, while his Majesty's merits are faintly touched, the alleged defects are most remarkably the reverse of what everybody now knows to have been his real character. His good temper, his good manners, his discretion, his placability, his clemency, are all acknowledged ; but the obstinacy of childhood vanished, says

Walpole,

Walpole, into the opposite extreme of facility; a notorious mistake—one of the chief reproaches made to him in after life being that his firmness of purpose sometimes amounted to obstinacy. The truth is, the King was firm and decided in *his own* opinions and conduct, but felt as a constitutional sovereign in our mixed government that he was bound to submit his public acts to the advice of his responsible ministers; and it is from not considering with the same discrimination that his Majesty did the different feelings and duties that influence the *man* and the *monarch*, that he has been charged by some writers with obstinacy, and by Walpole with the opposite fault.

He had neither, says Walpole, passions nor activity, and was constitutionally of an indifferent and indolent disposition. Again a complete mistake: that he had passions, and strong ones, Walpole himself bears witness, and no one who knew his interior feelings could be ignorant—though his prudence, his virtue, and his sense of dignity and duty were still stronger.

The reproach of the want of personal activity to *Farmer George*—an early riser, a stout walker, an indefatigable rider, a bold fox-hunter*—is only ridiculous; but that of indifference and indolence in his regal duties shows an ignorance of one of the most peculiar traits in the royal character, which we should have thought strange in any man, but which is really surprising in one who might have been so well informed as Walpole—for nothing during the King's whole life was so remarkable as his *active, accurate, and intelligent dispatch of business*: he never postponed anything—never left a letter unanswered—never kept any one waiting—was always prepared for the matter in hand, and ready to put it out of hand—and the regularity and activity of his personal habits were never broken in upon but by his indulgence to ministers and servants less alert than their master. Every dispatch or dispatch-box that he received he, literally, *minuted* with the exact date of its reception, and returned it with an exact note of the time he had kept it. And we ourselves happen to know—*sit fas experta loqui*—that his last great illness was first announced to his ministers by the delay of a reply to a very commonplace communication—a delay which, never having happened in the course of fifty years but on two similar occasions, gave instant alarm. Nor was his Majesty's attention only *pro re natâ*—he took large and general

* The run would sometimes carry him so far from home that, having left all attendance far behind, he was obliged to get back in a hack postchaise. On one such occasion, returning very late of a dark evening along the Hounslow road, a highwayman attempted to stop the chaise; but the postilion, knowing perhaps whom he was driving, made a desperate push, knocked down the highwayman, and galloped safe to Windsor.

views of the whole administration of public business. He understood foreign affairs better than any minister he ever had, and took a lively interest in that department. He had not merely reports made to him of individual occurrences in the army and navy, but he received once a week, on stated days, accounts of the state, disposition and movements of all his naval and military forces; and knew as well as the First Lord of the Admiralty or the Commander-in-Chief—and sometimes better than they did on a sudden appeal—where every ship and regiment were employed. He was minute and scrupulous in his attention to all that related to the administration of justice. We have seen (Twiss's *Life of Eldon*) that even when his mind was supposed to be disturbed he omitted no point of duty, and set the Lord High Chancellor right on some of the formal details of his office. In short, we do not believe that any human being ever acquired a more accurate knowledge, or executed with a more intelligent regularity the details, of what is in truth a most complicated and difficult office—which the law allows, or rather obliges, the sovereign to exercise, in a great measure, by his responsible advisers, but on which an honest, a brave, and an intelligent monarch like George III. felt it to be his duty to satisfy also his own conscience, and to exercise his constitutional influence and control. The Editor of the *Memoirs* has been favoured with the perusal of some of those written communications which the King used to make to his ministers, of which we have formerly spoken. He gives a few, too few, extracts; but these fully confirm our opinion, that whenever and to whatever extent George III.'s correspondence with his successive ministers shall be disclosed, his character as an able, judicious, and conscientious sovereign and statesman, and an honest and amiable gentleman in the highest sense of the word, will be additionally confirmed.

Walpole, moreover, insinuates against the King a charge of personal ingratitude; and hints, in the preceding extract hypothetically, but in other places more directly, what lower scribblers had before imputed to his Majesty, dissimulation and duplicity. We believe that this charge is fals^{er}, if possible, than the others. To the charge of *ingratitude*, Walpole's own volumes would be an answer; for on what are all his reproaches built even from their foundation but on the King's adherence and fidelity to his early friends, and to all who were supposed to be attached to his particular interests? We may question, as we do, some of the exaggerated statements of that attachment, but as against Walpole the answer is conclusive. The general imputation however, as well as the charge of dissimulation, arises again out of the
the

the mistake we have already noticed of confounding the feelings of the man with the duties of the king. George III. was steadfast, to an honourable obstinacy, in his attachment to his private friends; but the King submitted with decorum and grace to the frequent change of ministers which the vicissitudes of faction or of events forced upon him. The Constitution imposed these often painful sacrifices; it was his amiable and high-spirited study to undergo them with as little offence to the feelings of the parties, or to his own dignity, as the very difficult circumstances could admit. But Walpole quotes two special cases, on which he builds his notion of the King's insincerity. Let us examine these evidential cases:—

'The first moment of the new reign afforded a symptom of the Prince's character; of *that cool dissimulation* in which he had been so well initiated by his mother, and which comprehended almost the whole of what she had taught him. Princess Amalie [daughter of George II.], as soon as she was certain of her father's death, sent an account of it to the Prince of Wales; but he had already been apprised of it. He was out riding, and received a note from a German valet-de-chambre, attendant on the late King, with a private mark agreed upon between them, which certified him of the event. Without surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting he said to the groom, "I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say the contrary."—vol. i. p. 6.

Now we, on the contrary, think that this first step of his life was of the happiest auspice, and foretold in the young man the prudence, self-restraint, and moral dignity, which were afterwards so fully developed. He had received an ambiguous notice '*that he was KING*'—was he to have pursued his idle ride and exhibited the indecency of having couriers and ministers riding about Surrey to look for the sovereign?—or was he, on the other hand, on such doubtful and irregular information, to proclaim the death of his grandfather, and parade himself, without further ceremony, as KING? He took the more, and indeed the only, discreet and decent course: he did not affect to ride home to hear the great news, but, in order to avoid observation, said his horse was lame, and did not command his groom to tell a falsehood, but only not to contradict him. Where was the '*calm dissimulation*?' Calm presence of mind, and delicacy, and decency, there were; but, in our judgment, not one blameable circumstance.

The other instance which Walpole produces is one in which, even on his own showing (and he had in this case a motive for misrepresentation), the King was completely justified. It was on the subject of the *repeal*, by the Rockingham ministry, of Grenville's *Stamp Act*. The matter was violently contested. Lord
Strange,

Strange, one of the placemen who opposed the repeal, stated in the clubs that, 'having mentioned to the King that the ministers had carried their bill entirely by a representation that his Majesty was favourable to it,' his Majesty had thereupon authorised him to contradict that assertion:—

'So extraordinary a tale soon reached the ear of Lord Rockingham, who immediately asked Lord Strange if it was true what the King was reported to have said to him? The other confirmed it. On that Lord Rockingham desired the other to meet him at court, when they both went into the closet together. Lord Strange began, and repeated the King's words; and asked if he had been mistaken? The King said, "No." Lord Rockingham then pulled out a paper, and begged to know if on such a day (which was minuted down on the paper) his Majesty had not determined for the repeal? Lord Rockingham then stopped. The King replied, "*My Lord, this is but half*;" and taking out a pencil wrote on the bottom of Lord Rockingham's paper words to this effect: "The question asked me by my ministers was, whether I was for enforcing the act by the sword, or for the repeal: of the two extremes I was for the repeal; but most certainly preferred *modification* to either."—vol. ii. p. 289.

This story is headed in the Memoirs, '*Double-dealing of the King*.' Our readers will, we think, agree that the King's conduct was alike frank and dignified. He avowed what he had said to Lord Strange—he rebuked Lord Rockingham for telling but *half the story*, and boldly, and we dare say somewhat indignantly, wrote—so as to admit of no misrepresentation—on Lord Rockingham's paper, the important qualification of his opinion, which Lord Rockingham had suppressed. Which was the *double-dealer*?

But great injustice would be done to George III., and our readers might also complain, if we did not exhibit, in fuller answer to Walpole's imputations, some portraits—out of his own gallery—of the principal statesmen with whom it was the misfortune of that good King and excellent man to have to deal. There were no less than seven administrations imposed by circumstances on the King within his first ten years. Let Walpole tell us how they were composed. We shall distinguish the successive prime ministers by printing their names in capitals.

Of Mr. Pitt himself, the first figure—though only one of the *Secretaries of State*—in the administration which the King at his accession found and retained, we will postpone Walpole's opinions till we arrive at his second administration.

Of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE—*First Lord of the Treasury*—Walpole's contempt is so well known by his Letters and former Memoirs that we need add but a touch or two from this work more especially applicable to the period before us:—

' This

'This veteran, *so busy, so selfish*, and still so fond of power, determined to take a new *court-lease of folly*.'—vol. i. p. 11.

'A *ridiculous old dotard*. It was *absurd* in him to stay in place, *insolent* to attempt to stay there by force, and *impudent* to pretend patriotism when driven out by *contempt*.'—i. 168.

'Thus *disgraced and disgracing* himself, Newcastle resigned.'—*ib.*

The Chancellor, Lord Northington, was—

'too *profligate*, in every light, to carry any authority' (ii. 200). 'He made a pretence for quarrelling with the ministers, complaining *untruly* that he was not consulted, &c.' (p. 333). 'Whether this meanness was officious or instilled into him was not certainly known' (p. 334). 'The deepest tinge of that dirty vice, *avarice and rapaciousness*, blotted the Chancellor' (p. 357). 'A fool void of any colour of merit' (p. 357).

Mr. Legge—Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

'With all his abilities, Legge was of a *creeping, underhand* nature, and aspired to the lion's place by the *manœuvre of the mole*.'—vol. i. p. 301.

'Winchelsea said Legge had had more masters than any man in England, and had never left one with a character.'*—*ib.* p. 39.

Lord Temple—Privy Seal:—

'This *shameless and malignant* man worked in the mines of successive factions for near thirty years together. To relate them is writing his life'—(vol. ii. p. 359). 'Nothing could be more offensive than Lord Temple's conduct, whether considered in a public or private light. Opposition to his factious views seemed to let him loose from all ties, all restraint of *principles*: and his brother was the object of his *jealousy and resentment*.'—vol. i. p. 295.

Lord Holderness—Secretary of State:—

'Orders were suddenly sent to Lord Holderness to give up the seals of Secretary of State: the King adding, in discourse, that he had two secretaries, one (Mr. Pitt) who would do nothing, and the other (Lord Holderness) *who could do nothing*; he would have one, who both could and would. This was Lord Bute.... But, however *low the talents* of Lord Holderness deserved to be estimated, they did not suffer by comparison with those of his successor.'—vol. i. pp. 42, 43.

And again, when he reappeared as *Governor to the Prince of Wales* in 1771:—

'Lord Holderness owed his preferment to his *insignificance* and to his wife, a lady of the bedchamber to the Queen, as she did hers to her daughter's governess, whom the Queen had seduced from her, to the great vexation of Lady Holderness. The governess, a French Protestant, ingratiated her late mistress with the Queen, and her mistress soon became a favourite next to the German women.'—vol. iv. p. 314.

* To which the Editor adds, 'None could deny his eminent qualifications as a man of business—his political integrity was less commendable. Doddington says, "his thoughts were *tout pour la tripe*,"—all for Quarter-day;" and *has*, in common with Walpole, reproached him with *perfidy*.'—vol. i. p. 39.

Such,

Such, Walpole thinks, were the claims and qualifications of one who had been Secretary of State in Mr. Pitt's 'glorious' administration.

Of LORD BUTE, who succeeded Lord Holderness, and soon became *First Lord of the Treasury*, we need not repeat any of Walpole's general opinions, but we extract the following summary of his character while minister :—

'Success and the tide of power swelled up the *weak bladder of the Favourite's* mind' (vol. i. p. 177). 'His countenance of Fox was but consonant to the *folly* of his character' (p. 249). 'His *intrigues* to preserve power—the *confusion* he helped to throw into each succeeding system—his *impotent and dark* attempts to hang on the wheels of government, *which he only clogged*—all proved that neither virtue nor philosophy, but *fear*—and fear only—was the immediate and precipitate cause of his retreat. Yet let me not be thought to lament this *weak man's pusillanimity*; had he been firm to himself, there was an *end of the Constitution!* The hearts of Englishmen were *corrupt and sold*, and the best heads amongst them toiled in the cause of *despotism*' (p. 256).

And this imminent danger from despotism, all England being corrupted and sold to the Crown, is predicated of the licentious days of '*Wilkes and Liberty*,' when the triumph of demagogues insulted the dignity and even menaced the stability of the throne.

Of Mr. Fox, his general vituperation in both sets of *Memoirs* is too frequent and too diffuse for extracting; but as regards our present object, it is enough to quote Walpole's observations on his accepting the *leadership of the House of Commons* from Lord Bute :—

'Abandoned by his highest and most showy friends, Fox felt the mortification of *discredit* with his patron [the Duke of Cumberland] and the public. *Detested* by the public, he never could recover from the *stain* contracted at this period.'—vol. i. p. 197.

'Fox had *boldness and wickedness* enough to undertake whatever the Court was led to compass.'—*ib.* 249.

'Lord Holland was *cruel, revengeful, daring, and subtle*' (vol. iv. p. 126); 'and established universal *corruption and revenge*' (*ib.* 239). And all this was written of a man whom at the same period Walpole was supporting by his vote in Parliament, and for whom, in 1767—still while he was writing these libels—he tells us that 'he laboured earnestly to obtain an *Earldom*' (iii. 95).

Of the Duke of Bedford, Lord President in that administration, and of his party, he says :—

'Lord Bute lost the *Bedford* faction—not from their *usual perfidy*; he had lost them before they suspected the smallest diminution of his omnipotence; but he had not gratified the ambition of the Duchess of Bedford. She had marked out for herself the first post in the Queen's family;

family; but with more attention to her pride than her interest had forborne to ask it, concluding it must be offered to her. The Princess and Lord Bute, either not suspecting, or glad to be ignorant of, her views, were far enough from seeking to place *so dangerous* a woman in the very heart of the palace. This neglect the Duchess deeply resented, and never forgave.'—vol. i. p. 261.

'*The Bedford faction* was called in the satires of the day *the Bloomsbury Gang*—Bedford House standing in Bloomsbury Square.* Of these the chief were *Earl Gower*, *Lord Sandwich*, and *Rigby*' (vol. ii. p. 441). '*Lords Gower* (*Lord Chamberlain*, afterwards *Lord President*), *Weymouth* (*Secretary of State*), and *Sandwich* (*First Lord of the Admiralty*),—all had parts, and never used them to any good or creditable purpose. The first had spirit enough to attempt any crime; the other two, though *notorious cowards*, were equally fitted to serve a prosperous court. And *Sandwich* had a predilection to guilt, if he could couple it with *artifice and treachery* (*ib.*). *Weymouth* (*Secretary of State*) neither had nor affected any solid virtue. He was too proud to court the people, and *too mean* not to choose to owe his preferments to the favour of the Court or the cabals of faction. He wasted the whole night in drinking, and the morning in sleep, even when Secretary of State. No kind of *principle* entered into his plan or practice, nor *shame* for want of it. His vanity made him trust that his abilities, by making him necessary, could reconcile intrigue and inactivity. His *timidity* was womanish, and the only thing he did not fear was the ill opinion of mankind.'—vol. iv. p. 240.

* Lord Tavistock, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, a very amiable young man, whom even Walpole praises (though, as usual, from a partial motive), was killed in 1767 by a fall from his horse. As our readers know, the vile libel of Junius on this subject has been refuted fifty times. Well, hear Walpole:—

'The *indecent indifference* with which such a catastrophe was felt by the *faction* of that family, spoke too plainly that Lord Tavistock lived a reproach and terror to them. The Duke, his father, for a few days almost lost his senses—and recovered them *too soon*. The Duchess was *less blameable*, and retained the compassion longer. While all mankind who ever heard the name of Lord Tavistock were profuse in lamenting such a national calamity, it gave universal scandal when, in a little fortnight after his death, they beheld his father, the Duke, carried by his creatures to the India House to vote on a factious question.

'This *unexampled insensibility* was bitterly *pressed home* on the Duke two years after in a public libel [Junius]. Yet it surely was *savage wantonness* to taunt a parent with such a misfortune: and of flint must have been that head that could think such a domestic stroke a proper subject for insult, however *inadequate* to the world the anguish appeared: how steeled must have been that nature that could wish to recall the feelings of a father on such a misfortune!'—*Mem.* ii. 440.

Very true—very just; but why then did the 'tender heart' of Walpole record the *savage slander*, with the additional venom of attesting its historical truth? The cruelty of Junius may be—not palliated, but at least—accounted for, by the temporary madness of party or some such motive of personal injustice; but what can be said for Walpole, who, with his eyes open to the infamy of such conduct, and with his pen flowing with indignation against it, takes the especial trouble of transplanting it from what he must have thought an ephemeral libel into the recording pages of his own Memoirs? And then he crowns his inconsistency with—

'In Borgia's age they *stabbed with daggers*—in *ours* with the *pen*.' (!?)
He being himself the most general and *savage* '*stabber with the pen*' that the age produced.

The other members of that Cabinet will appear in subsequent ministries.

Next came Mr. Grenville's administration.

'Mr. GRENVILLE had hitherto been known but as a fatiguing orator and indefatigable drudge, more likely to disgust than to offend. Beneath this useful unpromising outside lay lurking great abilities: courage so confounded with *obstinacy* that there was no drawing a line between them—good intentions to the public without one great view—much economy for that public, which, in truth, was the whole amount of his good intentions—*excessive rapaciousness and parsimony* in himself—*infinite self-conceit, implacability of temper, and a total want of principle*. . . . His ingratitude to his benefactor, Bute, and his reproaching Mr. Pitt . . . were but too often paralleled by the *crimes* of other men; but scarce any man ever wore in his face such outward and visible marks of the *hollow, cruel, and rotten* heart within.'—vol. iv. p. 271.

'The reversion of Lord Temple's estate could make even the inflexible Grenville stoop; and if his *acrimonious heart* was obliged to pardon his brother [Lord Temple], it was *indemnified by revenge on his sister's husband* [Mr. Pitt].—vol. ii. p. 174.

Lord Egremont—Secretary of State—

'was a composition of *pride, ill-nature, avarice*, and strict good breeding, with such infirmity in his frame that he *could not speak truth* on the most trivial occasion. He had humour, and did not want sense; but he had neither knowledge of business nor the smallest share of parliamentary abilities.'—p. 272.

Lord Halifax—Secretary of State—

'was the *weakest*, but at the same time most amiable of the three. His pride, like Lord Egremont's, taught him much civility: he spoke readily and agreeably; and *only wanted matter and argument*. His profusion in building, planting, and on a favourite mistress, had brought him into great straits, from which he sought to extricate himself by *discreditable means*.'—*ib.*

Then came the first Rockingham administration.

'The nomination of LORD ROCKINGHAM for minister at any season would have sounded *preposterous*—in the present, sufficient alone to defeat the system.'—vol. ii. p. 100.

'He had so weak a frame of person and nerves that no exigences could surmount his timidity of speaking in public: and having been only known to the public for his passion for race horses, men could not be cured of their surprise in seeing him First Minister.'—ii. 19.

'He was *more childish* in his deportment than in his age. He was *totally void of all information*. *Ambitious, with excessive indolence*; fond of talking of business, but dilatory in the execution; his *single talent* lay in attracting dependents; yet, though proud and self-sufficient, he had almost as many governors as dependents.'—vol. ii. p. 197.

'Lord

'Lord Rockingham's *childish arrogance and indiscretion.*'—vol. ii. p. 298.

'Rockingham, a *weak, childish, and ignorant man.*'—vol. iii. p. 334. Then we have some *additional* sneers at his nearest and dearest friend, *Conway*—*Secretary of State* in that administration :—

'The *disgusting coldness* of *Conway's* manner would revolt those he met at court, and I foresaw (though not to the degree I found it afterwards) how little he was made to ingratiate himself with strangers, and consequently to conduct the House of Commons. To talk to *Conway* against public opinion was preaching to the winds. His heart was so cold that it wanted all the beams of popular applause to kindle it into action.'—vol. ii. pp. 195, 213.

Mr. Dowdeswell—*Chancellor of the Exchequer* :—

'The office of *Chancellor of the Exchequer* was bestowed on *Dowdeswell*, who was so suited to the drudgery of the office, as far as depends on arithmetic, that he was fit for nothing else. *Heavy, slow, methodical* without clearness, *a butt for ridicule*, unversed in every graceful art, and a stranger to men and courts, he was only esteemed by the few to whom he was personally known.'—vol. ii. p. 196.

Lord Dartmouth—*President of the Board of Trade*—

'only stayed long enough to *prostitute* his character and authenticate his hypocrisy.'—vol. iv. p. 84.

Then came what is called LORD CHATHAM's second administration, in which General Conway continued the leader of the House of Commons.

So great a name as Lord Chatham's, and his most extraordinary conduct at this period, deserve more copious extracts, which we give the rather because they confirm the view which we formerly took of the *eccentricity* of this period of his career, and because he is, of all others, the statesman towards whom Walpole seems to have felt impartially—or, at least, with only a favouring partiality. In fact, he almost worshipped him, till the official connexion, and we may add, something of official conflict, between Conway and Lord Chatham brought Walpole into a nearer view and more accurate judgment of that extraordinary man. Walpole seems to have had little or no doubt—nor indeed had Lord Chatham's colleagues—that he was, during his second administration, under the influence of *insanity*.

Walpole opens by the following general observations on his ministerial character :—

'Peace was not his element; nor did his talent lie in those details that restore a nation by slow and wholesome progress. Of the finances he was utterly ignorant. If struck with some great idea, he neither knew how, nor had patience to conduct it. He expected implicit assent—and he expected more—that other men should methodize and superin-

tend, and bear the fatigue of carrying his measures into execution; and, what was worse, encounter the odium and danger of them, while he reposed and was to enjoy the honour, if successful. . . . His conduct in the late war had been the same. He drew the plans, but left it to the Treasury to find the means; nor would listen to their difficulties, nor hold any rein over their ill-management.'—vol. ii. p. 365.

He then proceeds to particulars. Mr. Pitt—even before his administration was completed—

'had already commenced that extraordinary scene of seclusion of himself which he afterwards carried to an excess that passed, and no wonder, for a long access of *phrensy*.'—p. 342.

'The *mad situation* to which Lord Chatham had reduced himself.'—*ib.* p. 402.

'The *pride and folly* of Lord Chatham.'—*ib.* p. 402.

'The *wildness* of Lord Chatham baffled all policy.'—*ib.* p. 416.

'The *madness* or *mad conduct* of Lord Chatham.'—vol. iii. p. 67.

'Lord Chatham's wild actions of passion and scorn.'—*ib.* p. 435.

'The Chancellor Camden had given many hints of his friend's *frenzy*.'—vol. iii. p. 251.

'As if there were dignity in *folly*, and magic in *perverseness*—as if the way to govern mankind was to insult their understandings,—the conduct of Lord Chatham was the *very reverse of common sense*, and made up of such undissembled scorn of all the world, that his friends could not palliate it, nor his enemies be blamed for resolving it into *madness*. He was scarce lame, and even paraded through the town in a morning to take the air; yet he neither went to the King, nor suffered any of the ministers [*his colleagues*] to come to him.'—vol. ii. p. 426.

And again—

'Lord Chatham might have given firmness and almost tranquillity to the country; might have gone farther towards recruiting our finances than any reasonable man could have expected; but, alas! his talents were not adequate to that task. The multiplication-table did not admit of being treated as epic, and Lord Chatham had but that one style. Whether *really out of his senses*, or conscious how much the *mountebank* had concurred to make the great man, he plunged deeper and deeper into retreat, and left the nation a prey to faction and to insufficient persons that he had chosen for his coadjutors.'—vol. ii. p. 433.

We then have, at a length too great for an extract, a very curious account of what certainly looks like *phrensy* in Lord Chatham's morbid anxiety to re-purchase the villa at Hayes, which he had not long before disposed of to Mr. Thomas Walpole, from whom Horace had the details, which, as little exaggerated, perhaps, as any of Horace's anecdotes, are a curious and melancholy picture of Lord Chatham's interior life at this critical time.

We have also the still less suspicious evidence of the Duke of Grafton's

Grafton's account—in an autobiography, with a few extracts from which the Editor has been allowed to enrich this work—of an interview which, with great difficulty and after long delays, he, the First Lord of the Treasury, had obtained from his mysterious colleague: the Duke says—

“‘Though I expected to find Lord Chatham very ill indeed, his situation was different from what I had imagined: his nerves and spirits were affected to a dreadful degree, and the sight of his great mind, bowed down and thus weakened by disorder, would have filled me with grief and concern even if I had not long borne a sincere attachment to his person and character.’”—vol. iii. p. 51.

With all this evidence, and recollecting that both his sisters were indisputably mad, and that one of them, Anne Pitt, who, as Walpole once wittily said to a French acquaintance, resembled him ‘*comme deux gouttes de—feu,*’ died, after a long exhibition of talent and eccentricity, quite insane, we can hardly doubt that he was labouring under a strong nervous disturbance. So, certainly, thought the Duke of Grafton—when, subsequently exasperated by some of Lord Chatham's wild and unfounded assertions in the House of Lords, he told him to his face that ‘*they were the effect of a distempered mind brooding over its own disappointments;*’ but we doubt whether it was not a disturbance of the same nature (though of greater intensity) as that under which Walpole himself appears to have habitually laboured—the result, namely, of allowing his clear and powerful intellect to be overclouded and subdued by a proud, passionate, and feverish temper. And, on the whole, we adhere to the opinion expressed in our Article on Lord Chatham (vol. lxvi. p. 253), that, seeing how sudden and complete his recovery was on going out of office, and with what more than juvenile vigour, spirit, and ability he threw himself again into the stormy torrent of faction, we cannot excuse, on the plea of mere physical and involuntary infirmity, a long course of conduct so perverse, ungrateful, and unprincipled at the time, and in its consequences so degrading and calamitous to his neglected country and his insulted Sovereign. We may admire Lord Chatham's great oratorical talents and soaring spirit, but we can neither esteem nor respect him. His was, we believe, the most disastrous glory that ever intoxicated—and when the intoxication was over—enervated our country, and planted the first germs of revolutionary disease in the Constitution.

Lord Chatham's *Lord Chancellor was*

‘*Lord Camden*, whose character did not clear up as he proceeded, but was clouded with shades of *interest* and *irresolution*, and when it veered most to public spirit was subject to squalls of time-serving, as by the Court it was taxed with *treacherous ambiguity.*’—vol. iii. p. 251.

His

His *Chancellor of the Exchequer* was 'that meteor' *Charles Townshend*,* who died unexpectedly in 1767:—

'Though cut off so immaturely, it is a question whether he had not lived long enough for his character. His genius could have received no accession of brightness; his faults only promised multiplication. He had almost every great talent, and every little quality. His vanity exceeded even his abilities. With such a capacity he must have been the greatest man of this age, and perhaps inferior to no man in any age, had his faults been only in a moderate proportion—in short, *if he had had but common truth, common sincerity, common honesty, common modesty, common steadiness, common courage, and common sense.*'

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON was left by the resignation of Lord Chatham at the head of the administration; of which indeed, by Lord Chatham's seclusion, he had all along been the effective chief—but Walpole (at one time in much friendship with him) gives the following very unfavourable estimate of his fitness for the post:—

'The *negligence and disgusting coldness* of the Duke of Grafton.'—vol. iii. p. 106.

'The *moody and capricious temper* of Grafton.'—vol. iii. p. 267.

'His *unfitness* for the first post of the state.'—vol. iv. p. 66.

'The King was worn out with Grafton's *negligence and impracticability.*'—p. 67.

'His fall was universally ascribed to his *pusillanimity*; but whether betrayed by his fears or his friends, he had certainly been the chief author of his own *disgrace*. His *haughtiness, indolence, reserve, and improvidence* had conjured up the storm, but his *obstinacy and feebleness*—always *relaying* each other and always *mal-à-propos*—were the radical cause of all the numerous absurdities that discoloured his conduct and exposed him to *deserved reproaches*; nor had he depth of understanding to counterbalance the defects of his temper (p. 69). The details of his conduct were as *weak and preposterous* as the great lines of it' (p. 70).

LORD NORTH had become Chancellor of the Exchequer on Mr. Townshend's death; and on the Duke of Grafton's secession, became First Lord of the Treasury; but there was little other change in the ministry.

'LORD NORTH had neither system, *nor principle, nor shame*, but enjoyed the good luck of fortune with a gluttonish epicurism that was

* There is an amusing instance of Townshend's amazing talents, and more amazing incongruities of character, detailed by Walpole (iii. p. 22); and it is made additionally curious by the Editor's having been able to recover another and authentic account of the same transaction from Sir George Colebrook's *Memoirs*, which shows, in a remarkable way, Walpole's style of exaggeration—but the whole is too long to be extracted.

equally careless of glory or *disgrace*. As a minister he had no foresight, no consistence, no firmness, no spirit. He miscarried in all he undertook in America—was more improvident than unfortunate, and *less unfortunate than he deserved to be*. If he was free from vices, he was as void of virtues; and it is a paltry eulogium of a prime minister of a great country—yet the best that can be allotted to Lord North—that though his country was ruined under his administration, he preserved his good humour, and neither felt for his country nor for himself.’—vol. iv. pp. 80–83.

This character, bad as it is, of Lord North is one of the least defamatory in the whole work; but even this ‘*paltry eulogium*’—the positive merit of good humour, and the negative one of not meaning all the mischief he did—he probably owed to a small fact which we have already quoted in another place. ‘*In the payments of my office bills,*’ says Walpole, ‘I always received justice and civility from Lord North.’—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 369.

The Chancellor Bathurst—

‘was too *poor a creature* to have any weight.’—vol. iv. p. 84.

Lord Rochford—*Secretary of State*—

‘less employed, had still *less claim to sense*, and *none at all to knowledge*.’—*ib.*

Lord Suffolk—*Secretary of State* :—

‘his soul was harrowed by ambition, and as he had not parts to gratify it, he sought the despotism of the Crown as means of gratifying his own pride. He was totally unpractised in business, pompous, ignorant, and of no parts, but affecting to be the head of Grenville’s late party.’—*ib.*

Lord George Germaine—*Secretary of State*—

‘was proud, haughty, and desperate.’—vol. iv. p. 84.

Lord Halifax—*Privy Seal*—

‘a proud, empty man.’—vol. iv. p. 208.

Lord Hillsborough—*Secretary of State*—

‘was a pompous composition of ignorance and want of judgment.’—vol. iv. p. 199.

Such were, according to Walpole, the talents and characters of the principal statesmen with whom George III. had to conduct the affairs of his empire in almost, if not altogether, the most critical and difficult period of our history. We need not repeat how far we are from adopting these gloomy pictures as likenesses—the supposition of such a monstrous and yet uniform assemblage of knaves and fools is not merely contradicted by much indisputable evidence, but it outrages probability and libels even human nature itself. But Walpole’s evidence must be taken altogether;—we are forced to meet his representations of George III. by his representations of those with whom the King had to deal, and

and we must explain and correct Walpole's malevolence against the objects of his secret enmity by thus exposing his sweeping malignity against all mankind.

Party, however, it must be after all confessed, is an odious and cancerous corruptor of the human heart, and it is but too certain that politicians will employ against one another, and even against their sovereign—whom they are apt to look at as a common plunder—both arts and violences which, as private gentlemen and in the ordinary intercourses of man and man, would disgust their taste and revolt their feelings. Hear Walpole's own confession of his advice to his ministerial friends about the very time when he was so pleased with the King, and the King as he fancied so pleased with him, that he thought of asking a great favour from his Majesty:—

'It was now the 29th of May, 1766. I pressed the Ministers to put an end to the session to prevent their resigning before Parliament rose, and to keep them in place till the eve of the next session; that if no circumstances should arise in their favour during that interval, they *might surprise and distress the King* by a sudden resignation, or *force him* to give them better terms.'—vol. ii. p. 327.

See also the Earl of Chatham, recently loaded with wealth, honours, and all kinds of personal favour, and acknowledging the most cordial, delicate, and almost filial attentions from the King:

'Growing more inflammatory, he drew a picture of the late King, who, he said, was *true, faithful, and sincere*, and who, when he disliked a man, always let him perceive it—a portrait intended as a satirical contrast to the character of the reigning monarch.'—vol. iv. p. 101.

And in the same debate his chosen follower, Lord Shelburne, recently *Secretary of State*—

'was of all the most warm, agreeable to his maxim that the *King was timid and must be frightened*.'*—vol. iv. p. 102.

The retirement of the Duke of Grafton, whom the King had treated with the greatest regard, and who showed subsequently a due sense of his Majesty's personal kindness and public merits, is thus represented by Walpole:—

'Nothing could be more distressful than the situation into which the Duke of Grafton had *brought the King*, and in *which he abandoned him*.'—vol. iv. p. 74.

And even the Rockingham party—the best-tempered and most

* It is remarkable that very rare and slight mention is made of Lord Shelburne, father of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, one of the most active and conspicuous politicians of the day, and whom we should for many reasons have expected to find very prominent in the pages of Walpole. There must be some secret reason for this. Supposing that the manuscript has been printed without reserve, we cannot account for its comparative silence as to Lord Shelburne.

moderate of all the factions of the day—disgraced itself, says Walpole, by intrigues of a still deeper guilt.

‘Lord North wished to avoid *a war with Spain*; nor was the unprejudiced part of the nation at all eager for war. The Rockingham party called for it *to embarrass the Government*, and the *patriots* in the City meant to *clog the operations* of it.’—vol. iv. p. 183.

The King—the victim, therefore, of such passionate and unceasing conflicts—the only fixed object amidst such fluctuations of interests, such ambition, such treachery, such violence—the one mediator, or rather medium, by or through whom all these conflicting, and strong, and greedy rivalries were to be restrained, or reconciled, or preferred—is it, we say, just—is it rational—is it common sense or common honesty to make the King in any degree responsible for these proceedings, in which he was the greatest sufferer?—or to give any credence to the various forms of vexation and disappointment which, according to their various tempers, would be taken and promulgated by the ‘*un ingrat*’ and the ‘*dix mécontents*’ which it was his Majesty’s daily and painful but inevitable duty to make?

But truth at last prevails. Every new circumstance of evidence that arises or transpires—even those that, like Walpole’s *Memoirs*, were designed for the very contrary object—have the effect of vindicating the character of the King, and raising him above the gross misrepresentations and malignity of faction in all the lustre and purity of his blameless character as one of the best of kings and the honestest of men.

We have been so used to see Walpole’s works miserably edited, that we are thankful for the present Editor’s very moderate performance of his task, and will not dwell on many omissions, several inaccuracies, and some errors with which he might be justly reproached. He has afforded a good deal of useful explanation, and has, particularly in the two last volumes, taken occasions to correct misstatements and mitigate the malignity of the author. He has availed himself for this purpose of a portion of the correspondence of George III. with Lord North, obtained for him by the intervention of Lord Brougham from Lord North’s daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsay. He has been allowed to consult, and given some interesting extracts from the papers of the Duke of Grafton; he has also seen some other original documents, and has very diligently compared the various printed works that bear upon the period. From all these sources he has, in many instances, exposed and corrected the errors and asperities of the text—but still by no means, we must say, to the extent that might have been fairly expected.

expected. His vindications are confined, if not altogether, yet very nearly so, to the *Whig* statesmen, for whose descendants he appears to feel a personal regard—as the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Holland. He occasionally, too—but somewhat perfunctorily, we think—ventures to extend a little modicum of justice to the King. We wish that his exercise of this judicial power had been more extensive in scope and more decided in quality. We cannot at all agree in an opinion which he quotes, though he does not altogether adopt, from the late Lord Holland's preface to the first *Memoirs*, that 'it is no part of the duty of an editor to correct the misrepresentations or errors of his author.' We doubt whether this would be just in almost any case, but undoubtedly in the case of all *Memoirs*—and in that of those *Memoirs* especially—it was Lord Holland's editorial duty, and is the duty of every one who happens to be, by circumstances, made accessory to the promulgation of misrepresentation or error, to do his best to supply an antidote to the poison which he contributes to spread. This duty is peculiarly strong when, as in the present case, the work is published at a time when the slander can still give pain to surviving friends and relatives as well as falsify history, and while there are still living traditions and extant documents, sufficient, with intelligent management, to correct it. Our slight censure of the Editor on this point has rather a smack of praise—what he has done makes us wish that he had done more. The narrow limits, desultory nature, and hasty composition of an article in a review, have not permitted ourselves to notice a tithe of the *corrigenda* and *castiganda* of Walpole's text; but we flatter ourselves that we have, now as heretofore, contributed something to that every day more desirable object; we at least have omitted no opportunity of recording a solemn and, we hope, an useful protest against the personal credit and historical value of the *Memoirs* of Horace Walpole.

ART. XI.—1. *Letter from Lord John Russell to the Electors of the City of London.* London, 1845.

2. *Letter from E. J. Cayley, Esq., M.P., to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P., on the Corn Laws.* London. 1845.

ON the 22nd of November last Lord John Russell, being on a *pleasure tour* in Scotland, addressed from Edinburgh a letter to his constituents, the Citizens of London, announcing the renunciation of all his early principles, and pledging his entire conversion to the doctrine of a free trade in corn. This letter has been

so recently and so profusely published in all the journals of the empire, and placarded by the Anti-Corn Law League, that we need not reproduce it *in extenso*; but before we proceed to examine its general object, it is necessary to make a few preliminary observations on some individual passages. His Lordship sets out by stating that—

‘three weeks ago it was GENERALLY *expected* that Parliament would be immediately called together.’

However *generally* it might have been expected, we do not think it could have been expected by Lord John, who just about that period is reported by the newspapers to have proceeded still farther northward on his pleasure trip, and consequently to a greater distance from most of those political associates whom he of course would have been anxious to collect and consult on, what he thought, so momentous a crisis.

‘What did HE in the *North*

When he should serve his Sovereign in the South?’

This little fact may seem trivial, but trivial little facts are sometimes important, as ingredients in the credibility of a story. He then says:—

‘The announcement that Ministers were prepared at that time to advise the Crown to summon Parliament, and to propose on their first meeting a suspension of the import duties on corn, *would* have caused orders at once to be sent to various ports of *Europe and America* for the *purchase and transmission* of grain for the consumption of the *United Kingdom*.’

Would it indeed? But what then if Parliament had, as we hope and believe it would have, rejected that proposition? In what a situation would the Ministers have found themselves if they had with such rash haste forced such an otherwise uncalled-for importation on a *falling* market! And did Lord John publish this manifesto without having informed himself of the important fact, that there are at this moment bonded in England, and waiting the only true signal of scarcity—a rise in price—to come into the market, about 800,000 quarters of wheat and flour, being an amount nearly equal to our average annual importation? What would the invited importers have said when they found themselves forestalled by this bonded corn? or what would the owners of the bonded corn have said if Ministers had thus violently disturbed and defeated commercial dealings and legitimate speculations made on the faith of the existing laws, and, above all, at a time when corn, as testified by its then price, was more plenty than it had been for some years? If Sir Robert Peel’s cabinet had done anything so outrageous, Lord John would have been, we dare say,
one

one of the first to have reproached them for their inconsiderate rashness.

He proceeds :—

‘ The Queen’s Ministers have met and separated without affording us any promise of such seasonable relief.

‘ It becomes us, therefore, the Queen’s subjects, to consider how we can best avert, or at all events mitigate, calamities of no ordinary magnitude.’

Very wrong in the Ministers to have been so negligent; but as their negligence had, as he thinks, invested Lord John with the duty of taking the affair into his own hands, why did he delay three weeks? why did he remain *pleasuring* in Scotland? why did he not earlier—or at least as soon as the Ministers—come himself to town, assemble his political friends, and then issue his manifesto? But his next sentence leads to a more serious question :—

‘ I confess that on the general subject my views have in the course of twenty years *undergone a great alteration*. I used to be of opinion that corn was an exception to the general rules of political economy; but observation and experience have convinced me that *we ought to abstain from all interference with the supply of food*.’

We need hardly point out the inconsistency of reproaching the Government with not having taken violent measures to ensure a large importation of food, and then, within ten lines, asserting that a Government ought to abstain from all interference whatsoever. Nor shall we dilate on this ‘ *great alteration* ’ of an opinion so long and so strenuously maintained by Lord John while representing, or endeavouring to represent, a *county constituency*; but has not the public, whom he thus addresses, a right to ask *when* he so changed his opinion?—why he did not, when it happened, manfully avow it?—why he delayed till now, the eleventh hour, to announce it? If Ministers are blameable for delay, is he not more so? His opinion, if stated in time, might have had some effect on their determination. They might have taken bolder measures had they known that they would have had his support. Whatever call or excuse he had for his letter of the 22nd of November, he was equally bound to have declared his opinion a month, nay two months, or three months earlier; in short, as soon as this marvellous change in his opinion had been effected—and Ministers, strong in his proffered support, might have anticipated his complaint. But is not the probability rather the other way? He knew, as everybody knew, that the Ministers were, as was their duty, assembled towards the end of October to consider the state of the country with respect to the harvest; and is it not possible that Lord John Russell may have obtained,

obtained, somehow, an *inkling* that Sir Robert Peel's thoughts had turned to a suspension of the corn laws, and that for fear of being anticipated by Ministers in a popular proposition, he rushed at once into these new opinions with a—

—— ‘*Me me adsum qui feci—nil iste, nec ausus
Nec potuit.*’

We beg Lord John's pardon if our supposition be erroneous, but we suspect that this is the true history of his conversion; we are confident it was the motive of his manifesto.

But he was not satisfied with thus endeavouring to anticipate Sir Robert Peel's supposed intentions:—he proceeds to misrepresent him.

‘Another evil, however, under which we are suffering is the fruit of Ministerial counsel and Parliamentary law. It is the direct consequence of an act of Parliament, passed three years ago, on the recommendation of the present advisers of the Crown. *By this law* grain of all kinds *has been made subject to very high duties* on importation.’

This we are sorry to be obliged to characterise as a gross and what looks like a wilful misrepresentation. Everybody knows that the act of ‘three years ago’ *lowered* very considerably the anterior scale of duties; so much, indeed, that although *we* thought the alteration wise and beneficial, others of the Conservative party complained bitterly; and Sir Robert Peel thereby incurred great obloquy and much of that ill-will which still attaches to all his views on this question.

This letter of Lord John was written in Edinburgh on the 22nd of November, and on the 24th—two days after—Lord Morpeth dispatched a letter from Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, enrolling himself in the Anti-Corn-Law League. This letter, his lordship states, was written ‘*without concert or communication with any one else.*’ Lord Morpeth is a gentleman, and we know not how to distrust his assertion—yet, according to the French proverb, *celui qui s'excuse s'accuse*—the very assertion seems to contradict itself—for, not knowing of Lord John's letter, why should Lord Morpeth have supposed that there was anything that would look like concert? And, moreover, the reasons given by Lord Morpeth for this unconcerted movement, happen to be the very same as those already given by Lord John. Lord Morpeth must surely understand the words ‘*concert or communication*’ in a different sense from the rest of mankind. But we must add, that if the fact were so, and if this coincidence of circumstances and even of ideas was, as Lord Morpeth states, absolutely fortuitous; if these two noble lords—members of the former and no doubt of any future Whig cabinet—took, within two days' date and one day's

day's journey of each other, so important a political step '*without concert or communication*,' they are very thoughtless and imprudent people, and wholly unfit to be trusted with the destinies of a great nation in a difficult crisis.

Some of the journals in that interest were so injudicious as to enlarge on Lord Morpeth's hint, and to insist that this simultaneity was attributable to the spontaneous and unconcerted instinct of patriotism in a crisis of public danger. The public, however, in spite of Lord Morpeth's disclaimer, saw in the proceeding a combined movement—to which subsequently Mr. Macaulay in a speech, and Mr. Labouchere in a letter, but still without avowed concert, attached themselves.

There was also a considerable effort made to give a striking importance to this *conversion*, as it was called, of Lord John and his former colleagues to the doctrines of a free trade in corn; and again we had sounded very loud the righteousness of the cause which could have operated so great and so conscientious a change. Of that pretence, again, neither we, nor we think our readers, could be the dupes:—we had foreseen and announced it in June, 1841:—

'The truth is, that neither *Lord John Russell*, nor Mr. Mc'Culloch, nor any one else, contemplates for a moment the maintenance of a fixed duty;—and the proposition is therefore neither more nor less than a *wicked and delusive fraud*. A thousand times better would it have been for the characters and for the purposes of the Ministers, if they had had the mischievous honesty of disdaining so shallow a pretence, and of boldly proposing the unconditional abolition of *all* protection to the agriculturist: that is their object. Why have they not had the courage to avow it?'—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxviii. p. 259.

Here we distinctly and by name anticipated, or rather revealed, Lord John's real feeling; and in our Number of September, 1842, we repeated it more generally, but with equal precision.

'It is notorious and avowed that the enemies of all protection proposed a *fixed duty* only because it would be *wholly illusory*, and would lead directly to the *removal of all protection*.'—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxx. p. 519.

Neither the Quarterly Review nor its readers can therefore see any novelty in Lord John Russell's letter; for certainly the lameness of its logic, the slipperiness of its principles, the malevolence of its imputations, and its bold effrontery of assertion, are no novelty in Lord John Russell's political penmanship. Lord John Russell is—we agree with poor Sydney Smith—as amiable a private gentleman as exists; but he is a wild, presumptuous, and shallow statesman. The defects, however, of his letter rendered it more acceptable—not, certainly, to the respectable constituency

constituency to which it is ostensibly addressed, but to the very different class of persons for whom it was really intended; and it was followed by one of those movements which that party are always too ready to make—the assembling of public meetings to represent to Her Majesty the failure of the harvest and particularly of the potato-crops—the near approach of famine, and the imminent danger of the country.

Neither Lord John's letter nor its postscripts would have created any alarm in the public mind: the machinery of these incendiary meetings, and the character and objects of the habitual speakers, are so generally understood and so justly appreciated—that is, so disregarded and despised—such notorious '*farces*,' as the wisest man in Europe called them—that they would have made no serious impression, notwithstanding that the language used at them was of the most atrocious and monstrous nature;—But the case was altered when the *Times* of Thursday, the 4th December, announced that the Conservative Cabinet of 1841 had, as if in the wake of Lord John and Lord Morpeth, resolved on the repeal of their own Corn Law—that Parliament was to be assembled in the first week of January for this momentous purpose, which was to be moved in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel, and in the Lords by the Duke of Wellington. This announcement was received by the public in general with the utmost astonishment. The great Conservative body, after the first surprise, satisfied themselves with a kind of vague incredulity. '*It was impossible!*' they said; and no one—no one at least that we have seen or heard of—seemed prepared, in any case or under any circumstances, to ally themselves to any such proposition, from whomsoever—even if from the united Cabinet—it should emanate. On the other hand, the Leaguers, the Whigs, and the Radicals, combining this announcement with the recent declarations of the Whig leaders, assumed, without hesitation or doubt, that their hour of long-expected triumph over the landed interest and aristocracy of the empire was at last come; and the confident joy of this party increased the gloom of all the friends of our existing Institutions. In a day or two, however, the journals that generally take the part of the Government contradicted the statement of the *Times* with apparent authority and precision; and much angry discussion ensued on what was called the '*atrocious fabrication of the Times*.' It turns out, however, that neither the *Times* nor its adversaries were precisely correct—indeed, how could it be expected that they were to be acquainted with the details of Cabinet discussions?—but that the statement of the *Times* was unfortunately, as we think, the nearer to the truth. It certainly could not be fairly called 'a fabrication,' though it
was,

was, we still feel assured, a very imperfect representation of the case. We affect to be in no secret; but we are satisfied that the *Times* was entirely misinformed in attributing to Sir Robert Peel such a wide and general change of policy, or to the Duke of Wellington any such wavering of opinion at all, as its statement would indicate. It is not in their characters. It is possible, as one of the Conservative journals—the *Standard*—by and bye suggested, that Sir Robert Peel might propose to his Cabinet a large and extensive system of finance, of which the remission of the duties on corn and on other articles should be items; but for which the other portions of the measure were designed by Sir Robert Peel to afford to all the great interests concerned an equivalent compensation and a more permanent security. But upon all these details we know, and affect to know, no more than the public; we shall not mislead our readers by the foolish vanity of attempting to say something when we have nothing certain to say,—and we only accept the *Standard's* conjecture as a probable one: but we cannot for a moment permit ourselves to doubt that the true explanation, whenever it comes, will be consistent with all that the country has hitherto approved of the great talents, unstained integrity, and brilliant public services of Sir Robert Peel.

But even assuming that the hypothesis of the *Standard* is correct, we must confess, without resigning our general confidence in Sir Robert Peel's sagacity and statesmanlike views, we cannot believe that any compensation can be devised that would or ought to reconcile the agricultural interests of England to the abandonment of all protection; and by agricultural interests we do not mean merely landlords, farmers, and labourers—though they constitute a majority of the population—but the whole population, whose *sure and regular* supply is the real and only justifiable object of that protective system—which, instead of alternate gluts and famines, and corresponding fluctuations of work and wages, is calculated, as far as human laws can operate, to correct the vicissitudes of seasons, and to preserve a steady supply and moderate prices.

An unrestricted introduction of foreign corn would in a few seasons reduce this proud and prosperous empire, now the envy of the world, to a wretched dependence not merely on the seasons, but on the policy of Russia and Prussia, America or France. When a few years had unstocked our farms, ruined our farmers, thrown out of cultivation millions of arable acres, and rendered the whole nation pensioners on foreign countries for the '*daily bread*' that heretofore they have asked only from God and their own resources—when, we say, we shall be brought to that state, and that Prussia,

or

or France, or America, or all three, should take any umbrage at us (for humbled as we shall be, and sore afraid to offend our feeders, we shall learn the fatal lesson that, amongst nations, humiliation and dependence will not avert wrath nor assuage vengeance)—when, we say, that day shall arrive, how will they attack us?—Will they allow us to meet them at La Hogue or St. Vincent, Blenheim or Waterloo?

‘ Will rival navies give the fatal wound,
Or hostile armies press us to the ground?’

Alas! no; they will have recourse to the cheap warfare of shutting their ports—to a short campaign of custom-house embargoes;—reject our manufactures, refuse us their corn, and reduce us by starvation and anarchy to a state of national decrepitude, if not subjection. Let us not be told that we invent or exaggerate this danger. A few years since there was, about September, a prospect of a bad harvest in England; France immediately laid an embargo on all her western ports from Dunkirk to Bayonne. At the first symptom of our present deficiency the whole Continent has either closed their ports altogether or imposed prohibitory export duties; there was as strong a party in France insisting upon the entire shutting her ports, as there is here for opening ours; and there have been serious riots along the Channel coasts of France, on the suspicion of some attempts at an export of corn to England.

It may be said that self-interest and the incompressible energies of trade would prevent and defeat any attempt of foreign nations to starve us; and so perhaps it might be, if corn were an article of small bulk, easy transport, capable of being smuggled—or above all, if the demand were of a nature to enable the dealers to *bide their time*. Under such circumstances we have great faith in the irrepressible energy of trade—but the daily bread!—the hourly bread! Starving millions cannot await the slow oscillations by which, after a *lapse of time*, the pent-up corn may flow in upon us—the corn campaign of either continent against us will in such a case not last six months, not, perhaps, six weeks—they will have but to suffer six weeks’ privation of our exports, which are all of a nature to *keep*, and the use of which may be restricted or postponed with little inconvenience, while to *us* even that short suspension of *food* would be irretrievable ruin. The extent and facility of this danger is established by the very argument of the free traders themselves. To whatever extent the free trade in corn may produce its possible good effect, to that extent at least it will produce also its ill effects—if little comes in, the benefit will be little—if the importation be great, the dependence on

foreign nations must be great; and if, as there can be no doubt, the plains of the Vistula, the Dnieper, and the Mississippi, could, if there were a regular demand, feed all England at very low prices, we cannot deny that we should soon be altogether fed by foreign wheat—that is, be doomed to foreign subjection whenever those Governments should think proper to exert even a passive resistance against us?

Common sense is sufficient to establish this almost self-evident proposition; but we have some remarkable authorities. Lord Charles Russell, the brother of Lord John, declared at the meeting of the county of Bedford on the 15th May, 1841, that '*if the protective duties are repealed, 2,000,000 of acres must go out of cultivation, and IMMENSE NUMBERS OF LABOURERS be reduced to a state of STARVATION.*'

Mr. Baring—the former and we presume the future Chancellor of the Exchequer—calculated in his speech on the Budget of 1841, that the annual import of foreign corn might be about *four millions* of quarters; four millions of quarters are at present prices worth not far from 12,000,000*l.*—thus 12,000,000*l.* a year would be drained from the agricultural income of England, and a quantity of land equal to 12,000,000*l.* a year must go out of cultivation.

Lord Brougham, in his great speech on the corn-laws in May, 1820, gives a still larger estimate in reply to those who proposed that we should go to Poland for our grain, because it could be grown cheaper than in England: he asks,—

'*If that principle were extended, what would be the consequence? The inevitable consequence would be that in the next season 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 of acres would be thrown out of cultivation, and those dependent on them out of employment; the tenants would be EX-PATRIATED, and the landlords in the WORKHOUSE.*'—*Hansard's Debates*, p. 687.*

Non meus hic sermo—these are no Tory apprehensions inspired by the spirit of party—these are no factious suppositions got up for the particular crisis—they are Whig opinions of the highest respectability, which have been years before the public, and never have been disclaimed by their authors, or disproved by their adversaries.

But there is another and more immediate practical considera-

* Lord Brougham's estimate is larger than the other two, because they supposed a moderate fixed duty: Lord Brougham—seeing farther—was contemplating a more sweeping measure; but if the free trade promises and prophecies should be accomplished, *all* wheat cultivation would, in a few years, be superseded by importation. Mr. McCulloch computes the land growing wheat in England at 3,800,000 acres; and all other arable culture at under 10,000,000 acres. See the latest editions of his very valuable *Dictionaries of Geography and Commerce*.

tion that seems to us of the greatest importance. It is proposed to us to remove all duties on the import of corn—but can you oblige foreign powers to reduce their duties on the export of corn? Is it forgotten or not known that all European countries have a duty on the export of corn? It is generally, we believe, it certainly is in France, by a kind of sliding scale; and at the moment that we write there are clamours against the French Government, as we have said, for not closing the ports altogether, although the export duties in the coast district opposite to us are already so high as 15s. for our quarter; so that if we were at this moment to open our ports, we should have to pay *at once* 15s. per quarter into the *French Treasury*; and if our demand were to raise the French price only three francs, the duty to France would immediately rise to 20s., with a further addition of *two francs* duty for every single *franc* of price. Here then would be another source of ruin—the foreign countries would manage their export duty so as just to keep hold of the English market—and the English consumer, instead of eating his own wheat or wheat that had paid a duty into our own Exchequer, would be paying in every loaf he should eat an arbitrary contribution to the foreign treasury. At first the foreigner would be very moderate—a shilling or two a quarter; but even 2s. a quarter foreign duty, and 35s. price here, would, on our annual consumption of wheat alone, be near 60,000,000*l.* a year to the foreign grower, and above 3,000,000*l.* a year to the foreign exchequer—and of almost double these amounts on all kinds of grain. We have seen in some parliamentary paper, and we think in one of the Duke of Wellington's speeches (but we have mislaid our reference), that the late King of Prussia, on some appearance of scarcity in this country, issued a proclamation increasing the export duty on corn, and grounding this measure expressly on *the price of corn in England*; thus avowedly laying England under contribution. This system of foreign taxation would, we say, be worked gently at first; but when, in a very few years, they had thrown all the wheat-lands of England—or at least all the poorer—out of cultivation, desolated our farms, destroyed our stock of implements, and reduced the landowners to irretrievable beggary, they would grind us with, not a sliding but a regularly ascending scale, stopping short of the point at which endurance would become intolerable. If there be any reader so inexperienced, and so imperfectly informed, as to ask why we could not compete with the foreigner in the growth of wheat, we refer him to the spontaneous fertility of those vast alluvial plains we have mentioned—while but a fourth of the arable land of England can carry wheat at the same time, the wheat crop being only one year of a four-

year course. To which must be added the abject and yet contented condition of the peasants who till those inexhaustible tracts of country—but, more important still—the amount of British poor-rate and county-rate, and the 800,000,000*l.* of debt, for which the soil of England is, as it were, mortgaged. No, it is not in the nature of things that any compensation could be made for these enormous difficulties—these, we assert, irresistible dangers!

But it is not from political causes only that our dependence on foreigners would be dangerous. They may occasionally have no surplus to spare. This observation is answered by saying that, if they were sure of a large and steady demand from England, they would extend their cultivation so as to enable them to feed both themselves and us. But this answer proceeds on the assumption that England is to grow no wheat at all; for if she grows *any*, her good and her bad years will just, as now, leave foreigners uncertain as to the extent of the demand—so that, in truth, they would then be in a *more uncertain state than at present*; for by the help of the sliding scale they can now reckon on an average of something under 60*s.* with greater certainty than they could trust to the unchecked fluctuations of nature. But we admit the argument has more force than those who employ it are willing to confess: *there would soon be no English wheat grown at all*—at least not enough to affect the foreign market. Still we do not see how that would affect the vicissitudes of seasons on the Continent. ‘It is notorious,’ says Mr. Cayley, a Whig—but a country gentleman and a man of sense—in his remonstrance with his too adventurous leader—

‘It is notorious that there is as great a deficiency of wheat in the rest of Europe as in England, if not a greater deficiency; and this does not appear to be a casual occurrence. Mr. Lowe in his “State of Agriculture” (published, I think, in 1818), from a careful survey and comparison of the seasons for a number of years back, states, “that it appears that the corn-growing countries of Europe lie between 45 and 55 degrees of latitude, and are subject, in a great degree, to similar winds, rains, droughts, and frosts.”’

And after establishing this fact by several remarkable instances, Mr. Lowe adds—

‘When, therefore, it is proposed to leave England dependent on foreign supplies, it should be recollected that the same causes which occasion a bad harvest in England, would very probably produce them in other corn countries.’

So that we should in the cases of scarcity, which must in the cycle of years inevitably occur, be only aggravating the distress by paying to foreigners the exorbitant price which would otherwise be divided amongst ourselves, and act as a kind of general compensation

compensation and relief. If we should be doomed by the infliction of Providence again to pay, as we did in 1800, 100s. or 120s. a-quarter for wheat, it is better that we should pay it to one another than pay it—minus a few shillings—to the task-masters of the serfs of Poland.

But if steady *protection to the Polish market* (for that is the real proposition) is to ensure such regularity and plenty (as no doubt it would, as far as politics and seasons permitted), why should not a like steady protection in the English market have the same good consequences? No one can doubt that it would, and without any drawback or possible mischief. All these reasons are the more cogent because they are of universal application and do not arise out of the present crisis, as it is called:—but, now, let us say a few plain words upon this crisis.

Lord John's Letter we wish we could be satisfied with characterising as merely factious; for *if he believed what he was writing*, we cannot but consider it as a most unjustifiable and unprincipled attempt to increase popular danger by spreading popular alarm, on the most inflammable of all subjects, and when any man of honest patriotism would have rather striven to allay the panic:—but we are much mistaken if he is not 'like a woodcock caught in his own springle,' and if this letter, intended to embarrass his adversary, does not turn out to be a serious embarrassment to himself, either in forming a Ministry, or in carrying on the Government when formed, on any principle of stability or safety.

The only immediate danger contemplated in his letter is the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, for which, he says, with admirable candour, that the late Ministers are no more to be blamed than they are to be praised for the goodness, in all other respects, of the late harvest—'*the plentiful corn-harvest we have lately enjoyed.*' This, if the matter were not of such awful gravity, would be amusingly characteristic of this light man—this lightest of statesmen. He sacrifices what little his letter has of argument to a smartness; and in attempting a sneer at his rivals on the potato failure, he admits that the harvest is a bountiful one and needs no adventitious helps. But his exaggeration, as we believe it to be, of the consequences of the potato disease on the general condition of the country, will fall still more heavily on him, if he should be, as is announced, the minister who is to steer us through this difficulty. The potato disease, if it were to be fatal to the whole crop, has no more relation to the corn-laws than Tenterden Steeple to Goodwin Sands, or—a better illustration—Lord John Russell's letter to the object it affects to treat of.

The state of the Irish case is this. The Irish peasantry subsist
almost

almost universally on a patch of potato-ground, which they fondly call a *garden*. What little wages they receive in money and the price of the pig hardly suffice for rent, rags, whiskey, and the priests—for the O'Connell tribute and the repeal-rent!—there is sometimes a little butter-milk, an Irish luxury, given to the pigs in England, and now and then a herring to '*kitchen the potatoes*;' but the potato out of *his own 'garden'*—unbought or bought only by the labour by which he pays a species of rent—may, for all practical purposes, be considered as the sole resource of the Irish peasant: if that fails, and it is unfortunately a very uncertain crop, he starves—starves, even though oatmeal and wheat flour should be in the greatest abundance and at the most reasonable prices all around him. We have ample proof of this:* though the present potato disease is of an unprecedented nature, there have been frequent failures of that crop in Ireland, and each inevitably produces a famine. There was one in 1822 so severe that in addition to the very large relief afforded by the Government, the British public (*the cruel and oppressive Saxons*) raised a subscription of 300,000*l.* for the relief of the distress. There was no other scarcity in Ireland—no want of wheat flour or oatmeal,—indeed, so much the reverse, that of that large sum no more than 40,000*l.* was expended in

* In order to show that we are not making a case for the present crisis, we extract, from the Annual Register of 1822, the following most accurate statement of the causes of the frequent recurrence of these Irish famines:—

'The Irish peasantry, especially in the western and southern provinces, for the most part do not buy their food. There is not a constant demand for labour in the country sufficient to afford them annual wages. Whatever money they receive for work is expended in clothing (and that poor and scanty) for the family. The pig, in most instances, pays the rent. *An acre of potatoes is in lieu of bread and meat*; and thrice happy is he who has an acre or two more of ground to furnish bare pasturage to a lean cow, which may enable him to help out the morsel of dry potato with the luxury of half a pint of milk to each of his children. Thus situated, if in an arid summer the roots of the potato do not swell and multiply, or if, in an early and inclement winter, the frost nips, or excessive moisture rots them, what is there to save the unfortunate people from famine? They cannot go to market, to avail themselves of an abundance of potatoes imported from Lancashire or Scotland, for they have not one farthing of wages saved, nor is there a demand for labour in the country. The pigs, on which the payment of the rent depends, are starved like the rest of the family by the failure of their common harvest. The cow is sold to procure the price of potatoes; there is no liquid for the miserable creatures but water; and when 4*l.* or 5*l.*, the utmost market value of a poor man's cow, has been consumed, what resource then remains to him? To what species of food can he have recourse as a substitute? The English labourer, whose staple food is wheat, finds himself, during a scarcity, in a situation widely different. If there is a deficiency in oats or potatoes, he has still his wheaten bread, or if it is wheat that is affected by the scarcity, he can still descend from his accustomed luxury to the use of barley, rye, or oats; but the Irishman whose potatoes abandon him can descend no lower in the scale of diet—he cannot give the market price, and offer to purchase the potatoes which he has been unable to raise. How then can he purchase barley, or wheat, or oats—all essentially dearer than that article from which his poverty already debars him?'

This was the case in 1822; it is so now in 1845. How could a suspension or even repeal of the corn laws help *this* case?

sending

sending food to Ireland, and that was chiefly for potatoes, rice, and biscuit dispatched on the first impulse, and before it was discovered that the scarcity was not of food, but of money to buy it; not an ounce of any article affected by the Corn Laws was sent; and after all, the alarm turned out to be greater than the danger, and the charity larger than the necessity; for 200,000*l.* sufficed for relief, and the surplus 100,000*l.* was distributed to several public institutions in Ireland—an abuse excused by the impossibility of returning to the innumerable subscribers the surplus fraction, but one which should make us a little careful not to over-estimate similar distresses. In 1831 there was an alarm of the same kind, which the Government met by an issue of 11,000*l.* in the purchase of provisions and nearly 20,000*l.* employed in public works in order to convey relief in the shape of wages, money being really the one thing needful; and so again in 1835, and again in 1836, and again in 1837, and again in 1839—and on all these occasions the Whig Government, being as dependent on the Irish members as Irish peasants are on potatoes, durst not refuse to listen to their exaggerated complaints of famine and to make issues for its relief; but the result showed the nature of these Irish panics. On some of these alarms considerable sums were voted for public works to give employment and wages to the poor—but no provisions of any kind were, we believe, sent into Ireland; and the sums actually supplied in provisions, bought in Ireland and reissued at lower prices, varied, as we are informed, on each of these occasions from about 2000*l.* to 5000*l.*—so small was the extent of the real destitution.

The frequent recurrence of these Irish famines did not induce Lord John Russell and his colleagues of the Grey and Melbourne ministries to think of altering the old and more protective Corn-laws; nor did they prevent the Conservatives from enacting the present Corn-law in 1842. Lord John's alarm, therefore, about the potato failure in 1845 is a strange and, we must repeat, most discreditable contrast with his ministerial conduct in 1831, -35, -37, and -39; and the notice of his conduct in those years is the severest reproof we can give to the insanity or faction of his conduct in this.

How then is the repeal of the corn-duties to help the potato scarcity? We cannot in the present state of things imagine. What is really wanted is money to enable the Irish peasantry to buy imported potatoes, or native flour or oatmeal, which are at present in abundance. So far from helping this object, the repeal of the corn-laws would, by depreciating their flour and meal, involve the poorer farmers and millers in the general ruin, and instead of the misery of a class we should have the misery of all. Lord John's remedy, therefore, of the removal of the duty on corn would

would only increase and extend the Irish distress; and as to the importation of potatoes, it is remarkable enough that potatoes are duty free—or, at least, pay only a nominal rate, just enough to note that such things have been imported; but even if we had a superabundance of potatoes in England, there would be no more use in the merely sending them into Ireland than in an importation of pine-apples; what is wanted is the means to purchase, and this can be only afforded by direct charity or by calling forth labour: if labour can be afforded, and the railroads—especially if not delayed by the change of ministry—will help that object, there is, we believe, abundance of oatmeal, the best substitute for the potato. Thus the whole basis—or, we should rather say, the ostensible pretence—of Lord John Russell's letter utterly fails him. The pretence was to cure the Irish distress; the proposition could not relieve, and must ultimately increase it.

But then we have a series of insinuations rather than direct attacks against the British corn-laws, and a declaration for their total abolition. Why?—Lord John does not tell us, except by a vague appeal to the general principle of free trade. We have already shown what free trade means, as applied to corn—the servile dependence of England on foreign nations;—but let us look a little at the practical operation of this principle on other interests. If there is to be a free trade in corn, there must be *à fortiori* in everything. Now, let us see. *All* British manufactures are protected by duties varying from 10 to 20—and in a few cases 25—per cent. on the value;—and we ask the watch-makers, shoemakers, glovemakers, silk-weavers, and ribbon-weavers, whether they think they can meet foreign competition if that protection under which they have grown to their present state, shall be removed. The duties on rum and brandy are protective of British spirits by the difference of duty between them. Barley-growers would be delighted, no doubt, at the removal of the malt-duties, but if the removal of the malt-duties is to be accompanied by the free importation of foreign barley, wines, and spirits, where will be the barley-growers? Norfolk and Suffolk will become what protecting duties have reclaimed them from—sandy wastes! Nor must we forget our own craft. If the protection against foreign reprints of our books is to be removed, what will become of popular authors, of publishers, of master printers, and journeymen printers?

By the proposed innovation, every species of income partaking of the nature of salary must be largely affected, and violently deranged. There is, especially, one most important class whose future condition must be wholly changed—we mean the Clergy—whose income, under our late course of legislation, is a kind of
corn-rent.

corn-rent. How that complicated question is to be adjusted with satisfaction to any party, or with any prospect of safety to the Church or the State, we can, on the first sudden threatening of this *new Revolution*, offer no conjecture.

But, to come back to *trade*—has any one endeavoured to calculate the immense, and what we are sure would be found *incalculable* sums that have been laid out in this empire on the faith of these protective duties? Look at the *plant*, as it is called, of so many and such important lines of business. Consider the millions of capital invested in the dead weight of those innumerable trades, and then say who will dare to attempt to overthrow these goodly, these magnificent works—to devastate those fruitful fields—to beggar those millions of population by the chaotic earthquake of what is called free trade: of which in its ultimate, or even its immediate consequences, its advocates have no more idea than the baker—who overheated his oven to supply his customers—had that he was about to burn down the city of London. We repeat it, the agriculturists are no doubt in the front of the battle, and in the first peril—but the ultimate danger is still greater for the manufacturing classes, who, when deprivation of work and consequent famine really come, will not have even the poor resource that the impoverished fields supply, but will die either of hunger or disease in those gigantic black holes called manufacturing towns. It cannot be too seriously impressed on the people at large—it is the clear and indubitable fact—that if we are to be ruled by unbending abstract principles, without any reference to the peculiarities of our artificial condition, these principles must be uniformly applied; and there will eventually be no sparing the silk manufacturers of Macclesfield and Coventry, and the artisans of Westminster or other large towns, because they have the power of mobbing and rioting, which the poor farmers have not.—By-the-bye, we have not heard of much free-trade stir among those silk manufacturers. The cotton-spinner is most prominent because he considers his particular trade safe. These are, in truth, shabby conflicts of local selfishness. We have no doubt, also, that the good people of Newcastle have no objection to a free trade in coals.

But above all, when these halcyon days of free trade are realized, there must be free trade in labour: there must be no impediment to the employer, whether living at the plough, the loom, or the forge, procuring this all-essential ingredient—labour—where, according to the favourite jargon of the economists, he can get it cheapest; there must be no humanity-loving visitors scrutinising how the farm labourer is fed:—his master is doomed to competition with those

those who eat black bread and walk in wooden shoes, and he cannot accomplish the task you have thought proper to set him, with his hands tied. Nay, there must be no relief whatsoever to any man able for work, even though he be starving from having none, because such relief is a manifest interference with *free trade in labour*! We need hardly express our horror at imagining such consequences, but we cannot see how, under this new system, they are to be avoided; and we suspect that they have not escaped the shrewd apprehensions of the best-informed of our now well-instructed artisans. They seem not over-inclined to support this move of the great cotton-spinners. Westminster is very supine; and in London the meeting was by no means respectably supported, notwithstanding the vast efforts of the great Joint-Stock Agitating Company. In short, we more than doubt the pretended universality of this free-trade fever; and Lord John seems equally to have his doubts when he says in his letter that his new views do not seem to be confirmed by any of the recent elections. If, notwithstanding this misgiving, he should confirm his friend Sydney Smith's character of him for rashness, and try his fate by a dissolution of Parliament, we trust the honest labourer will keep in mind that, notwithstanding the specious fallacies of the League, free trade means free competition against him, by parties ready to outbid him in low living.

But some, who affect to approve of protection, find fault with the present form and rate of protection—in short, with the *sliding scale*, which, they allege, throws the whole corn trade into confusion and uncertainty. A fixed duty, they say, would be more likely to produce equality of price—Poland would then know what to sow—Arkansas know what to ship—we should have a steady market and regular supply. This argument we have heard used by grave persons of reputed common sense, but to us it seems the most notorious and superficial nonsense; and the only thing that can be said in its favour is, that it happens accidentally to be directly in the teeth of all the doctrines and statistical facts of the free trade philosophers. Corn is an article of which the natural produce fluctuates from year to year, and the intrinsic price from month to month: the problem is to bring these natural and uncontrollable variations to something of a level price in the market—for the purpose of keeping wages and all the various relations of life connected with wages (in wages we include every kind of income from labour of the body or the mind), in such a state of approximate level or gradual variation as may not dislocate society—for the stomachs of labourers or artisans, and of their wives and children, will not obey the seasons, and must be fed nearly to the same amount

amount in the bad years as in the good—in the month of plenty as in the month of dearth: and this can only be accomplished by inviting the aid of foreign corn at a rate of duty sliding along the scale of prices—say—as by the present law—1s. when the price is 73s.—20s. when the price is 50s., and so a shilling increase of duty for a shilling lowering of price. The prevailing mistake on this question is the confounding the *duty* and the *price*—the true view being that a *fixed duty* enhances the *fluctuations of price*, while a *fluctuating duty* tends to a *fixity of price*. We are almost ashamed at arguing this self-evident proposition; but the blindness of men in being led away by the words '*fixed duty*' and '*sliding scale*' seems so obstinate and absurd that we must add one further illustration. All along the Thames the steam-boats, moving on a fluctuating medium, ply—to *fixed wharfs*?—no—to *floating wharfs*, and why?—because fixed wharfs would be inaccessible at different times of tide, whereas the floating wharfs accommodate themselves to the rise and fall, and the passengers embark and disembark—thanks to the floating level—with the same invariable convenience. So it is with the corn trade—the self-acting sliding scale levels the inequalities which natural causes create in the production and price of corn.

Even if all this were not so clear in theory, we think that practical good sense and experience ought to prevent any tampering with the existing law—above all at such a moment. We need not waste time in insisting on the danger of attempting to *legislate for permanent interests during a temporary excitement*—the mere statement of the proposition is enough. But the question of the *time* raises another very important consideration. The present Corn Law is but *three years old*, and, though it has worked admirably as far as it has gone, we have been told that the trial has not been sufficient—that the three seasons have been favourable—and that the experiment is imperfect till tested by a difficulty. We agree. But why, then, just at the moment that there arises a prospect of testing its efficacy, are we to abandon it altogether? Is there common sense in such a course? What faith can there be in legislation?—what hope of stability in our institutions? Mr. Barry, we see, has surmounted his Houses of Parliament with a multitude of weather-cocks: we at first sight thought this a mere superfluity of bad taste—but has it a deeper meaning? Are they types of a multitudinous and weather-cock legislation below?

But before we consent to counteract our own experiment and to stultify the legislation of only three sessions ago, let us see what the operation of the existing scale has been. We begin with the testimony of an able, but candid and enlightened, advocate

cate for the repeal of the Corn Laws—one who, asserting general principles, does not condescend to trick and imposture for a temporary purpose. His answer to Lord John Russell is succinct and complete :—

‘The furor of mutual encouragement in hooting down the laws begets the exaggeration proper to such occasions, and people point to existing scarcity as a thing that demands instant official interference. Lord John Russell speaks in that strain. In Ireland the usual spirit of turgid hyperbole and rash conclusions disguises the facts as to the extent of the potato deficiency. But the Whig alarmists mean something more than an Irish potato famine: they mean a corn dearth in England. Ministers, they say, are criminal not to have interfered in October, or at least in November. Yet what did the Whigs do in their time, when dearth was threatened? In the years of the Whig régime, 1838 and 1839, in the corresponding month of November, *prices were higher than they are now; and the Whigs did nothing.* Something is said of the vitiation of the present averages by a redundancy of low-priced bad corn, which makes the article appear cheaper than it is. There is always a redundancy of bad corn when the harvests are bad. But in order not to disguise the facts, we take the raw elements of prices in those years and the present, and it will be observed that 1845 presents no singular case for official interference. Each column [line] represents the highest and lowest prices which corn reached in the November of the respective years, and the average of the month derived from the weekly averages :—

	1838.		1839.		1845.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Highest Price	80	0	82	0	79	0
Lowest	63	0	54	0	54	0
Average	66	7½	67	5	57	11½

If it is necessary to open the ports in November, 1845—necessary to abolish the Corn Laws—how necessary was it in 1838 and 1839! We do not quite believe in the famine. Let us abolish the Corn Laws by all means; but do not let us perform a great act of justice and policy on *false pretences.*—*Spectator*, 29th November, 1845.

This reasoning is perfect; but the averages for November, though enough for the *Spectator's* argument, are even less favourable to our argument than the averages given in the Parliamentary Returns for the whole year.

We shall, therefore, give the *average prices of wheat* from the Parliamentary documents up to 1842, *moved for by Mr. Cobden*, and continued in subsequent returns to the present year :—

Old Law—				s.	d.
1838	64	7			
1839	70	8			
1840	66	4			
1841	64	4			
To April 1842	60	2			

New

New Law—			s.	d.
Rest of 1842	.	.	57	3
1843	.	.	50	1
1844	.	.	51	4
To 5th Dec. 1845	.	.	52	0

However the farmers might complain of this rapid and remarkable decrease of price, the consumers at least cannot complain : but neither have the farmers ; for, as we have before insisted, the law of 1842 combines in its admirable operation the three great desiderata of corn legislation—

1. A great supply of food to the people, without
2. Injury to the farmer, and with
3. A considerable advantage to the revenue.

That the cultivation of wheat has not been checked by the new law is clear from the following return of the quantities sold in the country markets in the respective years—

Old Law—			
1839	.	.	3,174,680
1840	.	.	3,850,278
1841	.	.	3,913,927
4 months of 1842	905,396		} 4,091,234
New Law—			
8 months of 1842	3,185,838		
1843	.	.	5,302,298
1844	.	.	5,456,307
1845	.	.	6,470,469

Here, then, is an increased produce more immediate, and yet more sustained, than the annals of agriculture could ever before exhibit. Not only a highly and satisfactory convincing fact, but a great lesson. The country confided in the permanence of that Corn Law, and agriculture made in consequence that surprising spring which has enabled it, with a diminution of foreign importation, to supply the country at diminished prices.

We need not add a word more, except to point out that every diminution of import and every increase of home production is a double gain to the country, which thus adds to its own resources what would otherwise go to enrich the foreigner, who may any day become an enemy.

We have thus shown, on the general question, that there cannot be, by any possibility that we can conceive, any compensation or substitute for the Corn Laws consistent with the first and most vital elements of national safety and independence.

We have shown that even if the Corn Laws were objectionable, this would be an inopportune season to set about correcting them. A gale of wind is not a very prudent moment for restowing a ship's cargo.

We

We have shown that the potato scarcity in Ireland—the immediate pretence of all this agitation—is, whatever be its extent, no unusual circumstance, and may be now met, as it has heretofore been met—five times over—without any change in the *Corn Laws*—with which it can have no more to do than with the sugar or timber duties.

We have shown, too, not by our own authority, but by facts and figures, that the cry which on this potato pretence has been raised against the existing Corn Law and its sliding scale is either an ignorant mistake or a factious intrigue.

We have shown that a *sliding scale of duty* affords the best approach to a *fixity of market price*.

We have shown that confidence in the stability of the law, and fixity of market price even when it is low, protect and encourage agriculture; and, finally,

We have shown that if corn had only risen—and if there had been any real scarcity it must have risen—to the prices of 1839—the year of the last potato famine—the self-adjusting corn scale *would* have already silenced all objectors *by repealing itself*! After 72s. there is only a nominal duty on corn.

We cannot undertake to foretell what may be the ultimate effect of all this unparalleled agitation—how high prices may rise under such gratuitous and mischievous excitement as must be produced by seeing the two great parties in the State apparently coalescing in a proclamation of famine—but we must register two or three *small* facts here. One is, that the *Times* of the 3rd of November announced the last price in *Paris* of the 4 lb. loaf to be 7½d., while at that same date the average of the same loaf throughout England did not exceed—did not, we believe, amount to—7d. The other fact is, that the price of bread, which had risen on or about the publication of Lord John's Letter, has been since gradually falling, and, in spite of all agitations and machinations, is at this moment (18th of December) cheaper than it was a month ago. Thirdly, it is certain that both potatoes and grain are falling in Ireland. For the fall of potatoes there may be a cause—the fear of their not keeping—but then that fear ought to increase the price of *grain*. In short, though far from denying the failure of the potato crop and the prospect of a dearth of that article somewhat more severe than usual, we are convinced that this has, with disgraceful cunning, been made the pretext of a political attack on the *Corn Laws*, when the *Corn Laws* themselves afford not only no ground for any complaint, but the direct reverse!

Lord John Russell complains that Parliament was not summoned in October: now we, on general principles, dissent from the doctrine of calling Parliament at irregular times when it can
be

be reasonably avoided; and we hold the general expectation, which it has become the fashion to entertain, of some great change at every meeting of Parliament in the commercial or financial system of our country, to be one of the great misfortunes of our day. 'The Government has done little this session,' is a common party reproach. We believe it to be a great merit. Great defects may require corresponding changes; but change is in itself an evil. 'Quieta non movere' was the maxim of the greatest of Whig ministers, and one of much wisdom.

If there existed any general unprecedented suffering, it would be the natural course of ministers to look out for the cause, and to summon, if necessary, Parliament to try some remedial experiment; but in the present instance, we believe, it may be said that no period of more sound prosperity could be pointed out in every branch of our industry than during the few years since the accession of the present ministry. An overflowing revenue, commerce and manufactures flourishing, and the farmer contented, though with no unreasonable profits; above all, there was that truest sign of the happiness of a people—good wages of labour; some works on railroads were even stopped for want of labour, and the price of it was everywhere rising; the poor man found himself, for the first time within our recollection, in the happy condition of his only property, his industry, being in hot demand in the market. In the midst of this plethora of comforts we are suddenly assured by ambitious and seditious panic-mongers that, if not starving, we are about to be so—then suddenly the whole scene changes, and distrust and want of confidence succeed.

We have mainly to thank for this disturbance of our peace that joint-stock company of agitation—the *League*—which, with formidable capital at command, avowedly employ it for corrupting the constituent body; and, despairing to operate on the judgment of the Legislature, avow an intention of forcing it by making fictitious votes—a system carried so far that it is openly boasted that in one county no less than 5000 voters have been so manufactured.

What would the old corrupt House of Commons have said to such an impudent conspiracy? What would the present House have said if the same proceeding had been taken by the landed interest? But my Lord Morpeth, in the immediate expectation of becoming a Cabinet Minister, hands his subscription of *five pounds* to this association. Are we to understand that it is in this way that our Constitution is in future to be worked by the great Agitators of England and Ireland, under the sanction and succour of the Ministers of the Crown?

If reason and experience, and power withal, were safeguards against the arts of faction and the blindness of popular excitement
—if

—if it were not for the ‘furor’ that the *Spectator* speaks of, which occasionally intoxicates mankind,—we should have no kind of apprehension from this factitious hubbub—this not merely irrational, but absolutely *groundless* agitation, generated between Lord John Russell and the League;—nor, even as it is, have we much. Facts will soon speak in a voice that even faction cannot drown: if there be no scarcity, and prices continue moderate, it will be hard to persuade the world that they are starving, with wheat as cheap as it has been at the best periods of half a century; if there be a scarcity, wheat will rise to 72s., and the duty will vanish. Nor will we, nor can we, believe that Sir Robert Peel, whatever system he may have contemplated (and we have no doubt that it would have been at least a generous and honest one), if he finds—even if it be from the old-fashioned prejudices of his colleagues and of the country,—that system impracticable—we will not, we say, believe that Sir Robert Peel will give the slightest countenance to the only alternative that seems now presented to him—the unconditional repeal of his own Act, which he carried but three years ago by such admirable arguments, by such irresistible facts, and with, as experience has shown, a success that has even outrun his sagacious expectations. That great triumph we followed with our sincere admiration and our humble applause. We have since, on every occasion, congratulated ourselves and the country on that great work—the most important, perhaps, of all the signal services Sir Robert had rendered to his country. He may see from the height of his own superior mind a prospect of rendering still greater;—but that cannot make him less anxious to consolidate the work he has already done, and to protect and encourage, and support and guide the great party—the vast majority of the rank, property, and intelligence and loyalty of the country—which he before led to victory and which raised him to power. We ‘bate no jot of heart or hope,’ and feel confident that when the proper time for explanation comes, we shall find Sir Robert Peel still worthy and willing to be the leader of the great Conservative party—on the union and mutual confidence of which, let us all be assured, depend the safety of this monarchy and the existence of our constitution.

But there are higher and more consolatory considerations than even these. The fate of the people of England is not in the hands of any Cabinet—it is in their own. No alteration in the corn-laws can be attempted, we presume, with any prospect of success in the present House of Commons. A dissolution must probably take place if the Whig Leaguers should succeed in forming an administration—and a dissolution would be in itself a great evil and
a considerable

a considerable increase of the difficulty, for it would throw back all the railway projects, derange additionally the money market, and put off for two or three more months the employment of the Irish poor on those works which will afford the best relief to their temporary distress. But sooner or later we must arrive at a general election, and the great question must be solved by the people themselves. We do not forget the infatuation under which destructive parliaments have been from time to time elected, but the question now at issue has been so long before the public mind that we hope there is less to be dreaded from popular delusion than on most former occasions.

We know that we—the advocates of protection—are the majority, the large majority of all the most important constituencies. We are satisfied that we have in our own energies the means of a certain triumph. The question must be clearly stated, and not embarrassed by personal divisions or theoretical distinctions. It is this:—is the *whole system of protection to British Industry* to be abandoned—not as to agriculture alone—but *every branch of manufacture*?

Are we to have not only Polish *wheat*—but German *linens* and *woollens* and *cullery*—Saxon *hosiery* and *muslins*—Belgian *cottons* and *cloths*, and *fire-arms*—Dutch *spirits*, Swiss *watches*, American *reprints*, French *china*, *gloves*, *shoes*, *silks*, *paper*—besides an infinite variety of small articles which support a multitude of poor artisans, all of whom would be undersold by the foreigner?

We cannot believe, that if the real state of the case, the inevitable scope of the principle, be fully explained to the more intelligent of the manufacturing population, that even Manchester or Stockport would return advocates for a system which, even if confined to corn, has no object but to effect *low wages*, and which in its result would reduce nine-tenths of the manufacturers of England to downright unemployment and starvation. The short issue is

Protection or no protection;

protection to *wages* as well as *rents*—protection to *cottons* and *woollens* as well as *wheat* and *oats*—protection to the *town* as well as to the *country*—to the *workshop* as to the *farm*!—OR RUIN TO ALL.



THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne*. Par le Comte A. Raczyński. Berlin, 2 vols. 4to. 1841.
2. *Die Düsseldorfer Mahler Schule*. Von J. J. Scotti. Düsseldorf. 1842.
3. *Report from the Select Committee on Fine Arts*. London, 1844.

FOR several years an impression has been gaining ground amongst us that the Germans are leaving us far behind in all that is most worthy of attainment in art. We hear of the loftiness of their subjects, the beauty of their conceptions, the fervour of their application. We are told that they have returned to the first principles of art—to severity of design, intensity of expression, simplicity of treatment—and, with the national absence of self-esteem which works in us so strongly for good and for evil, we are at once ready to draw disparaging comparisons and discouraging conclusions. We hear also of a patronage so munificent that, as Horace Walpole says, ‘Even merit has a chance of earning its bread;’ and, true to ourselves again, we turn about and draw comparisons and conclusions more uncomfortable still. The first question is, not what the advantages of such patronage may be, but whether, with all this in their favour, the German artists be really so much in advance of others.

We must own to being sceptical about revivals in general. Raphael Mengs was compared with Raphael of Urbino during life, and buried next him after death. West was styled by his biographer the Shakspeare of painting; and *Citoyen* David was declared *le vrai Lycurge des Arts*. Where are they all now? It is not for us, however, to wonder with a kind of contempt that such revivals should have been hailed and followed by the hope and faith of the generation to which they belonged. Men’s minds are too full of satisfaction at what is aimed at to be fair judges of what is done. They are too warmly possessed with the praiseworthiness of the effort, coolly to estimate the value of the result; and it is only when the halo of such an enthusiasm has passed away, and the works are seen by their own unassisted light, that the world can pronounce whether they

are real or sham. Then comes the reverse, as in the nature of things must be—what they pretended to be, from being their greatest virtue becomes their greatest sin, so that scarcely what they really are has a chance of being valued at its proper worth.

In such a mood of deification are the Germans now. They see the highest objects striven for with the most fervent zeal. They see men of intellect, education, and goodness devoted to the art; not from the thirst of gain, vanity of display, or ambition of fame, but, as much as in human nature lies, from the pure love of art itself. They see academies founded, exhibitions opened, public works carrying on; in short, all the outer paraphernalia of a great artistic period,—and believe, as is most natural, that great artists must be at the bottom of it. This we believe also in part, though by no means in their power of judging them; we believe that there are men of great capacity and fine feeling among these German painters, but we doubt whether there be one who will occupy the same place in the judgment of posterity as in the enthusiasm of the present day.

The taste of the Germans is doubtless much improved; but they were for upwards of a century too mannered in their old school, not to become, and especially when the suddenness of the change is considered, somewhat so in their new one. Trick they still prefer to truth: though we grant it is the trick of a far better thing. They have sprung at one bound from affectation of the lowest kind, to affectation, we must say it, of the highest. To Nature they have not looked either for refreshment or reinforcement of their powers. The Munich School has not resorted to her at all: the Düsseldorf one has resorted to her in a totally false sense. The history of this new movement and of the formation of these schools is short, therefore we may trespass upon the patience of our readers to give it.

As regards German art the last century presents a dull waste. Where academies had existed, there the semblance of them was still kept up—as, down to the present day among the Italians, and till within fifteen years ago among the Flemish—that is, either clinging to the insipidity of Mengs, or emulating the extravagance of David, and producing artists far worse than either. Angelica Kauffman may be called an exception, though she was sufficiently mannered, and belonged also more to England and to Italy than to her native Germany. But, if we make this exception, only one other name struggles through with the most distant claim to originality. This was Carstens, a native of Holstein, who studied the old masters, and thought for himself, and was consequently allowed to starve. In other respects,

spects, we own, he was bad enough for his age, being a wretched colourist, knowing nothing of ærial perspective, and painting chiefly mythological subjects. He lived long enough, however, to see Overbeck, Vogel, and others departing also from the beaten track, and with more success.

These young men had been expelled the Academy of Vienna, for the sole reason that they chose to swerve from the rules of that Academy in their mode of study. They had that in them which loathed the allegorical sentimentalities and mythological pomposities of that day; and though it was not to be expected that their unassisted native powers should open to them the true road, yet their resistance to the false one was sufficient proof that those powers were high. Such also as their new system was then, it has in the main continued. The improvement they aimed at has been developed; the errors they fell into have not been corrected. Their reason told them that the real truth and dignity of art consist in a thorough and profound conception of the subject treated; their taste led them to select subjects of the highest religious order. But they erred in depending too much on the inspiration of the abstract idea, too little upon the study of Nature; and this error stamps their whole subsequent career. With these aims, Overbeck, then only twenty years of age, came to Rome, where he was soon joined, among others, by Cornelius, Schadow, and Veit—the men who, with himself, have since exercised the greatest influence over the rising generation—all within a year of the same age.

Here they soon announced themselves in the most decided manner as the founders of some great change in art, and of one for the better. They were simple in habits, earnest in thought, unwearied in industry; and, what was still more significant, devoted with all the ardour of freshly awakened taste to the study of those old masters whom, for generations, the students from every country, except England, had looked upon with indifference. But the English had chosen the successors of Michael Angelo and Raphael as their models of study—Overbeck and his companions chose their predecessors. One reason is obvious. The English were ignorant, and had to acquire knowledge, and therefore resorted where it best pleased their taste; the Germans were wrong, and had to overthrow error, and therefore sought a corrective in the opposite extreme. In their horror of the false and flimsy paths they had escaped they could see no alternative but that of removing to the utmost from them; and enamoured of that religious earnestness and simplicity which they found in the early masters, they became enamoured also of their technical defects.

But there were many reasons for this tendency, direct and indirect—and one of the most important may be traced to the formation of the celebrated Boisseree Collection of early German and Italian masters, which was then in progress. A taste for the peculiarities of that period, part real and part got up, was gradually spreading abroad. Some few understood their merits, and many more pretended to do so because Goethe and the Schlegels set the fashion. The first works of our young students, therefore, concurring with this predisposition, such as it was, were hailed with enthusiasm. It is true they were as dry, stiff, and untrue to living nature as those from whom they sought inspiration; but this of course gave no offence to those with whom the manner and the spirit of early art were synonymous terms; while their real simplicity of treatment and earnestness of intention had the full charm of novelty. The consequence was an immediate demand for frescoed apartments—M. Bartholdi, the Prussian Consul at Rome, and Canova giving the first commissions.

Meanwhile instead of clothing their abstract ideas more and more in the forms and graces of real nature, as they matured in knowledge—which the first masters of the world have invariably done—the young Germans only plunged deeper and deeper in a mystical and typical direction; and in 1814 finally sealed their devotion to the ancient forms of art by going over to the Roman Church. Viewing this step in a moral light we have nothing to say. The state of Lutheranism in Germany is such that it is not to be wondered at, and certainly not to be regretted, when any one of that community becomes a Romanist; but, viewing it in an æsthetic sense, we believe that it was the worst step they could have taken. Throughout the whole progress of this religious school of art there has been that express seeking, and not that unconscious following, of one idea, which bespeaks more a factitious system than a spontaneous instinct. It is one of the distinctive signs of genius to draw nourishment from, and seek combination with, the most heterogeneous elements and the most opposite qualities. Rubens imbibed from Leonardo da Vinci—Byron delighted in Pope. It is its especial sign and privilege to convert thwartings, contradictions, even persecutions, into means of progress—to make difficulties its helps. It will help itself to food wherever it finds it, and will find it where common minds never imagined it to exist; while, at the same time, it seems the law of Nature that no two geniuses should arrive at the same end by the same way. But in these Germans we find no such marks. They deliberately sat down and said, We will be like unto Raphael, Perugino, Fra Angelico, and Albert Durer—we will do in all things as they did

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—we will work as they worked—we will live as they lived—and we will believe as they believed. And this they have done, with much talent, great application, and intense faith; and they have discovered much of the old masters' manual system, and caught many of their undoubted habits; they have draped their figures like Fiesole, and studied positions like Perugino, and put in backgrounds like Raphael, and etched their subjects like Albert Durer; and they are very admirable imitators, but they are nothing more. Nor could they be. We believe in no two Raphaels. They have fed their instincts too much with a prescribed diet, for them to have any natural appetite of themselves; and it is, we repeat, highly probable that the two great circumstances which have marked their artistic career—viz. the recovery of the art of fresco, and their adoption of the Roman faith—however they may have assisted imitation, have been the greatest stumbling-blocks to originality.

These conversions extended to eleven of their number, including Overbeck, Schadow, and Veit. Cornelius was Roman Catholic by birth; though less so by nature than any of the others. At first this event occasioned great disturbances and divisions among the fraternity. The new converts were accused sometimes of fanaticism, sometimes of hypocrisy, and styled in derision 'the Nazarenes.' But the sincerity of their piety soon enforced respect.

About this time also occurred a circumstance not less important for their career. This was the visit to Rome of the present King of Bavaria, then Prince Royal. Circumstances seemed in every way to indicate this prince as the fitting man to take this new movement by the hand. His knowledge of art was distinguished, his tastes were classic, his faith Roman, and his heart pre-eminently German. The young artists looked to him therefore with ardent expectation, as to a patron who would not only secure them protection and maintenance, but also that position as a national school which they most desired. They were not disappointed. The prince immediately recognised in them the ornaments of his future reign, and the executors of many a beautifying design already floating in his imagination. He entered warmly into the spirit of their labours, attached himself personally to several of the young men, and scattered commissions liberally amongst them.

The artists in return combined to give him a grand festival as an expression both of their gratitude and of their hopes. A villa was engaged for the purpose, and the prince was received at the porch by a representation of St. Luke, as patron saint of painters, with an inscription bidding him enter and con-
template

template what the arts had done in his honour. We cannot go further into the details of the evening, except to assure the reader that the arts had indeed done their best to flatter both parties. Allegorical compliments, both to their visitor and to themselves, were flying in every form that paintings and transparencies, busts, wreaths, and garlands could convey. Veit had set forth the models to which they aspired by the figures of Giotto, Fiesole, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Durer, &c. Overbeck indicated the part the prince was to play by portraits of Pericles, Augustus, Julius II., and Leo X.; whilst Schadow, Vogel, and others gave the broadest hints of their own high calling by representations of the downfall of the walls of Jericho, the extermination of the Philistines by Samson, and the cleansing of the Augean stables by Hercules.

There is no doubt that this visit to Rome laid the foundation of all the royal undertakings that have since distinguished Munich. In 1820 the Glyptothek was commenced, and Cornelius and his pupils engaged to paint the interior with appropriate frescos; and in 1825, when the royal Mæcenas ascended the throne, the summons went forth to the chief leaders of that rapidly developed body of artists who have since filled the capital of Bavaria with their works. Shortly after Schadow was appointed Director of the Academy at Düsseldorf; Vogel, Director of the Dresden Academy; Veit, Director of the Städel Institution at Frankfurt;—each becoming the centre of a numerous school—each school branching off into separate combinations—patronage increasing, and where patronage was failing, numerous art-unions taking its place, till there is hardly a town of any note in Germany where some demonstration of art is not going forward.

To return, however, to our question, whether German artists be really so much in advance of us as is supposed? We fearlessly answer—No. They have chosen subjects of the highest walk, and executed them in the vehicle of the most pretension; but in that combination of all the different parts of art which constitutes the thorough artist, and in that single distinct track of originality which marks the gifted man, we are not afraid to match the leaders of our various walks of English art, and many of their followers too, against the best men Germany can produce.

The very means, indeed, which display the powers of the German artists, serve quite as much to cover their inability. Their greatest hands, in the religious and historical schools, have, generally speaking, only two modes of expression—the coarse conventional fresco, and the small hard outline drawing. Each of these modes evades a host of difficulties: the one has a necessary and prescribed mode of colour and handling, the other

other has neither colour nor handling at all. It is true the beauties of detail and execution ought to be kept, especially in such lofty subjects, subordinate to the idea—but the touchstone of real genius is to turn them to every account they can supply, and yet to keep the idea predominant: leaving them out altogether is a suspicious proceeding. Every one practically acquainted with any branch of the arts, knows that it is not the calling the idea into life, but the keeping it there, which is the real difficulty—that there is little art and always much pleasure in the first projection of your thought, but that there is great art, and sometimes much pain, in so building it up into actual form as neither to spend nor to extinguish it. The first burst of the imagination is sweet—the trial is the putting it into the current language of the realm to which it belongs.

Herein, therefore, we suspect, lies the key to all those seeming high doings in Germany which convince so many that the authors of them must be great men, and puzzle at first even critics on such matters to say why they are not. It is most natural to place those in the rank of the highest artists who are alternately seen bringing their conceptions down to the simplest medium that the language of art allows, or lifting them up into the most solemn and mystical forms that ecclesiastical usage requires. The thought involuntarily follows, ‘How beautifully must such men express themselves in the vulgar tongue of their country—in the common oils and canvas of art—how beautifully! if they would!’ Alas! it is not a question of *would*: they would be too happy if they could. They have taken their post upon the highest and the lowest staves of the ladder—not because they are able to embrace all between, as is at first the natural conclusion, but because they are obliged to pass all over. Here, therefore, their charm over us in great measure ends. The little drawings have little more power to enchant. They are very beautiful promises, but they are promises on which performance waits not.

Let it be granted, if you will, that there is a beauty of idea and feeling which may justify the absence of all other beauties of art—that, as Longinus decrees, the true sublime compensates for all possible deficiencies—we must own that this redeeming majesty is not to our eyes apparent in these same drawings and fresco.

‘’Tis, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise; but to converse with Heaven—
This is not easy.’

It is easy to depict virgins, saints, and martyrs with folded palms
and

and downcast eyes, with gold glories round their heads, and little stiff sprigs at their feet. It is easy to denude them of all earthly expression whatsoever, which these artists most successfully do; but to clothe them with a spiritual one—this is another thing, though they are occasionally confounded with each other.

They have one, perhaps two, amongst them to whom the secrets of true spiritual expression appear to be disclosed, and to whom, if the highest piety and moral excellence were any passport to the mysterious realms of genius, these ought to be disclosed. Overbeck is one. Whoever has seen, not his frescos, nor his cartoons, but the least of his little etchings, must feel that he is a remarkable man. That kneeling monk with his back to you, and cowl over his head—nothing to tell the tale but the sole of the foot below the robe, and the end of the cross above it—the whole plate not so big as your hand—is a wonderful piece of expression; but let him try to embody it—let him substitute canvas for paper—light and shadow, colour, surface, texture, touch, for a few feeble hatched lines—where would be his idea? He dares not attempt it; for Overbeck may be a great man, but he is only half an artist. He has no scope of language; he is tongue-tied; he cannot even paint his own portrait. Where, then, is the comparison with Raphael? Overbeck's outlines have much of his heavenly grace and sweetness; a design of his might at first sight be mistaken for one of Raphael's—though this is as much owing to the most barefaced imitation of all his accessories as to any identity of inspiration—but here he stops. He can only promise: in point of real practical performance in the spirit of Raphael, we maintain that he is much behind both Stothard and Eastlake.

As for the numerous band of artists which this school has engendered, as inferior to Overbeck as he is to his great original, we can only echo Sir Joshua—rather the lowest reality than the highest imitation; rather Gainsborough, as he says, than Raphael Mengs. There are a thousand modes of grace to be picked up in the observation of life and nature, and each artist is born to one or more of them, if he is born to any—no two are born to the same. But German art has been so devoted to types, patterns, and preconceptions, that we doubt she will require another revolution in her system before she can dispense with them. It is true the old masters were surrounded from their cradle with types and patterns, but these were realities in the fifteenth century—they are shadows in the nineteenth. The husk they threw off cannot be the germ we are to spring from.

Art

Art cannot enter into the bud and be born again—it must be born of the spirit, for that alone varies not with times or countries. Otherwise Art, like Nature, has laws of its own, beyond our reasoning upon—and the law of change is one of the strongest. We say again, no two geniuses or schools of geniuses ever arrived at the same end by precisely the same road; or, if by the same road, not by the same steps. What the one created, the other can only manufacture. Not even the same genius can do the same thing twice over. The old painters went with their times; these go against them. The old painters followed an impulse which was stronger than they—these have chosen an object they are not strong enough for. As Carlyle says in his *French Revolution*, ‘No man, or nation of men, *conscious* of doing a great thing, was ever in that doing other than a little one.’

Germany at this time displays too many of the express incidentals of a great period. Munich, for instance, has all the external signs which characterised the zenith of art. There is the same artistic life—the same enthusiasm for their leaders—the same throng of students round one master—the same division of labour—the master designing, the pupils executing—two or three masters working on the same picture—but, we regrettingly hold by our opinion, the signs are *got up*. There is a pedantic consciousness as to the parts they are all playing in this great epoch. They reason and theorise about the signs and sources of inspiration. One artist, according to them, has got this sort, and another that. They know how and why they do things; when they are in objective or subjective moods, or when they are in both at once; which are their *greatest* works—and so on. Cornelius, according to M. Raczyński, descants upon the nature of his own mind with Rahel-like grandeur. He says:—

‘Depuis ma plus tendre jeunesse mon âme tendait vers l’universalité. Je crois que j’ai une nature complexe, aussi faut-il se garder de me placer dans les catégories.’—vol. ii. p. 190.

‘Il serait impossible de tracer brièvement le cercle du développement moral qui eût lieu à Rome pendant le séjour que j’y fis; mais j’ose dire que l’espace de plusieurs siècles a été parcouru.’—p. 191.

‘Ma force productrice n’est pas assez active pour que je puisse espérer voir, dans mon vivant, les arts en Allemagne atteindre la plus grande hauteur; mais elle suffit pour lui frayer une route nouvelle, et pour amener ce résultat dans cent ans.’—p. 193.

In the ‘Düsseldorfer Mahler Schule,’ a work of detestable pedantry, Cornelius is pronounced the Reformer—Schadow, the Consolidator—and Overbeck, the Restorer. Several pages of the most witless affectation are also devoted to proving why Schadow is the oak in the field of art, and Cornelius the palm.

Again,

Again, in M. Raczyński, Schadow talks complacently of 'les immortelles productions de notre époque.' Overbeck not being possessed of the main elements of painting—colour and action—gives it as his opinion 'qu'un talent et une tendance pareils sont plus nuisibles que favorables à la perfection de l'art.'—(vol. i. p. 45.) M. Raczyński himself, touching slightly upon Cornelius's incapacity for oil-painting, adds, 'En général sous ce rapport, comme sous bien d'autres, il a de l'analogie avec Michel Ange.' (vol. ii. p. 194.) A *very German* Michael Angelo indeed, as Coleridge would say.

But Munich requires a totally separate chapter. For the present we must advert to that wide department which lies between the poles of pencil-drawing and fresco-painting. For it is filled up, and in a manner highly significant for the comprehension of modern German art. M. Raczyński says, 'La peinture à l'huile conserve son ancienne prédilection pour les bords du Rhin, et c'est à Düsseldorf qu'on la voit obtenir les plus grands succès.' (vol. i. p. 35.) Here, therefore, we find the lost tribes of art. Here are the subject painters, the landscape and portrait painters—the painters of still life—those, in short, which may be compared with our own at home. It is also with portions of the Düsseldorf school that the numerous German prints have made the English public most familiar. Bendemann's *Jewish Exiles*, Sohn's *Two Leonoras*, Köhler's *Finding of Moses*, Hildebrandt's *Murder of the Princes*, are all of Düsseldorf extraction.

Bendemann's name stands one of the highest in Germany, not as a founder, but as an ornament of the new school. And unquestionably the man who painted the '*Jewish Exiles*' at twenty-one years of age possesses very great natural powers. It remains, however, to be proved whether the defects in his colouring, and the artificiality of his arrangement, be the natural accompaniments of a youthful hand in any school, or the expressly assumed features of a follower of the modern German school. In the one case they would gradually yield to a more matured development of his own character, and to a riper knowledge of Nature; in the other, the few large pictures which have established his fame will probably remain his best claims to it, as, after a lapse of ten years, we understand they still do. At present Bendemann's pieces strike us as belonging far more to the line of fresco than to that of oils. They have the same dry conventional tints—the same absence of air and *chiaro oscuro*—the same stiffness of arrangement, with finely drawn forms, rather over-acted expressions, and hard elaborate finish. Under these circumstances the prints from them are the best form in which

M. Bendemann

M. Bendemann can be seen; and the rougher and freer those are, the better for him. We have spoken of Bendemann as of one whose name is most familiar to English ears; otherwise he can neither strictly be termed an oil-painter nor a Düsseldorf artist, having been appointed Director of the Dresden Academy in 1838, where he is engaged in frescoing the Royal Palace—one of the worst things for his own development, we are inclined to think, that he could do.

We turn, therefore, to Sohn, one of the present leaders of the Düsseldorf school, and exclusively an oil painter: and we turn to him with surprise. The subject is an old acquaintance. Two female figures—a blonde and a brunette—Bendemann's idea of the Two Girls at the Well, merely adapted to a higher sphere of life; and meant to be nothing else by the artist, though afterwards christened 'The Two Leonoras,' to give them a name. Nor is this amiss—the two ladies are doing nothing: one is looking down, the other archly at her, as if saying, 'You! Plato's scholar!' &c. as in the opening scene of Goethe's poem. So far, therefore, it was well enough. But the artist has been most falsely induced to continue an idea he never began—he has added a real Tasso, who sits on the left, in likeness of a Tyrolese minstrel, with a pencil and book in his hand. We set aside the first obvious objection of there being no scene in the drama which tallies with this. Leonora mentions to Alphonso having seen Tasso at a distance with a tablet and book—that 'he wrote, went a few paces, and wrote again;' but a state of affairs as here represented, where Tasso is seen turning his back to the ladies as if he had quarrelled with them, and they are going close past him without notice as if they had cut him, is entirely the offspring of the artist's own imagination. However, this is of minor importance. The chief thing is to give Tasso as Goethe's Tasso was—the poet, the lover, confiding, suspicious, gentle, irritable; now the child, now the madman, and the genius in every extreme. But has Mr. Sohn done this? It is impossible to say. We see the hairs in his beard, the pattern on his vest, the fur of his doublet, the clocks of his stockings, the oranges above his head, and the plants at his feet; but we see nothing of Tasso's own expression, or, if we do, it is only that of a man who is naturally mortified at finding his clothes running away with all the attention due to himself. Nothing, to be sure, can be more to the life than all these matters. The pattern on the vest is that combination of the flowered and the watered so much approved a few seasons ago; the fur is of the best marten, the oranges are Seville, and the plants are the common *Æthusa cynapium*, or Fool's-parsley. There's no mistaking one of them. But, as for the

the man who accompanies all these in a subordinate character, he might just as soon be Mr. Sohn himself as Torquato Tasso.

The ladies are in the same case. They may be as beautiful as the day, and doubtless are; but no sooner did we glance their way, than up bustled all sorts of jewellery and embroidery, and white muslins and gold tissues, and Brussels veils, and enamelled bracelets, demanding an immediate inspection; and these were no sooner dismissed than there advanced a variety of dwarf palms and prickly pears, and other curious botanical specimens, all equally pressing. Or, escaping this set, we were caught up to examine the panes of glass in the ducal palace—half a mile off it is true—but so carefully finished that it is evident the artist relied upon them as a principal source of attraction. So that, what the ladies were saying to themselves, or to Tasso, or to us, there was no possibility, under such perpetual interruption, of correctly ascertaining. It takes one a long time to look at a hundred separate pictures—no matter whether in as many frames, or only in one—and so we had better pass on to Mr. Sohn's other famous piece, *Diana and her Nymphs*.

These figures are also the size of life—three nymphs, in over-acted attitudes of dismay, grouped round the Goddess, who is a noble figure, though somewhat too much of the Apollo Belvidere in expression and position. Here, at all events, there is no superabundance of Brussels veils to divert the eye. Nevertheless the same feeling of interruption immediately occurs. Diana and her nymphs do not engage our attention, but the way in which they are done. The artist has given us forms of life-size, with cabinet-size execution; Etty's scale with Hunt's finish; the outline a cartoon, the filling up rice paper; a thousand details, but no whole. The figures are round enough; you could pass your hand behind them; but it is the roundness of a wax model, or of a painted statue. Prick that skin, and it won't bleed; touch that flesh, and it won't dimple. Every part stands out from the ground; none loses itself into it. The accessories are of the same character. There is no consent among them; each is setting up for itself—each requires a separate inspection. Count Raczyński inquires with charming naïveté, 'Comment se fait-il qu'on se sente à l'étroit dans cette grotte? qu'on en veuille sortir? on est en si bonne, et en si belle compagnie!' We think we can tell him. It is because the present company are already too many for it. The trees are projecting into our very eyes; the rocks are pressing hard up behind; the favourite prickly pear, and a gigantic variety of the fern tribe, are close upon a nymph's bare back; and Diana's own head is stuck into a bush from which she has no chance of escaping with
a whole

a whole crescent. There is no room for Count Raczynski, unless he stands in the water. There is no space even in the air, for there is none.

Mr. Hildebrandt follows next. He is at the head of the *genre* and portrait line in Düsseldorf, and his pictures are in the highest repute. We approach him in the hope of finding some space for the imagination—some silence to fill up—some mystery to guess at. But no! Mr. Hildebrandt, like Mr. Sohn, is a correct family man, and deals in no hints or concealments. What a lady shows him, it is his business to show the public. If she chooses to appear in her only black satin gown, is it for him to throw it half into the shade? If she entrusts him with her best Sunday pocket handkerchief, shall he cut off the *à jours* and worked corners? Everybody is of the highest respectability at Düsseldorf—why should there be any guessing? Accordingly we behold a black satin gown which it would do any Mayfair widow's heart good to look at. Not a gather nor a piping is amiss. The *buffons* are in front, the sleeves of the newest cut, the bows down the peak. Then there is the laced pocket-handkerchief—and the Sévigné on the forehead—and the false curls, which no one could insult the painter by taking for real—and, finally, to stop at once all rambling ideas—there is a thick, dense, greenish background, like a sheet of lead behind—so close to the lady's back that it must be almost as inconvenient as that prickly pear—and quite as little room for Count Raczynski! This good gentleman remarks that Mr. Hildebrandt has not much analogy with the period of Raphael—we should say quite as little with Vandyck's.

It may not be fair, however, to judge Mr. Hildebrandt by his portraits. This is a line which has long been, and still continues to be, most inexplicably debased in those countries where it flourished most. The Dutch and Flemish artists of the day are rising into repute in many a walk of subjects indigenous to their soil; but in portraits, especially in female ones, there is as little to be said for them as for their neighbours in Düsseldorf. Nor do Mr. Hildebrandt's *genre* pictures compensate for the peculiarity of his portraits, however superior to them. He has a livelier fancy, a less mannered composition, and a freer hand than Sohn; but there is the same glare of tawdry ornament—the same angling for the eye in over-finished detail—the same absence of all that true philosophy of art which consists in so blending the idea of the mind with the work of the hand, that the spectator shall not discover where the one has most inspired, or the other assisted. Let us take, for instance, the Murder of the Young Princes in the Tower. It is a most favourable subject, giving a painter, as any one may see at first glance, the three great requi-
sites

sites for a picture—beauty of forms, strength of contrast, and breadth of light. The painter sticks, as he should do, to Shakespeare; and he shows him the loveliest sight under heaven—

‘Two gentle babes, girdling one another
Within their alabaster arms,’

fast asleep: while, as if purposely to heighten the effect of their peace and innocence, two figures stealthily approach—‘flesht villains—bloody dogs’—their countenances full of those evil passions which give work for the painter in every line—one of them grey in crime. The bed, too, on which the children are lying, is all an artist can wish—bringing a broad mass of light into the middle of the picture, and enabling him to concentrate all attention to the figures lying upon it. Doubtless there were appropriate coverlids and draperies, and the children had on their little smocks—

‘A book of prayers, too, on their pillow lay,’

which he could make use of, or not, for that seems to us a little stretch of sentiment. But who, telling the tale, would stop to point out the pattern of the coverlid—or the border of the smock—or excruciate you by faddling over the binding of the book? The narrator would feel that these minutiae, though they might be there, in no way helped to tell the story. Cardinal Beaufort’s Death-bed scene was doubtless furnished with all the etcetera of a sick man’s room, and the luxury of a royal personage’s abode; but Sir Joshua knew better than to disturb either the incident or the picture by their conspicuous introduction. Mr. Hildebrandt has another opinion; and the eye is caught at once by satin mattresses, and arabesque patterns, and gold borders—to say nothing of a load of finish in every part which no idea can survive—and there it stops. The bed even does not serve the purpose of breadth of light. It is a broad surface minced into those minutiae which real light destroys.

Is, then, an artist not to paint details?—or, painting them, is he also to keep them out of sight? This must be difficult! Very true; but herein lies a painter’s *art*.

Yet there have been first-rate artists to whom the same objection of over-glare and richness of detail may apply. Paul Veronese spreads out jewellery and brocades—Rubens flutters in satins and rich accessories of every kind—both introduce them into subjects where they are certainly inappropriate. But, though not belonging to the idea abstractedly, they belong to that individual painter’s version of it. We feel that the hand and the mind are in keeping—that the one has only followed the other. There is a stately ostentation in Paul Veronese, and a gorgeous generosity in Rubens, which makes this mode of treatment *native* to them.

This

This is the one style of execution belonging to that one class of thought, which no one else could have supplied. But our chief objection to these Düsseldorf men is that there is no such connexion between their minds and their hands. Their detail has not even the stamp of their own handling—anybody else could have done it for them. Their very labour is not their own—it is only labour.

There is no question that these gentlemen possess high talents, and have gone through great study—their compositions are chaste and classic—their drawing often exquisitely correct—there is a character the furthest removed from vulgarity in all they do. On this account it is that the prints with which our public is familiar give so favourable an impression of them. Their good points are enhanced—their bad softened—their worst altogether kept out of sight. There is none of that want of common proportion which makes one feel that they have seen the subject on one scale in their minds, and worked it out on another with their hands; and there is frequently a breadth of foreground, and an airiness of background, for which the better feeling of the engraver, or the simpler nature of his vehicle, alone deserves credit. Seen midway, also, before the idea is finally led to execution, their paintings are not without breadth and freedom. Hildebrandt's head of Judith, a study for his large picture, is a striking and noble piece. Sohn's portrait of Lessing, from which the engraving is taken, is broad and bold. But it is only *half finished*—and it is to be hoped will ever remain so. At the same time there is none of the magic with which the picture of a real master in any and every stage is invested—none of the fire and power, and flood of thought let loose rioting upon the canvas, which the real poet-artist has to smother and restrain, and hem in to the one final form. There is none of that departure from the first outline, as of a mind embarrassed with the multitude of its own suggestions. There are no *impromptus* struck out in the glow of energy—all is hard, positive, and defined, as if slavishly sticking to a pattern from which they dared not swerve—as if they could only do it that one way, and no other—like ladies at work with their Berlin wool.

After all, it may be urged that comparisons in matters of mere taste are out of the question. Etty deals in the same class of subjects as Sohn. The one gives us flesh and blood—the other flesh-coloured ivory. The late Mr. Philips was a portrait-painter, and so is Mr. Hildebrandt: the one saw duchesses and senators in his sitters—the other sees *berthes* and cravats. Roberts is our painter of the East—Kretschmeier is theirs: but Roberts gives the glare of the sand and the breadth of the desert

—Kretschmeier

—Kretschmeier paints the ruins of Baalbec in ochre and vermilion, and lays a large slice of melon in front. We, in short, give our version of Nature—they give theirs: which is right? One standard, however, there does exist, and one from which there is no appeal, for it rests upon demonstration, and not upon opinion. This is to be found in that wonderful source recently discovered—the only sure test for those artists who, professing to reflect Nature in their works, can by Nature herself only be judged. We mean the beautiful and wonderful Calotype drawings—so precious in every real artist's sight, not only for their own matchless truth of Nature, but as the triumphant proof of all to be most revered as truth in art. Every painter, high and low, to whom Nature has ever revealed herself, here finds his justification. Let Mr. Hill apply the Calotype instrument to a simple manly head in a commanding position, it creates a Sir Joshua—give it an old face wrinkled with age, it returns us a Rembrandt—summon three or four bare-legged urchins, we see Murillo's beggar boys—place it before a group of Newhaven fishermen, we have Teniers' Dutch Boors, or Ostade's Village Alehouse—or against a crumbling brick wall, and Peter de Hooghe lies mezzotinted before us. Take it to tangled sylvan landscapes, it presents us with a Hobbima, a Gainsborough, or even, what we had not sufficiently prized before, a Constable—give it fretted spires and leafy banks, distant towns and glittering streams, playful shadows and struggling lights, sunny storms and watery beams—and give it, lastly, the very motes dancing in the air before them all—and the detractors of Turner lick the dust—the loftiest eulogy of Mr. Ruskin is justified. Every truth that art and genius has yet succeeded in seizing here finds its prototype; but what shall we conjure up in heaven or earth, or in the waters below the earth, that shall produce a Düsseldorf picture? Nature disowns it.*

We mentioned Köhler's Finding of Moses; and we recur to that young artist's name with pleasure, as an exception, in many respects, to what we have hitherto described. His sketches are full of fire and action; and a Hagar and Ishmael by him in the Aix exhibition of 1845 was in every respect a beautiful picture.

* To some of our readers this class of photogenic drawings, so different in every respect from the Daguerriotype, may not be known at all, and to others only in a very inferior, mechanical form. To Mr. Fox Talbot the happy invention is owing; but that artistic application of it, which has brought these drawings to their present picturesque perfection, required the eye of an artist; and for this the public is indebted to Mr. D. O. Hill, of Edinburgh, in conjunction with Mr. Adamson, a young chemist of distinguished ability. It is to be hoped that Mr. Talbot, in justice to his own genius, will soon invite these gentlemen to London—where they would find rather more interesting, though certainly not more grotesque subjects than the fat Martyrs of the Free Kirk—as yet, seemingly, their favourite sitters.

Not that he is by any means free from the influences among which he has been trained, but, with youth and great modesty in his favour, he bids fair to escape from them.

We go on to the landscape-painters. Schirmer, Lessing, and Achenbach are the heads of this line. We see *sketches* from nature of masculine vigour by Schirmer; of a certain melancholy grace by Lessing; of the utmost freedom of handling by Achenbach. Here, then, we find the real oil-painters—the Wilsons, and the Gainsboroughs, and the Turners of Germany. Nature is the best teacher, after all: she has no best dresses, no Sunday pocket-handkerchiefs—her daily garb of earth, air, and water, is all the painter requires! We stand before *the finished picture*—and the illusion vanishes. Vigour, grace, freedom—all are extinguished beneath the heavy facts of mere detail. 'Tis Nature perhaps—but the Nature of an auctioneer's inventory, not of a poet's song. Everything is down in the list: the birch tree above, the rocks below—the waterfall, the moss, the weeds—the dead leaves; the forget-me-nots in the front—the mountains *not* in the distance; equally the object too near and that too far off to be seen—all are there. But where is the breadth of the earth, and the distance of the air? Where is light, and shadow, and sunshine? Making things small will not put them farther off. Colouring mountains blue or black, as Lessing does, will not make them distant. Painting innumerable flowers, leaves, and stones in dark colours will not give shadow; painting the same in bright ones will not give light; imitating every object so exquisitely that it is a perfect picture in itself will never make a picture altogether. Nay, even putting all the beautiful features in the world together will not make a beautiful scene. Achenbach's great picture in the Düsseldorf Exhibition last summer combined every feature that Norway, Switzerland, and Italy can furnish. There were snowy mountains and sunny lakes—frowning rocks and smiling glens—beautiful trees, and transparent pools, with all kinds of botanical specimens reflected in them—forget-me-nots of course; but Nature was

‘too fine and good

For human nature's daily food.’

She must have a Sunday pocket-handkerchief! One of Cooper's simple little groups of cattle, exhibited also at Aix-la-Chapelle last year, with common earth below them and real air around them, was a precious relief after all these fineries!

It cannot be too much borne in mind, though strangely forgotten in Düsseldorf, that the object of art is, not to imitate a real thing, but to realize an idea. The painter has his model for everything he does; but the real painter knows that his model is the last thing

he is to transcribe—even in a portrait. His object in placing a book on a table is not that you may try to open it—his object in representing a standing figure is not that you should offer it a chair. To the painter this is the worst compliment you can pay, for you would do the same to one of Madame Tussaud's wax-dolls. As Madame de Staël says somewhere—'You must depart from the too close semblance of truth, so that the reader [or spectator] may not too much miss the truth itself.' The flat surface provides this departure for the painter—the colourless one for the sculptor. For, to carry on the idea, and with it, of course, the pleasure, you must stop the reality. Shakspeare is wise and right, as usual, when he makes Leontes swear he will kiss his wife's statue. Hermione was too like herself, not to be herself. The expectation of the reality had already stopped the pleasure of the idea; and so it must do in all things where mere deception is carried too far. The painter and the poet stand between two worlds: the one of ideal images—the other of actual ones: their just combination is the test of the art.

If, therefore, a too near approach to reality, even in objects of the highest beauty and interest, produce an unpleasant impression on the mind, or arrest a pleasant one, how much more does this apply when the object itself has neither to recommend it? An artist necessarily makes use of a number of details which in nature we should not look at twice, yet which assume a value from the service they render his general intention. The mere fact, therefore, of being *like* is no recommendation to them. Satins and laces, and flowers and draperies, are very indifferent matters to many a connoisseur, who, nevertheless, dwells upon them with ecstasy in a position where they increase the effect, or help the meaning intended; yet satins and laces, and flowers and drapery, may be painted to the very life, as we see at Düsseldorf, without doing either, or anything else. Rubens' satins help the flow of his figures; Vandyck's laces assist the dignity of his countenances; the tall white flowers before Raphael's Madonnas breathe the essence of spiritual purity; the drapery of Bronzino's Judith expresses the very bristle of intense determination. Each helps the meaning of the main subject; but all the waterings of the waistcoat and the clocks of the stockings do nothing for poor Tasso.

When the amiable Count Raczyński describes one of these Düsseldorf performances as being '*d'une vérité extraordinaire*,' which is a favourite term of praise with him, we understand it to be the verity of *delusion* to which he alludes—the verity of Parris's smuggler looking out of the window, not of Hill's Calotypes. There can be no stronger proof of the absence of right feeling
for

for art in the present German public than the great admiration in which all these specimens of 'laborious idleness' are held.

We pass on still further. We go to the line where close imitation is legitimate, if it be legitimate anywhere: we mean among the painters of still life—of fruit, flowers, game, &c. There are not many in the Düsseldorf school, but what there are, are all of a piece with the rest. They paint apples with every speck, and leaves with every vein, and the table-cloth too with every check; for here again it is a mere inventory, and all is equally noted down. We have nothing of the animating and beautifying spirit of our own living master in this department (though by no means confined to it), Mr. Lance. The change of subject has made no difference, and could not; for the rules of art apply equally to every walk in it. As Lessing says in his *Laocoon*, when speaking of mean and common subjects, 'Enough that by dint of truth, and manner of expression, what is ugly in nature becomes what is beautiful in art.' Teniers has given us the beauty of pots and pans in many a tinker's heap in the corner; Titian, the beauty of ugliness in his old nurse; Hogarth, that of vacancy in the morning scene of his *Marriage à la Mode*. Everything may be made beautiful, from the highest to the lowest, for everything has a spirit as well as a letter; but the Düsseldorf painters have chosen only the letter, and '*the letter killeth*.'

It is impossible to stand before such pictures without speculating in some way upon the moral causes for such coincidence of error. Is it because they see no better pictures than their own? Is it because the very love of labour, so native to Germans, is their snare? Or because common sense, which carries one half-way up everything, is rarer in Germany than elsewhere? Without doubt some of the causes lie here; but the most important we are inclined to attribute both to the absence of influence and to the bad influence of the upper schools. In old times the practical and mechanical principles of painting were first applied to the highest subjects, and so descended gradually to the lowest, which was right reason and sense; for what gave unity and breadth, and preserved the leading idea most conspicuous in the one, was applicable equally to the other. But we find now that the present religious and historical painters in Germany, having, as we have shown, confined themselves to the two extremes of the pencil-drawing and the fresco, have never themselves developed the real practical rules of art. To their humble brethren, therefore, they have afforded no help, or rather, they have afforded the reverse. For it is impossible, in the want of unity, breadth and *chiaro oscuro*, and in the laboured execution

of the oil-painters, not to recognise the mechanical joining of detached parts—the heavy, opaque shadows—the hatchings and frequent retouchings of the same colour, inseparable from the line of fresco. But there is yet a deeper reason which, to our view, includes all those already mentioned, and which must be obvious to any one who may have studied the subject—we mean that imitative tendency so strongly seen in these higher schools. Whether *this* be attributable to the example of the original revivers, or to some property inherent in the German character, matters but little to the question. The *fact* is, that as the religious and historical painters have only *imitated* a certain type, so the landscape and subject painters have only *imitated* Nature.

So much for the general reasons to account for these strange Düsseldorf mistakes. At the same time there is no doubt but that the most direct one will be found in the system of bad teaching to which the school is subjected. We turn, therefore, to Schadow, the Director of the Academy. Count Raczynski dwells with warmth, and, we doubt not, with equal justice, upon the eminent Christian virtues of Mr. Schadow. And, though recognising no necessary connexion between the artist and the man, yet we are willing in this instance to follow the Count's lead, and not separate them. For though Mr. Schadow's own productions are the exaggerated models of the general manner of the artists we have described, and, in point of talent, far below them, yet these are only the standards to judge him by, not others. There has been many an admirable teacher who could never practise what he taught. It is, therefore, his system of teaching that must bear the blame, and of this there is all-sufficient specimen in the '*Pensées sur l'éducation d'un peintre, par Guillaume Schadow*,' contained in M. Raczynski's volume on Düsseldorf. If any one should wish for an infallible receipt for Düsseldorf painting in any part of the world, we should simply recommend the strictest adherence to the rules laid down in the '*Pensées*.' Thus, after conducting the student from straight lines to curved, and so on to geometrical figures, with a mechanical pedantry which it would require very uncommon abilities to survive, he comes to the all-important article in Düsseldorf composition, viz. the *draperies*:—

'Pour l'étude des draperies, je recommande ce qui suit: le maître doit commencer par draper un automate, et, autant que possible, alternativement avec des étoffes différentes. L'élève en fait un dessin complet et détaillé, en portant son attention sur les lois d'après lesquelles se forment les plis, et sur les *particularités spéciales à chaque étoffe*.'—vol. i. p. 275.

Again,

Again, as the lay figure used on such occasions is probably smaller than nature, he urges that it should only be called in for draperies, 'pourvu que l'on emploie alors des étoffes un *peu plus fines* que celles qui doivent être représentées.'—p. 278.

Magnifying and minifying glasses we should suggest as an improvement upon the '*Pensées*;' to swell sarcenet into satin, or reduce sheeting to cambric, as occasion might require. But what would Sir Joshua say to such rules, with his injunction, 'It should be drapery—it should be nothing more'?

Under such a system of instruction it is easy, or rather not easy, to conceive the depths of the tea-tray and sign-post exhibited in the productions of the so-called 'second-class' artists in this part of the world—a very numerous body, who deal chiefly in landscapes and portraits. Justice, however, to Birmingham demands that the comparison should be restricted to the earlier stages of her art. Nor may the sign-post be taken without qualification; perhaps the style of heads usually seen above the mantel-piece in a country milliner's little back parlour, presents the fairest analogy with a 'second-class' Düsseldorf portrait.

Count Raczynski dwells with peculiar satisfaction upon the edifying spectacle of so many artists living together in peace and unity. In Düsseldorf, according to him, there is no envy, malice, or uncharitableness. From Schadow downwards to the lowest 'second-class' the artists present one unbroken line of Christian excellence. Two painters share one atelier. Four or five work together on one picture (we should have thought at least five hundred). Their manners are patriarchal—their pleasures simple. After the labour of the day is over, a walk, a pipe, a glass of beer, is all their recreation. They sit conversing together, '*sans aigreur et sans envie*,' their wives knitting by their sides.

'Combien une telle existence diffère de celle des peintres d'Italie au temps des Medicis—lorsqu'on voyait Titien travailler le couteau au côté—Giorgione s'armer d'une cuirasse pour peindre dans un lieu public—Borroccio mourir empoisonné—Le Dominique forcé de quitter Naples par suite des menaces de l'Espagnolet; et qu'on se rappelle la fin tragique de tant d'autres peintres—les haines et les passions de tant d'autres artistes!'—vol. ii. p. 129.

Too true! Monsieur le Comte!—and Michael Angelo's broken nose too, which you have forgotten!—but who painted the best?

Even, he adds, if they had no other motives for becoming first-rate geniuses, the love with which Schadow has inspired them would be enough. 'On peut être sûr que, ne fût-ce que par affection pour leur maître, tous feraient toujours de leur mieux.' How very amiable of them! and how very virtuous, too, of M.

Raczynski!

Raczynski! Upon us, we are ashamed to say, all this wonderful unanimity makes a less satisfactory impression. Contentions and heart-burnings are not necessarily the offspring of mediocrity. Even the sweet little picture of domestic happiness fails to touch us as it ought. We feel somewhat as Paley did when, on the Bishop of Durham's telling him that Mrs. Barrington and he had never differed for thirty years, the Archdeacon answered, '*Rayther flat, my Lord?*' Connubial felicity is, *nem. con.*, a most respectable thing, but somehow a small Düsseldorf *ménage* does not strike the imagination as particularly conducive to poetical inspirations. There is no exaggeration in all that M. Raczynski has said—four or five artists do work together on one picture like brethren, and nestle two together in one atelier like doves, and praise and admire indiscriminately all each other's performances like so many Magazine poetasters. They would do anything also to oblige their director, and prepare him all sorts of little surprises for his *jour de fête*, or his Christmas tree. It is true, too, that they make most excellent husbands; and that their wives knit them the best possible stockings in return; but if the Düsseldorf style of picture be the especial result of all these Christian virtues operating in conjunction with the arts, we must say, give us a little vice!

M. Raczynski calls this a '*vie d'artiste*.' We see nothing in it that does not apply equally to a '*vie d'artisan*'—honest, well-conducted artisans, who have each their set work, do not interfere with one another, and are sure of a good market—and that market the Art-Union. For it is on this line of patronage that Düsseldorf principally depends for existence.

We have not space to enter into the question of these associations, though it might be the more interesting to examine those in Germany, because thence all the other Art-Unions in the world have been derived. There they were established as early as 1792, and now amount to above thirty in number. There is no doubt that they are not without some beneficial results, especially in the attention and preservation they have secured to objects of ancient art; but, acting as they do, in such a community as Düsseldorf, there is no doubt also that they are chiefly a lottery for those who have no business with pictures, and a stimulus for those who have no business to paint. Here again, however, a virtuous plea is brought forward, quite new in the canons, whether of art or religion. These Art-Unions are such very benevolent things! There is many a poor artist, who, but for them, would never have a chance of selling a picture. Whoever, therefore, like ourselves, may have been puzzled to account for the extraordinary trash selected for purchase by the Art-Unions at the late exhibitions of Düsseldorf, Cologne, and Aix-la-Chapelle,

Chapelle, are now answered. It was all pure charity. Like M. Raczynski, they know how to distinguish amiable motives. The picture itself might be a failure, but then the painter has done his best to please Schadow.

One feature in these German Art-Unions is new to us, and deserves commendation. This consists in setting aside a portion of their funds for the undertaking of great public works. The Town Hall at Elberfeld, decorated with frescoes by Mücke; the great Crucifixion in the Franciscan Church at Düsseldorf by Sättegast, have been thus accomplished. The Town Hall at Frankfort is, we believe, also to be commenced from the same resources. For though the Rhine may be called the special home of modern oil painters, yet the fresco works now scattered on and near its banks are considerable both in number and merit. It is true, the four compartments in the Academical Hall of Bonn are pitiable failures, and portions of the great room at Heltorf, near Düsseldorf, fearful to behold;—yet the worst never descend to the ‘second class’ of oil and canvas doings, while the best comprise the only real excellence that we have seen in this part of the world.

Among the various conspicuous buildings in progress or nearly completed on the banks of the Rhine—some of them restorations no longer suited to modern use, such as Rheinstein—others erections in the worst possible taste, such as the Château at Rheineck—it must have given pleasure to many to observe one building in particular, the taste of which especially harmonises with the Rhine banks, and the use of which is applicable to all times. We mean the beautiful new church upon the Apollinaris Berg, close to Remagen:—its four delicate spires rising clean and taper in the first bloom of fresh-hewn stone against the round grey hills, and breaking with their long light lines the broad reflections in the river. This graceful and grateful object is the erection of the munificent Count Fürstenberg Stammheim, a great Roman Catholic landholder both here on the Rhine and in Westphalia, and the truly noble representative of one of the oldest families in this part of Germany. To most of our readers, however, he may be better known as the Count Fürstenberg at whose mansion in Bonn her Majesty was lately entertained at the inauguration of the Beethoven monument. In order to make the building worthy in every way of its destination, as well as to profit by a judicious opportunity for conferring patronage, the Count has engaged the services of four artists to adorn the interior with suitable frescoes, which are accordingly now in progress.

On entering the western door, therefore, the eye is met by
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that most picturesque of all effects—the combination of pure distinct Gothic forms with all the disorder of artistic activity. Rough wooden piles contrasting with delicate stone shafts; here a broad smooth expanse of wall, beautiful in its colourless colour, with a single female figure cast gracefully upon it; below a fragment of a distant landscape—not a line nor an indication, according to the necessary laws of fresco, to tell what is to connect them; there a similar space cloaked over with a huge sheet—beautiful, too, in its dirty tints and unstudied folds—a pair of vast wings rising solemnly from behind it; while between the steps and stages of the scaffolding we catch glimpses of mysterious figures, mitred heads, and seraphic faces—now the base of a priestly robe—now the fluttering of an azure garment—figures and scaffolding rising higher and higher, till, above them all, the golden stars of the roof look fixedly down from their deep blue ground.

Yet with all these signs of activity there is a staidness and silence and gloom perfectly in unison with the solemnity of the building. The artist himself is an atom in the undertaking he conducts; the work seems to proceed from unseen hands. All you hear is the dull grinding of the colours in the little chapter-house below, or the sepulchral whispers of those engaged in the task—both sounds too much in unison with the silence to break it;—or an attendant, in Russian-like blouse and long beard, crosses the saw-dusted space with noiseless steps—opens the western door—a ray of bright light pours in for a moment—it falls heavily on its hinges, and you are left to greater quiet and mystery than before.

Although far from completed, some portions of the work are sufficiently so to show the merits of the artists engaged, and the pre-eminent excellence of one of them. We mean Ernst Deger; whose Crucifixion on the end wall of the north transept is, we are inclined to think, the greatest religious painting that modern Germany has yet produced. It is the moment when the Saviour has just expired, before the side is pierced, while the grief of those around is apparently staid in the awe of watching the departing breath. The penitent thief is looking towards the Saviour with gratitude—the centurion is pointing at him in astonishment—the Magdalen is cast at the foot of the cross more in resignation than in despair—all show various expressions of the power of religion over the heart; but on the Virgin all eyes centre: she shows its whole power. Her attitude is a perfectly new conception; she is not struggling with her grief, or fainting under it, as has been a favourite idea with all painters from Pietro Cavallini in the Crypt at Assisi, to Correggio in our National Gallery. She has overcome it. She is gazing at the Son
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with uplifted face and clasped hands. There is no agony nor ecstasy in her expression;—there is only entire trust. The mother of the Saviour is the first whose weakness is made perfect in His strength. The thought has boundless beauty; it embraces the whole compass of affliction and of support—for if her grief could look steadily at the Cross, whose may not?

The most entire unity reigns throughout this grand picture. The centurion's figure is one of the finest action: the penitent thief's that of ineffable grace—he looks as if rising from the Cross. His companion has impenitence in every rigid limb, but the face is wisely averted.

Two other modern Crucifixions we know—Cornelius's at Munich, and Sättegast's, already mentioned, at Düsseldorf. Cornelius's is one of action and bustle—every possible incident crammed together, without regard even to historical accuracy. The Virgin is fainting—the centurion pointing—the soldiers casting lots—the spear is going up on one side—the sponge on the other. He has not suited his powers to the subject, but made the subject suit them. Rubens did the same, it is true, in the same subject; but, then, what were not Rubens' powers? Sättegast's can still less be compared, for the very good reason that it is a mere plagiarism from Deger in all the principal parts.

Deger is by no means a stranger to the English public, though his name may not convey any immediate association. The beautiful Madonna standing on clouds supporting the child, who gazes full into the world with outstretched arms, is well known among us in a small print form. This is Deger's; the original is over the altar in the south aisle of the Church of the Jesuits at Düsseldorf, and proves at once that Deger can do what no other German of the day has attained, viz. paint both in oils and fresco. This is a most exquisite picture, and, like his Crucifixion, addresses itself especially to the feelings. The action of the child is inexpressibly persuasive; that peculiar gaze also which looks at you and beyond you, and which has never been given except in the Sistine Madonna. But that awful babe compels your belief—this plaintive child entreats your love.

The performances of his brother artists, the two Müllers and Itterbach, have also much promise of beauty. One of the Müllers has finished four compartments of single figures—Saint Conrad, Saint Hubert, Saint Elizabeth, and Saint Walpurgis, with admirable grace. And Itterbach has painted the four Evangelists and Saint Apollinaris at the altar end with great grandeur and meaning. These four artists are all working singly and independently; they have no inferior artists as assistants under them. This recalls to us the opinion of Mr. Eastlake, given before the

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Select Committee on Fine Arts in 1841, when stating the necessity, in a series of frescoes designed for the same gallery or apartment, for all the artists engaged to work under one head; he also doubts whether such a proceeding be feasible in England. We doubt the same, and wish it less; and should rather recommend to the Committee the Church of St. Apollinaris as a precedent, than those series of historical and religious frescoes at Munich and elsewhere, which bear far more the stamp of the manner than of the excellence of the one head to which the many hands have submitted. As long as we have no Michael Angelo or Raphael in the world, it is far more presumptuous than praiseworthy to follow modes of proceeding which only their genius rendered efficacious. On this account the rumour of a schism between the older and younger members of the academy at Munich may be heard with considerable satisfaction, as a harbinger of what they most need—more originality.

ART. II.—*The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains.* By Roderick Impey Murchison, F.R.S., Correspondent of the Royal Institute of France, &c. &c.; Edouard de Verneuil, V.P.G.S. Fr., and Hon. M.G.S. Lond.; and Count Alexander von Keyserling, &c. London. 2 vols. 4to. 1845.

THIS monster publication may be characterized in more senses than one as the *opus magnum* of geology. It consists of two enormous quartos, the first of 764 pages, with two coloured maps, plates of sections, and near one hundred other illustrations on the geological structure of European Russia and the contem- minous districts, by Sir Roderick Murchison; * the second of 548 pages

* Since these volumes were printed Mr. Murchison became by Imperial Ukase an effective Member of the Royal Academy of St. Petersburg, with the rank in the Russian service attached to that position. His own sovereign, in consequence of this recognition of him as employed actually in the service of her friendly ally, could, without any departure from established and perhaps very necessary rules, grant Mr. Murchison permission to wear the cross of St. Anne, 2nd class, in diamonds, bestowed on him by the Emperor in 1841, and the grand cross of St. Stanislaus given on the presentation of the book in 1845. Her Majesty did so accordingly; and she was pleased at the same time to confer the honour of British knighthood on one whose application of British science to a vast foreign field had so well deserved those previous marks of external favour. We hear of a general murmur in the scientific world that a baronetcy might have been offered upon this occasion: but it should be remembered by the *savans* that during the present government no hereditary honour whatever has been conferred, except a very few for military or diplomatic services of great moment; and that, with all the attendant circumstances, the knighthood of Sir R. Murchison comes

pages and seventy plates of organic remains, on the palæontology of the same countries, chiefly contributed by his French ally M. de Verneuil.

The feeble energies and slight library tables of us poor reviewers of the nineteenth century may indeed shrink and fail beneath the appalling mass. But we should be content to gird ourselves to our task; for the importance of the work more than rivals its gigantic bulk. It embraces the physical geography, the mineral structure, and the history of the ancient organized beings of nearly two-thirds of Europe; and the information thus communicated for the first time to the scientific public will enable them to form more complete and just views on all the geological relations of this vast portion of our continent than we could possibly have obtained concerning our own little island alone when the 'Quarterly Review' had reached its twentieth volume.

It is agreeable to our national pride to find the original conception and principal share in the execution of this grand design for the completion of European geology due to a distinguished member of the English school; and while we rejoice in the example here afforded to us of the zealous and effective co-operation of eminent naturalists of France and Courland, we may rest for a moment on the causes which have enabled our own country to take so decided a lead in the progress of geology as, we are certain, will be candidly accorded to it by our continental brethren. In our small island all the great groups of rock formations—all save *one*—are displayed with a compact completeness which we elsewhere should seek for in vain over a space of ten-fold the same extent; indeed the southern half of England alone, if cut off by a parallel from the Wash to Cardigan Bay, exhibits in the most striking manner the whole series, if we except the gneiss and mica slate of our highlands. And the numerous sections of verification, which exhibit at once to the eye the true positions and relations of the various members of all these formations, in the cliffs of our coast, afford a most important additional advantage unknown of course to any inland country. Even France, which in this and other respects most nearly approaches us, is very far from rivalling the double section of our series from the tertiary to the transition order, presented by the north-eastern coast from Flamborough Head to Berwick, as compared with the south-western line from the Isle of Wight to Torbay.

Such are our physical advantages. Nor must we forget the moral and social causes which concur in giving peculiar facilities

comes by no means under the category of what a legal wit has laughed at as 'knight-hood *au naturel*.' We ought to mention that the Emperor Nicholas gave the cross of St. Anne also to M. de Verneuil in 1841.

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to the cultivation of pursuits which imply extensive and expensive journeys. In other countries it is comparatively rare to meet with independent gentlemen devoting their time and means to the advancement of any science, unless stimulated by the call of some official station which should require and requite such exertions. But with us many ride these hobbies with as flowing a rein as any other steeds. This has been strikingly exemplified in the investigations of Russian geology; for the Hon. Henry Fox Strangways was at once the earliest and most efficient precursor of Murchison in exploring the Baltic provinces; and Sir Roderick himself has reformed the sword of the old Peninsular soldier into the hammer of the geologist—having, in urging his hunter over the wide enclosures and stiff fences of Sedgefield, Raby, and Melton Mowbray, acquired the activity which has sped his *tarantass* and six so many hundred miles across the steppes.

Since his earliest communication to the Geological Transactions in 1827, he has presented to the public more than seventy memoirs on the various departments of this extensive field, and on the sister science, Geography; but his principal attention has, during the last fifteen years, been devoted to the full illustration of the lower groups of the fossiliferous deposits, which before had been confusedly thrown together and very imperfectly described under the general name of transition limestones and slates. These were by him first distinctly classified into well-marked subdivisions, amounting altogether to more than 8000 feet in thickness; nor, having already reviewed his 'Silurian System' (1839), need we now recur to the importance of the classification and clear details therein first given of the phenomena connected with the earliest developments of organic life preserved in the strata of our planet so far as they are yet known. Geological investigation may at the present time be considered as having fully exhausted Europe and the greater part of America; and the general uniformity of the geological series in all the various regions hitherto explored, extending as they do over a full third of both the Eastern and Western hemispheres, reduces to a very low degree of probability the anticipation that we shall hereafter discover any new and important term of that series.

Ever since the publication of 1839, the importance of the strata therein first fully and accurately described has been rendered more and more manifest by our growing acquaintance with the enormous spaces which they occupy on the surface of the globe. In North America alone, as Mr. Lyell informs us, they form a zone surrounding its vast coal-fields on the west of the Alleghany mountains, and over the valley of the Mississippi, extending for 1000 miles from Kentucky to the extreme Arctic coast,

coast, and beyond this to the 'Ultima Thule' of Melville Island. In South America M. Alcide d'Orbigny has traced the same formations through many degrees of latitude ; while on the continent of Europe we have long known them under the old name of transition limestones, as occupying the Ardennes, the neighbourhood of Prague, and the southern coast of the Gulf of Finland. To follow them out in Northern Europe appears to have been the first inducement which attracted Sir R. Murchison to the coasts of Russia. Fortunately, however, for the progress of geology, he did not thus limit his researches, but carried them through all the formations of that mighty empire and the adjacent countries.

He had formerly extended his acquaintance with the general types of the oldest fossiliferous series, beyond the limits of our own island, by a careful comparative survey of the Rhenish provinces. In this he was accompanied by his old companion in the Highlands and the Eastern Alps, Professor Sedgwick, and by M. de Verneuil. By the profit he then derived from the accurate and minute knowledge of the latter on the specific distinctions of the ancient mollusca, he was induced to invite him to join in his projected visit to Russia, and to contribute the palæontological department to the work which should record the results of the new investigation.

'To invade Russia, however,' says he, 'as unassisted geologists, with mere hammers and compasses, would have proved but a fruitless mission, had not the countenance of the Imperial Government been obtained. This was secured through the friendly intervention of Baron de Brunow, his Imperial Majesty's representative at the Court of St. James's, who exhibited a generous feeling for the advancement of science, and strongly recommended the undertaking to the protection of his sovereign.'

The summers of 1840 and 1841 were spent in diligent travelling. The whole survey was carried out under the especial orders and protection of the Emperor ; and the friends were fully accredited to the governors and chief officers of the provinces they traversed as being, *pro hac vice*, in the Russian service. They speak in the warmest terms of the support which they uniformly experienced from his Imperial Majesty's enlightened minister the Count de Cancrine. the very able chief of the état major of the mines, Lieut.-General Tcheffkine, and that good geographer and geologist, Colonel Helmersen. The personal kindness of the Emperor to our own countryman was, we can add, on numberless occasions displayed in the most striking manner. No man of science, we venture to say, has in modern times received marks of greater favour and confidence from a great sovereign.

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Still, our geologists, though their book was already advancing through the press, could not rest satisfied without new expeditions. In 1843 Keyserling undertook, accompanied by Lieutenant Krusenstern, the survey of the north-eastern wilds, inhabited only by Samoyedes and Zyrians, and defined the previously unknown Timan range; while Murchison explored Poland, the Carpathian Mountains, and those eastern parts of Germany which appear upon his map. Lastly, in 1844, Sir Roderick travelled through extensive districts of Norway and Sweden, which afforded, as we shall presently see, the most important results.

One great object, it appears, which he had in view in testing the value and applicability of his new classification of the older sedimentary deposits over a vastly larger region than any previously examined, was to ascertain if the origin of animal life in the crust of the globe could there be clearly defined, and if so, to what extent the succession of subsequent and different types of beings was also there exhibited. Knowing that the enormous area he was about to explore was singularly void of all eruptive and volcanic rocks, it was for that very reason he presumed that he might there be able to read off the pages of the most ancient chronicles of Mother Earth in nearly an unruffled condition. He says:—

‘Bounded on the north by a vast country occupied by crystalline rocks, and surrounded on other sides by the mountains of the Ural, the Caucasus, and the Carpathians, Russia in Europe may be viewed as a spacious low undulating region which opens out into the great depression of the Caspian Sea on the south-east, and to the flat countries of Northern Germany on the west.’

After an allusion to the total absence of *mountains* throughout this great basin, and the lowness of its watersheds, including the Valdai Hills—the noble rivers of Russia are dwelt upon, as constituting her dominant physical features; and whilst it is stated that an acquaintance with their low dividing barriers enabled Peter the Great to unite these streams by canals, and ‘thus to secure to his country important commercial advantages and much internal power,’ so is it shown how they have served to reveal to the geologist the true nature of the subsoil.

‘In other countries the upper lands often expose stony masses which emerge from beneath the soil as separate or continuous rocks, and afford the knowledge the geologist requires; but here the round-backed plateau and loftiest elevation are so loaded with detritus of sand, clay, and far-transported blocks, that inspection of the concealed strata can seldom be obtained, except in the deep ravines which are daily forming on the sides of the valleys, or on the banks of rivers, where the subsoil is laid bare by denudations. The water-courses are, therefore, as truly the keys of the internal structure and mineral wealth of Russia as they are the sinews of her commercial intercourse.’—vol. i. p. 22.

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The northern portion of this huge region to the south of the primordial and crystalline rocks is occupied, as we proceed southwards, by Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous deposits—the two last-mentioned formations occupying tracts infinitely larger than the British Isles, whilst to the east they are succeeded by another still more widely-spread accumulation, the Permian, which, ranging from the Asiatic steppes in 52° N. lat. to the icy sea, and from the banks of the Volga to the Ural mountains, occupies a trough of more than twice the dimensions of France! All the deposits above named belong to the great Palæozoic or earliest division of the geological series; but besides these, the surface of broad tracts is occupied by shales and sands containing an entirely other order of animal remains, and belonging to the Oxfordian beds of the Jurassic or Oolitic group of the secondary rocks. With the exception of one carboniferous district between the Don and the Dnieper (the only one in Russia which contains coal worthy of notice), all the southern portion of the empire is occupied at rare intervals by Jurassic beds (also Oxfordian), by large breadths of chalk and other strata of that age, and by very extensive tertiary accumulations—which are only closed on the south-west and south by the Carpathians, the Balkan, and the Caucasus—and which, extending to the south-east by the seas of Azof, the Caspian, the Aral, trend away into the inhospitable steppes beyond Chiva, and are probably only terminated by the mountains of Bokhara and Chinese Tartary.

If one leading object of the work be to develop with clearness the whole history of sedimentary succession from the dawn of creation to an epoch immediately anterior to the historical æra, another is to demonstrate how the deposits which in their virgin and unaltered state throughout the vast low region consist of slightly coherent sands, clays, and marls, are in the Ural mountains broken, elevated—and metamorphosed into talcose, micaceous, and chloritic schists and crystalline limestones, where they approach the igneous and eruptive axis of that chain.

In the endeavour to lay before our readers the more important points of the details now collected concerning the local history of these various formations, our fondness for methodical arrangement would naturally induce us to comply with the precept of our friend Rabelais, ‘commencez par le commencement s’il vous plaît;’ but this is in these days by no means so easy a task as it appeared in the *good olden* time of *infant* geology, *thirty long years ago*. Then we should unhesitatingly have described the granitic axes of our mountain chain, with the gneiss and mica slate into which they graduated by an easy transition, as the first and foremost terms of the whole series, *των παλαιωτατων παλαιωτερα*; but

but a change soon came over the spirit of our dream. The views first proposed by Hutton as to this igneous origin and eruptive or intrusive position of granite, though long scouted by the prevailing Wernerian school as extravagant heresies, ultimately became the established and orthodox faith of all catholic geologists; and this principally through the masterly re-examination by Dr. Macculloch of the same Highland districts which had suggested them originally. It was in the process of inquiry demonstrated, that in many instances eruptive volumes of granite had been protruded subsequently to the consolidation of the oolites and cretacea, and even late in the tertiary period; and beds of lias and lias shale, and even of more modern chalk, were shown to have been converted by the agency of these igneous masses into the saccharine marble once called primitive, and into mica slate; and this often in the very heart of the central axes of our mightiest mountain chains. M. Brochant, one of the first engineers who questioned the rights of primogeniture of those supposed legitimate monarchs of the globe, was modestly content to depose them only to the transition rank; and his countryman, D'Aubuisson, tells us—'*Il ne s'arrête que devant le Mont Blanc et les grandes Alpes, retenu par un reste de considération pour leur ancienne prérogative de primordialité, et par cette élévation qui les place en premier rang parmi les montagnes de l'Europe;*' but his successors, such merciless revolutionists as Elie de Beaumont, knew no such touch of pity or of shame; they pursued the work of degradation without scruple or remorse; they dragged forth liassic belemnites from the several recesses of the pretended primitive mica and chlorite slate, and demonstrated that the principal Alpine elevations took place in the tertiary epoch. The same recent origin has been proved for the Pyrenees by M. Dufrenoy, and for the Caucasus by M. Dubois de Montpereux. Fully admitting, however, the truth and importance of all these discoveries, we must still maintain that large districts of granitic and gneissose rocks have been restored by the present work, with demonstrative evidence, to their rightful dignity as the most ancient known portions of the earth's crust, and the fundamental base on which the earliest fossiliferous or protozoic deposits repose. We shall, therefore, on the present occasion, fearlessly follow Sir Roderick in beginning with these rocks, to which, from their priority to the deposits containing organic remains, he has assigned the title *azoic*.

This term he uses as synonymous with prozoic—*i.e.* before any known traces of animal life; expressing simply the actual fact, and without presuming to dogmatise, or to assert that nothing organic could then have existed. Under this denomination he includes

includes all the crystalline and slaty masses belonging to the ancient group of gneiss, together with the ancient granitic and Plutonic rocks by which they have been invaded. He does not appear to believe it practicable to lay down any universally distinctive mineral character by which we may be able at once to discriminate with certainty between these prozoic igneous rocks and more recent eruptive and metamorphised groups. Although he concurs with Dr. Macculloch in considering the syenitic character (such as is shown in our Malvern and Mount Sorrell) as prevailing in the latter case, yet he admits the occasional existence of true granite as an intrusive rock of more modern date; but he grounds his distinction on the local fact of position, as actually ascertained. And on this evidence he pronounces the conclusion in favour of the antiquity of the Scandinavian gneiss. This consists of generally contorted laminæ of felspar, quartz, mica, and hornblende; it much resembles the same rock in our own Grampian mountains, and is in like manner penetrated by innumerable veins of a rose-coloured granite. In valleys and plateaus lying between the gneiss we now and then find local deposits of Silurian strata, which have been in their turn invaded by granites, porphyries, greenstone, and trappean rocks of a later era. We consider that important inferences may be deduced from this combination of igneous rocks of different ages in the same geographical site, to which we shall hereafter return. The junctions of these palæozoic districts with the subjacent gneiss, occasionally sustain his views: for he has given us sections in which we observe the fucoid sandstone and shales, the constant lowest term of the northern fossiliferous series, reposing unconformably on the truncated edges of elevated gneissose beds, or separated by strata of a recomposed rock derived from fragments of the gneiss itself. Mr. Lyell also, in his recent *Travels in America*,* has recorded a similar instance, where a palæozoic sandstone called that of Potsdam (the recognised fossiliferous bed of the group answering to the lowest Silurian) reposes, unconformably, near the banks of the St. Lawrence in Canada, on the neighbouring gneiss, and includes enormous boulders, appa-

* Mr. Lyell's two thin octavos form one of the most interesting works we have lately read. They contain a *résumé*, equally clear and condensed, of all that is known of the geology of North America; but though more than half his pages are dedicated to the science he has so materially advanced, he has shown himself by no means an inattentive observer on subjects of more general interest. Some of his more discursive speculations on national institutions may probably be our text for an early article; passages from which, if we had not long ago been aware of his *penchant* for the more recent formations, we might have illnaturedly inferred that their writer already meditated a second visit to the great Pleiocene Republic. The whole book is full of acute thought, and it is very elegantly written: indeed, as to the merits of style he is *facile princeps* among our geologists.

rently derived from that subjacent rock, often measuring eight feet in length. The inference appears irresistible, that the lowest fossiliferous strata recognised in Europe and America are far younger than the gneiss of Scandinavia and Canada.

Mr. Lyell, indeed, appears to shrink from general conclusions like these, as proceeding on an induction hitherto insufficient, and argues that fossiliferous beds still more ancient than this gneiss *may* be hereafter discovered in some terra incognita. But we have already observed, that an induction which has exhausted all Europe and half America, and which establishes, so far as it has gone, a general uniformity, is in our minds quite sufficient to overbalance the mere *gratuitous supposition* of an improbable novelty. The fact is, that the objection proceeds from the prejudices of a school delighted with the contemplation of an infinite series of recurring revolutions in geology, without the trace of a beginning or the prospect of an end. But deeply as we respect the profound learning of Ephraim Jenkinson on the cosmogony or creation of the world, we cannot entirely adopt *αναρχον αρα και ατελευταιον το παν* as the fundamental maxim of our philosophy; and all the phenomena of geology, and especially of its palæontological department, appear to us to present not a *recurrent series of similar terms*, but a *succession of entirely novel groups*, each increasing by the accession of new species and genera. So that if we look retrospectively from the most recent to the earliest groups (as exhibited in the table attached to our authors' new geological map of Russia), we really have a *series* converging towards zero by the abstraction of one order of animated nature after another.

So far all is clear; but if we advance our discussions to the comparative antiquity and relations of rocks of the granitic class, they may probably appear flat and unprofitable, unless we view the subject in its largest extent, as connected with the most important and fundamental points of geological theory. We shall venture, therefore, on the frank avowal that every renewed application to the leading problem of geological dynamics has more and more convinced us, that the most probable solution is afforded by the hypothesis of the general igneous fluidity of the nucleus of our planet; and that the igneous rocks, of whatever age, must be regarded as merely successive eruptions from one and the same central reservoir. We shall at present only be able to produce the arguments in the very briefest manner; but we trust that this will be sufficient for our purpose:—

1. The original and general fluidity of the mass of our planet appears to be demonstrated by its form as a spheroid of rotation.
2. The increasing temperature at increasing depths below the
earth's

earth's surface—(about 7 degrees of Fahrenheit for every 100 feet we descend)—indicates igneous fusion as the probable cause of this original fluidity of our nucleus, and infers its continuance even to the present day.

We can, from existing phenomena, prove that our present continents were formed beneath the ocean. The great geological problem of the relative change of level between their present elevation and this ocean beneath which they were cradled, must be considered together with the proofs that this change was effected by mechanical violence. We need scarcely say that these proofs are to be found in the *disturbances of the strata*. These facts, thus established, will fully prove the further conclusion that the strata forming the crust of the earth must have rested on an unstable and fluid basis in order to become capable of such movement. Some have argued, indeed, that the latter phenomena might be sufficiently explained by supposing that various portions of the deep substrata have become fluid at different times from volcanic or other causes, acting in some unexplained inexplicable manner, and therefore will not demonstratively prove that the entire nucleus of the globe was ever universally fluid at one and the same time; but of our two former arguments, the first necessarily supposes, and the second necessarily infers, this universal and contemporaneous fluidity;—and we need not surely pause to remark on the awkward complication and numerous inconsistencies which must ever attend any attempt to explain general phenomena by partial causes.

These great theoretical principles appear to us to rest on the very highest probable evidence. To proceed to their application and to the explanation of the actual phenomena:—we consider the lowest granitic rocks of Scandinavia and Canada as the cooled-down masses of the universal igneous basis. The crust of gneiss appears to us to have been most probably the first product resulting from the gradual refrigeration of these masses. The detrital sedimentary rocks which have been observed in Scandinavia and Canada, intervening between the gneiss and lowest Silurian beds, appear to us equally in accordance with the very next steps of the process which we should infer from our theoretical views. For these would very naturally lead us to the conclusion, that the refrigeration which formed the earliest crust upon the fluid granite would in due time have proceeded far enough to allow the consolidation of the circumambient igneous vapours in the form of water, into which that crust was thrown by the undulations of the still fluid granite below; these undulations would have acted with great force on so comparatively thin a crust, and have produced continual disruptions and upheavings, from which violent collisions

of its masses against the agitated rocks, and a proportional detrital action, must have ensued.

In process of time, when the conditions permitted the development of animal life, we believe that those specific forms which constitute the earliest Silurian Fauna, or rather Nereis, which were adapted to the existing conditions, were called into existence by the Intelligence that brooded over and controlled the whole:—an element which we would never exclude from any of our systems, and which the whole argument and concluding paragraphs of our authors fully sustain. Coral reefs then extended their ever growing masses; and shells of innumerable brachiopoda, together with the many-jointed skeletons of encrinites lodged among these, and laid the foundation of the vast series of calcareous rocks—in the progressive accumulation of which various causes appear to have co-operated.*

During the successive growth of numerous formations partly derived from such organic exuviae and partly from the detritus of more ancient rocks, we conceive the granitic nucleus to have continued its undulations, in one place and time upheaving the strata from their parent ocean into the atmosphere, where they became islands covered with forests of sigillaria and lepidodendra, and at another again submerging them, to form the base of fresh coral reefs, and to be covered by the debris of their own ruins, worn down by the violent currents attendant upon such convulsions.

The repeated recurrence of such geological causes will sufficiently account for the production of the whole series of rock formations with which we are acquainted.

Throughout the whole process, and at every stage, the undulations of the fused nucleus continued to shatter the growing crust which vibrated on its surface; and as the incumbent masses shrunk under gradual refrigeration, the pressure thus occasioned must have operated as an additional force to protrude streams and dykes of eruptive granitoid lava from the great central reservoir.

Such, then, we regard as the true relations of the older azoic granite and the more recent igneous rocks. We believe them to be *ejusdem sedis* though not *ejusdem temporis*, successive eruptions from one and the same great central cauldron; and the authors clearly indicate the same, not only in words—but by the application in their maps of different tints of the same colour to rocks of

* Recent discoveries render it probable that the calcareous strata owe much of their mass to aggregated myriads of microscopic foraminifera; but since animals can only secrete what is already pre-existent in surrounding nature, we should not attribute calcareous formations to such causes; the circumambient ocean, which furnished the lime to these organic beings, may be supposed with equal probability to have yielded it directly to the rocks themselves.

the same class emitted at *successive periods*. Thus, besides what is given in the chapters on Scandinavia, we find the successive eruptions of the Ural Mountains traced out with graphic clearness. These eruptions would, under varying conditions, assume various modifications of character, occasionally retaining the true granitic type, occasionally passing into all the varieties of the trappean family. The metamorphic effects produced in the rocks traversed by these molten injections must in like manner have been diversified by the different circumstances of each individual case. When the eruptions were limited and temporary they would be confined within a few feet of the immediate contact of the volcanic dyke; but where the igneous mass was more extensive, and its influence more chronic, vast districts of sedimentary rocks may have been made to assume an entirely new and more crystalline character by a species of partial and imperfect fusion, enabling their portions to re-arrange themselves; and when we remember to what an extent our sedimentary sandstones and shales appear to have been derived from the detritus of more ancient granitoid and schistose rocks, we cannot be surprised that such a process should in many instances re-produce this original character.

The maps and sections, as well as the descriptions and conclusions of this work, afford strong corroborative evidence in favour of the views here advanced with regard to the continuity of the original seat of all these eruptive rocks. For if we examine the great north-western bordering chains of Scandinavia, we shall find them composed of granite and mica slate of the most incontrovertible antiquity; yet they are very commonly traversed by protruding masses of the more modern eruptive rocks; and the same fact is equally notorious with regard to Canada, our own Highlands, and other districts of the same geological age. In these cases, then, it cannot be denied that the most recent of these igneous formations must have had their source from abysses in the great central 'patria' of their most ancient precursors.

In the long line of the Ural chain, as well as in the environs of Christiana, in Norway, Sir R. Murchison has indeed proved the granitoid rocks to have been erupted at various periods; the highest range of the former having been thrown up at a date certainly subsequent to the formation of our lower new red sandstone. Yet as all these have burst up through the Silurian strata, it is evident that they must all have issued forth from a source inferior in position to the lowest known fossiliferous rocks. One passage on this point will give a clear idea of the distinction between the *azoic* and metamorphic rocks.

'If some persons be disposed to think, that certain of the Uralian crystalline rocks, particularly those which appear on various parallels
on

on the Asiatic side of the axis, may, like the azoic rocks of Sweden, have been formed during a period anterior to that to which the term palæozoic ought to be applied, we are at once at issue with them. The cases are, in truth, wholly dissimilar. In Scandinavia, there exist at intervals true *lower* Silurian rocks, containing a copious list of the organic remains belonging to the earliest ascertained æra of animal creation, which are there seen to repose *unconformably* upon crystalline stratified rocks of an entirely distinct character, and with completely discrepant lines of bearing—*anterior*, therefore, to the lowest known palæozoic sediments. In the Ural, on the contrary, though carboniferous, Devonian, and upper Silurian strata either succeed each other regularly, as on the western side, or appear in *oases* on the eastern, where they have been torn into fragments by bands of eruptive matter, it is at one or two spots only that any traces of lower Silurian beds can be detected. That such have existed, however, is proved by these very exceptions; and we therefore believe that, along the central crest, where igneous outbursts have been most intense, and where therefore the lowest sediments have been most upheaved, inverted and altered limestones, sandstones, and schists, which at one period may have resembled those of the lower Silurian of Sweden and of the government of St. Petersburg, have been converted into crystalline limestone, chloritic and micaceous schists, and quartz rocks. We draw this inference not only because the quartz rock and the chlorite schist are seen to graduate into and inclose subordinate calcareous masses, which still present traces of organic remains, but also because throughout the chain the whole series of rocks, from the most unaltered carboniferous deposits on the western flank to the most highly altered Silurians, as well as the crystalline metamorphic rocks of the axis, are all parallel to each other,—all so graduate into each other, and are, in short, so interlinked, that we can nowhere, as in Sweden, obtain a definite base-line which *exhibits the lowest stages of animal life as completely separated from an anterior state of things*. On the contrary, in the Ural Mountains, when we try to reach lower Silurian vestiges, the record is usually defaced, though the walls are still standing on which, according to the sequence in other countries, we ought to be able to decipher it.—vol. i. pp. 464, 465.

The same remark may be extended to the Balkan chain and to the Eastern Alps; and is, indeed, of very general application. In Auvergne we even find the lava of the most recently extinct volcanos to have been ejected from beneath a district of granite, itself certainly older than the coal formations. Now these are exactly the phenomena which would necessarily accompany successive eruptions from a great central reservoir.

From these observations on the fundamental and eruptive igneous rocks, we proceed to a rapid *résumé* of the leading results to be deduced from our authors' elaborate details of the great series of fossiliferous strata as developed in Eastern Europe.

These

These commence, as we have already stated, with a group sufficiently identified by its organic types with the Silurian formations of this island; the inferior beds, as exhibited in Scandinavia and the Baltic provinces of Russia, exhibit a rapidly decreasing number of remains, till at length all but fucoid sea-weeds vanish. This fact our authors insist on as in accordance with that which might naturally be expected to occur in the first terms of a series presenting *the very earliest indications of animal life*.

On the south coast of the Baltic the argillaceous character prevails, and the lowest bed is there well known as the blue clay of Petersburg. On both shores of the Baltic it is surmounted by a bed of grit, which is full of fragments of remarkable brachiopodal shells; namely, two species of orbicula, and one of a genus peculiar to those localities named *obolus*, or *ungulites*,* by Eichwald and Pander (the Russian palæontologists who first described the remains of this district). The beds which succeed these may be readily identified with the lower and upper Silurians of our own island; but we should premise that, as in the Baltic provinces, these beds very generally remain in their original position undisturbed and unaltered. Hence these Russian palæozoic rocks present, in picturesque features and mineral character, a contrast to their British equivalents as strongly marked as is the agreement in their respective organic remains.

‘Instead of the mountain masses to which he has been accustomed frequently in a subcrystalline condition and often highly distorted, for which the English geological explorer looks, he here sees before him very low undulating hills only, whilst ravines of little depth occasionally expose horizontal beds of soft clay, incoherent sandstone, and slightly consolidated limestone and shale;—the whole differing little in external aspect (in some instances not at all) from the tertiary and cretaceous rocks which are spread out around the estuaries of many parts of Europe.’—vol. i. p. 25.

The unguilite limestone is surmounted by a bituminous shale containing only some graptolite corallines, and a few other fossils resembling those of the Llandeilo flags. On this reposes a more considerable calcareous formation (called the *pleta* limestone) full of orthoceratites, trilobites, spirifers, and orthidæ characteristic of the lower Silurian strata, well represented by our own Caradoc and Llandeilo beds.

The district around St. Petersburg exhibits no higher Silurian strata than the above, which are restricted to its lower portion;

* ‘This shell’ (we are told, p. 36) ‘has its parallel in the similarly constituted horny shell, *lingula attenuata*, which is in some places copiously disseminated in our own lower Silurian rocks; and in America, where one of the very lowest fossil rocks is a sandstone, the analogy is still more striking.’

upon these the Devonian series immediately reposes, as may be seen in following its line of junction. If, however, we proceed from St. Petersburg as far westwards as the western limits of the province of Esthonia, we there find the pleta or orthoceratite limestone overlaid by another calcareous bed abounding in shells of the pentamerus, and exactly resembling in fossil contents and position the peculiar limestone characterized by the *Pentamerus laevis*, which, having been shown by Murchison to surmount his own Caradoc sandstone of the British Isles, is now found to mark a similar line of demarcation between the lower and upper Silurian groups of Norway, Russia, and America—a remarkable proof of the value of the British types which he established.

The latter or upper division is exactly represented in the Baltic islands of Dago, Oesel, and Gothland; the principal mass of these being proved to be an exact equivalent of our Wenlock limestone—distinguished by the abundance of the same species of corals, with which are associated the very same forms of brachiopoda and trilobites; the deposits containing these fossils are occasionally surmounted by another calcareous band, in which occur the very group of organic remains that characterizes the upper Ludlow rocks of the superior member of our own Silurian system; and these are similarly overlaid by the sandy tilestones which usually form the passage between them and our Devonian group.

‘In this comparison the identity of the upper Silurian groups of the Baltic and Great Britain is, indeed, almost surprising, for among seventy-four Scandinavian species upwards of sixty are common to the strata of this age in both countries, and of these from fifteen to sixteen species are also found in the upper Silurian rocks of America.’—p. 19.

With the exception of a very remarkable district near Christiana—in which Murchison was the first to discover an ascending succession through lower and upper Silurian deposits to the old red sandstone inclusive—thus obtaining the only key yet found which at once reveals the comparison of Scandinavia with the British Isles—these upper beds are entirely confined to the Baltic islands. He endeavours to explain this by supposing that the protrusion of the igneous rocks along the line of the Gulf of Finland had at an earlier period raised into dry land the sea-bottoms in which the lower Silurian beds had been deposited on both sides of the Baltic, and thus ‘put them beyond the influence of those marine conditions under which the islands of Gothland, Dago, and Oesel were subsequently formed in an ancient geological trough.’—p. 35.*

The specific identity, however, of which we have spoken as pre-

* A few instances of disrupted and undulating beds south of Petersburg are mentioned at p. 36 as rare exceptions to this general rule.

vailing between the English and Silurian formations and their Scandinavian equivalents is gradually diminished as we recede from the shores of the Baltic—although the generic types and the combinations and proportions of the various classes of remains continue quite sufficient throughout Russia to enable us to refer the rocks of this age not only to the Silurian series generally, but to the particular portions of that series, lower and upper, to which they belong; and the same remark may even be extended to the analogous formations of America, while yet the varieties of species introduced may convince us, that the same transitions of geographical distribution prevailed in the animal kingdom in this earliest organic age, which regulate it in the present period.

Our previous remarks have related to the Silurian rocks in the Baltic provinces. On the east, in the Ural chain, their picturesque features and mineralogical character are entirely the reverse of those we have been now describing—yet their fossils present sure signs for their recognition. They no longer constitute gently undulating plains occupied by horizontal, earthy, and loosely consolidated beds; but rising in highly inclined contorted beds—sometimes more than 5000 feet above the sea—as in the lofty crags of Mount Iremel, one of the principal summits of the chain—are completely metamorphosed by the influence of the igneous rocks which have upheaved them;—the strata passing into chlorite and mica slate, the sandy beds into quartz rock, and the calcareous strata into saccharine and crystalline marble. Yet while all around is thus changed in these densely wooded mountains, it is pleasing enough to notice the gratification of our author in discovering that he had not yet entirely parted company with his favourite geological formations:—

‘As soon as we reached the banks of the Is (lat. 59° N.) and emerged from the dark forest, we were rejoiced by the sight of our oldest fossil friends. The banks of this little river are, in fact, composed, for a considerable distance, of white limestone thickly tenanted by large pentameri, some trilobites and shells, which we hailed as true Silurians and worthy the very region of Caractacus. Remembering the pleasure with which we first cast our eyes over analogous beautiful forms of the Ludlow formation in England, we were *enchanted* when we discovered myriads of them undistinguishable from the *Pentamerus Knightii*, so that, seated on the grassy bank of the Is, we might for a moment have fancied ourselves in the meadows of the Lug at Aymestry.’—vol. i. p. 394.

Certainly, of all men, palæontologists ought most to cherish an enthusiasm for ‘Auld lang syne,’ and it is ‘quite refreshing’ in our dry pursuit to record so natural a burst of the feeling.

We cannot give a more complete or condensed *résumé* of Murchison’s

Murchison's survey of the Silurian masses of the Ural chain than in his own words :—

‘ They are there so powerfully metamorphosed, distorted, and intermingled with masses of igneous origin, that unless we had been previously well acquainted with them in countries where they are undisturbed, we never could have unravelled their complicated relations. Even there, however, we have been able to decipher, though obscurely, the same order from a lower to an upper group as in the Baltic regions, the latter being clearly succeeded on the flanks of the chain by a copious development of strata charged with Devonian fossils.’—vol. i. p. 39.

A few words on the Timan hills in the extreme north of Russia (whose highest summit does not exceed 1000 feet above the sea) must complete our brief survey of the oldest or Silurian fossiliferous rocks of Russia. This low chain which, from its proximity, may almost be considered a branch of the Ural range, presents at its north extremity on the glacial sea argillaceous and micaceous schists (probably metamorphosed lower Silurians), flanking a granitic mass, and traversed by greenstones. Other examples of these slates occur in the central portions of the chain. They are usually much dislocated and highly inclined, but are covered by less disturbed strata—distinctly marked by their fossils as belonging to the upper division of the Silurian system.*

Thus far we have indulged our geological vein in offering a few details concerning the most venerable of the deposits which contain traces of former life ; but were we thus to expatiate on all the succeeding groups of strata that present themselves in an ascending order, as the traveller proceeds from north to south over the vast low regions of Russia, or follows them through all their broken mazes in the Ural Mountains, we should expand this article beyond all decent limits, whilst we rendered it unintelligible, we fear, to the bulk of our readers. We will, therefore, endeavour to condense into two or three pages the results of the inquiry into the remainder of the sedimentary succession among the palæozoic and mezozoic strata, or, in ancient language, the transition and secondary rocks of Russia.

To the Silurian deposits succeeds a very extensive group, exactly representing the old red sandstone, or Devonian system of our island, and which, extending from the Valdai Hills to the White Sea in one direction, and from Courland to Orel and Voroneje in another, occupies a tract larger than the British Isles ! This great deposit, for the most part consisting of sands and marls, of red, green, and yellow colours, with some limestones, not only

* The detailed description of these Timan hills by their explorer, Count Keyserling, is to be given in a separate work.

contains many species of the fossil fishes of the Scottish old red sandstone (so well described by Agassiz), but also the shells of the dark limestones of Devonshire; and even exhibits these forms of the two classes of the animal kingdom imbedded in the very same strata—thus demonstrating in the clearest manner the identity in age of strata, which, although they offer such dissimilar fossil as well as stony characters in the British Isles, had even there been paralleled by our native geologists.* Throughout Russia and Scandinavia no vertebrata have been found beneath these Devonian strata; and though Sir R. Murchison had previously shown that a few and very peculiar fishes exist in the upper Silurian rocks of England, their absence in the equivalents of such rocks in the continent of Europe and in North America entitles our authors to consider the old red sandstone as the earliest great *piscina*: at all events, they positively assert that the copiously developed lower Silurian or *protozoic* rocks have nowhere afforded a glimpse of ichthyolites.

The Devonian system of Russia is overlaid by equally broad masses of limestones, to a great extent white as chalk, but which are charged with so many large producti and other shells, specifically the same as those of the carboniferous or mountain limestone of Western Europe, as to leave no doubt, notwithstanding lithological discrepancies, that the Muscovite deposits are of that age. In their wide range from the environs of Tula, Moscow, and the Valdai Hills to Archangel, these *carboniferous* limestones are indeed equally remarkable in containing scarcely any traces of carbonaceous matter worthy of the name of coal, which is represented (and that in a few places only) by two or three thin seams of a poor lignite; and as these rocks are not overlaid, as with us, by any equivalent whatever of the productive coal-fields in Western Europe, the ascertainment of this negative fact is, as we remarked in a former number, an emphatic hint to our Muscovite friends that they should ever foster a kindly alliance (as of old) with the country which, of all others in Europe, can best supply them with *black diamonds*. There is indeed one exception, and one only, in all European Russia, to the entire absence of good coal, and that is in the country watered by the river Donetz (chiefly peopled by Don Cossacks), and lying between the rivers Don and Dnieper. There certain beds of coal, of fair quality, are interstratified with the carboniferous limestone, as in Northumberland, Berwick, and the south of Scotland; and, however an able French engineer, M. le Play, employed by

* Sedgwick, Murchison, and Lonsdale.

M. Anatole Demidoff, may have told us that the whole of this district of Southern Russia does not more than rival that of one of our own smaller coal-fields, Sir R. Murchison makes a suggestion most important to Russia, viz., that the coal-seams which (along this line) skirt the Donetz on the south, and are so difficult to work from their dislocated condition, may hereafter be most advantageously pursued beneath the overlying chalk, which here occupies the northern bank of that river; in which case they may, he thinks, be found to extend in horizontal and unbroken masses.

In approaching the great north and south line of igneous eruption which constitutes the Ural chain, the Devonian and carboniferous rocks (which in Northern Russia are so little consolidated and so horizontal) are thrown up into hard and mural masses, through which the rivers escape from these mountains; and one of the striking lithographs which enliven the first volume represents a scene on the Tchussovaya, which might almost pass for a gorge of the Wye near Monmouth (p. 335).

In following these rocks into the dense forests of that chain, the geologist (laying before him the highly-finished and elaborate detailed map) will find in the text a full explanation of the manner in which these ancient strata have undergone dislocation, metamorphism, and mineralization, in proportion as they have been subjected to the invasion of eruptive matter; but, even amidst these sorely convulsed crystalline rocks he will be surprised to see how numerous little *oases* are laden with fossil shells, many of which are British species. Even at Cossatchi Datchi, on the Siberian flank of the chain, many fossils were discovered identical with well-known species of the British mountain-limestone. The recognition of these forms indeed conducted our authors through this Uralian labyrinth, and has enabled them to present to the public the first geological map of that highly diversified rocky region so famous for its masses of magnetic iron, its copper and malachite, and its gold and platinum.

Whilst, however, we pass thus rapidly over the great natural groups into which the subsoil of Russia has been divided, we must say a few words on the Permian system (the next group above the carboniferous), because its establishment seems to us to be of considerable importance in general classification.

The system named Permian is imperfectly and partially exhibited in the British Isles in the beds called lower red sandstone, magnesian limestone, and dolomitic conglomerate; but in Germany it is more copiously developed in the rocks which bear the hard names of *Rothe-todte-liegende*, *Weiss-liegende*, *Kupfer-schiefer*, and *Zechstein*. Finding that certain marls,

marls, sands, and limestones, containing the fossil shells of this group, with the addition of many plants, occupied an enormous basin in the eastern portion of European Russia, extending from the Icy Sea to the steppes south of Orenburg, and from the Volga to the Ural Mountains (an area twice as large as the kingdom of France); and further noting that their imbedded forms connected them with the older rocks beneath, and distinctly separated them from those above—Sir Roderick applied to them the name of Permian, derived from the ancient kingdom around which these deposits had been accumulated. A general term was thus introduced to characterize a group hitherto without one, and which by the palæontological labours of his associates he was enabled to show constituted the true termination, in the history of the earth, of all those formations which could be included in the palæozoic series. Such is the result of the application of British and French science to an enormous region, the few parts of which before examined had been referred to the old red sandstone, to the carboniferous rocks, and to the new red sandstone, as well as to the zechstein and its associated strata. Not venturing now upon any attempt to describe the varied features of this widely-spread red deposit, we shall merely say that, for a distance of from five to six hundred miles from the edge of the Ural Mountains, it contains much copper, not in veins, as we are accustomed to find that mineral in our own country, but diffused in grains among the sandy and marly beds; the fossil plants which lie in the strata (strange to say) serving as the surest guides to the richest metalliferous spots!—a fact, however, which is satisfactorily explained in the work by the modern analogy of a solution from a vein which impregnated a peat-bog in Wales with copper ore. But besides copper, sulphur and gypsum, with rock-salt and salt-springs, abound; and one of the most interesting episodes of our authors is that wherein they relate their astonishment, when parching under a powerful sun in a treeless, saliferous steppe south of Orenburg, they came upon a fissure in a little mount of gypsum (adjacent to great masses of pure rock-salt), the interior of which, at less than ten paces from the burning sands, was filled with stalactites and stalagmites of *solid ice*. As the inhabitants one and all stoutly maintained that, during their long winter, when all the country was frozen up, this cavern was void of ice, and warm enough to sleep in, our geologists' stock of physical science could only enable them to venture on a rude surmise, which, after consulting Sir John Herschel, Dr. Robinson, and Professor Wheatstone, Sir R. Murchison reverts to, and which has been already clearly put forth (in reference, however, to ice-caverns in a very different country, the Jura) by
Professor

Professor Pictet—who argues that the air rushing into such caverns through vertical fissures will acquire their temperature, which must be generally at least as low as the mean temperature of the place, and must be still farther cooled by the effects of evaporation from the moistened materials it encounters, which, in the Orenburg case, must be *increased by the excessive dryness of the external air of these southern steppes* (p. 198).

Of the organic remains of the Permian system we can now say no more than that, through the labours of Verneuil and Keyserling, the numbers of the known fossil species of this age have been nearly doubled; and whilst these are distinctly connected with the older palæozoic strata—so M. Adolphe Brongniart, who has examined and described the plants, assures us—that they can scarcely be distinguished from those of the carboniferous era.

Quitting these lower deposits, we learn that Russia is poor in most of those mezozoic or secondary strata which abound in England and France. Of the new red sandstone, or trias, she offers, in all her immense area, but one small solitary patch (and that is even somewhat doubtful) in the insulated hill of Mount Bogdo, in the steppe of Astrakhan, visited and described by Count Keyserling, and which, being six hundred feet above the Caspian, has from remote times attracted the superstitious worship of the nomadic tribes around it.

The copious oolitic series, or terrain Jurassique of the French, instead of exhibiting at its base our lias and inferior oolite, or exposing the great or middle oolite, at once commences with what our friend the new Dean of Westminster will rejoice in hearing termed the Oxfordian group. The simplest explanation of this suppression of forms from the full geological series seems to be, as the authors give it, that the substratum, in this case the Permian mass, had been elevated above the ocean's level during the interval in which the wanting deposits were precipitated, and afterwards again submerged, so as to receive the sedimentary strata which next occur. Geological research makes us familiar with the evidences of many such oscillations of surface.

A reference to the general map is absolutely required to show over what vast tracts this Oxford clay, with associated sands and argillaceous limestone, have been spread from the country of the Samoyedes on the Icy Sea to Southern Russia; whilst our readers will doubtless be glad to find that in the several terms of the group are found the very fossils of our little Wiltshire Kelloway rock, and of the Oxford clay and calcareous grit, including the *Gryphæa dilatata*, so well known to Oxonian geologists, who have been led by Buckland (ποιητην λαων) from the meadows of Christ Church

Church to the platform in Shotover Hill. It is, in fact, this subgroup alone which represents the whole oolitic series from the plains of Prussia to the borders of Asia; and researches in the East have further taught us that it is abundantly developed in the Run of Cutch and in the Himalaya Mountains.

Of the Cretaceous system, so widely diffused in the south of European Russia, we may briefly say, that it does not vary more from our English types, even in mineral characters, than is seen when the same system is followed from this country to Eastern Germany, or from the south to the north of France; whilst the organic remains from Russia assure us that, however portions of the group may change their stony characters, they all belong to one natural system, in which pure white chalk appears at intervals from the British Isles to the Asiatic frontier.

In closing our rapid survey of the transition and secondary rocks of Russia in Europe we will merely add, that as all the organic remains of the former (palæozoic) are admirably described by Verneuil in the second or French volume, so are those of the latter (mezozoic) described by that excellent naturalist M. d'Orbigny; and these descriptions are accompanied by lithographic drawings which (we say it in fairness to the French collaborateurs in these splendid volumes) are unrivalled in artistical effect by any efforts yet made in England in this branch of illustration.

Oceanic tertiary Deposits.—In the earlier stages of geology, writers were content with classing all the beds above the chalk under the loose and general name of tertiary. Here mammalia for the first time clearly displayed themselves; and the general character, proportion, and preservation of the fossil shells bore a decidedly recent aspect; but a more exact comparison of species led subsequent authors, especially Lyell, to adopt a fourfold division, distinguished by the proportion of species identical with those known, as still existing, which they contained—eocene, miocene, older and newer pliocene. We are ourselves persuaded that the fourth of these divisions is separated by so broad an interval from the former, that it requires to be considered as a totally independent order. The former class lead gradually less than half way in an approximation to the actual state of things—the latter establish a nearly perfect identity; and this not only in the species of organic beings inhabiting the surface of the earth, but in its general configuration. Thus we shall see that Murchison distinguishes these periods; the former as containing deposits formed beneath extended oceans—the latter as precipitated from partially-brackish inland seas, like the Aral or Caspian (from which

which he denominates them), and containing the very same shells with those particular seas.

In the use of Lyell's terms, which depend on proportions not always easily ascertained, occasional confusion may occur; thus the tertiary basin of Mayence, which Murchison (on the authority of the latest German writers) has referred to the lowest division, Lyell considers as belonging to the second; and the sub-*Apennines* generally are referred by Murchison to the second, by Lyell to the third period. We must premise these remarks to give clearness to the statements which we shall adopt in following the classification of the former authority. He considers the tertiary formations of a large portion of Northern Germany and Poland to be *eocene*, like those of Mayence, and with these therefore he classes all the northern portion of the tertiary district of his map. For we may observe a marked geographical demarcation thus limited—the northern line of *tertiaries* ascending the Vistula, and then descending the Dnieper till it cuts through the granitic steppe below *Ekaterinoslaf*, is marked as *eocene*; while everything south and west of that steppe is given as *miocene*: all the plains, in short, bounding the whole course of the Danube* and the Dniester.

The lower tertiary beds of Russia are usually characterized by the prevalence of argillaceous and siliceous deposits; they are traceable down the course of the Dnieper; and we cannot doubt of their true claim to the title bestowed on them in that district by Dubois de Montpereux and Von Buch; for at Butschak on that river, thirty-two species of fossil shells were obtained identical with those found in the London clay and *calcaire grossier* of Paris—the classical types of that formation. (p. 286). And the same character applies to those collected by our authors at Antipofka on the banks of the Volga.

The *miocene* system of Russia, like those of Styria, exhibits beds of limestone often of an oolitic structure, lithologically resembling our own Bath stone. The shells found in these strata in Russia and Poland generally correspond with those of Bordeaux and the sub-*Apennines*: a list of thirty-four Polish species is given (p. 294), and these demonstrate that the great salt-mines of Wielickza, which thirty years ago all geologists described as sure indications of our new red sandstone, really belong to the middle stage of tertiary.

* We may extend these remarks over the whole of Europe. All the southern *tertiaries* of Europe, *e. g.*, those of southern France and the vale of Switzerland—of Italy, Greece—we may add of Asia Minor, too—appear to belong to the *miocene* class; while the *eocene* is confined to the basins of London, Paris, and Belgium.

Aralo-Caspian or Steppe Limestone.—We consider as interesting in the highest degree that portion of their work in which our authors examine into the geological evidences of the idea first shadowed out by Pallas—that of a great eastern inland sea originally connecting together the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Aral. They show that the mass of waters extended 300 miles to the north of the present limits of those seas; nay, probably far to the east over the deserts of the Ural, now inhabited by the Turkomans and the Kirghis; perhaps even to the foot of the mountains of the Hindoo Kush and Chinese Tartary; concluding that the mass was gradually reduced by convulsions which elevated, at successive periods, much of its original bottom above its level.

These views we regard as exactly exemplifying the ideas which we should attach to the geological period which has been named the newest Pliocene; an era in which the surface of the earth was passing, by gradual approximations, to its present configuration and distribution of land and water; and the geological agencies affected by these conditions were ultimately reduced to their actual state. The character, therefore, of these newer Pliocene deposits must vary with the varying minute relations of different localities. Where these relations are still maritime, the organic remains will be marine; where inland lakes were in preparation, the species will be those of brackish or of fresh water. The geological evidence, therefore, of this great inland brackish sea consists in a formation being spread over the whole of its old area, containing fossils analogous to, and in great measure identical with, those of the present Caspian; in which the univalves (with the exception of one doubtful species of Rissoa) are of fresh-water origin, associated with forms of Cardiacæ and Mytili, which are common to partially saline waters. The existing Caspian, we need hardly remark, has only a sixth part of the salt present in oceanic waters.

The first elevations connected with this series of events must have been the throwing up of the natural barriers which intercepted the communication between this inland sea and the western ocean of that day. The sea thus cut off would gradually become brackish; but for a time some accommodating marine species might contrive to live amid their new associates—as in the analogous case of the Lake of Stennis in the Orkney Islands, very recently converted from a salt loch to a fresh-water pool, marine Cardiacæ and Mytili are found together with fluviatile Limnææ and Neritinæ. Evidences of such a transition state are found in the intermixtures of shells in the overlying miocene beds of the Crimea—and at Taman, in the corresponding promontory on the east of the entrance of the Sea of Azof, where we have coral reefs

of *Eschara lepidosa* rising amidst shells of brackish water. An extinct herbivorous Cetacean (*Cetotherium Rathkii*) has likewise been found in the same locality. Similar indications are said to exist at other places on the western boundary of the Aralo-Caspian deposits, *e. g.*, in Bessarabia, and around the Sea of Azof and the Black Sea—for this boundary must have been conterminous with the openings into the previous ocean; but throughout the eastern limits we find only the persistent types of a vast inland sea, considerably larger than the present Mediterranean.

The desiccation or rather reduction of this vast eastern Mediterranean must have resulted from at least two great movements of upheaval; by the first of which the limestones occupying the hilly coasts of the several resulting and detached seas were consolidated and left dry—so as to cut off the Aral; while the Black Sea, the Sea of Azof, and the Caspian, then covering the steppes of Astrakhan, still formed a continuous and magnificent expanse of waters—which were subsequently subdivided by a second elevation of large portions of their bottoms. The limestones of the first elevation, which of course must exhibit older deposits than those laid dry by the second disturbance, are distinguished on the map by a separate colour and number (10 and 10'). The one forms a zone curving in irregular flexures on the exterior of the other. Both present the same genera of shells—those which generally characterize brackish waters—but the elder presents several species not now known in the Caspian, while the latter closely agrees with the present sea. These great facts in the ancient physical geography of the globe, which are thus for the first time clearly placed before the public, must have a marked influence on the inductions of the philosophical geologist.

Final elevation of the crest of the Ural, and accumulation of auriferous Mammoth alluvia.—We hesitated whether we ought not at once to proceed from the evidences of this old far-stretching Aralo-Caspian Sea on the south, to those phenomena accompanying the great northern drift, which attest that the Baltic on the north must in the same period have equally exceeded its present limits—extending from 700 to 1000 miles beyond them to the south and east; but as we shall see that the eastern side of the Permian trough, connected with the Ural chain and the opposite steppes of Siberia, had then been elevated above the sea, we entirely concur with Murchison in the opinion that the final convulsions which elevated the Uralian and Caucasian chains were probably contemporaneous with the expansions of the crust which affected the borders of these seas.

Now we have already seen that even before the deposition of the Permian beds the Ural district already was elevated into the
rocky

rocky shore of an ancient and probably low continent, skirting on the east the vast Western ocean in which these beds were deposited—and the rocks which constituted their conglomerates were abraded from these ancient shores, from whence also flowed the mineral streams which impregnated them with cupriferous salts: but these very circumstances afford proofs to our authors that the towering watershed of the present Ural could not then have been raised; for all the great masses of copper ore, and many of the rocks entering into the Permian conglomerates (porphyry, green stone, and Lydian stone), were found only on the eastern side of the chief ridge, which must therefore have effectually cut off their transference into the Permian ocean, had it already existed. As, on the other hand, no traces of platinum or gold occur in these western debris, it is concluded that these metals were only introduced into the chain during its most recent disturbances, when the highest peaks were thrown up, and the syenitic granites and most recent igneous rocks were erupted along its eastern slopes. ‘Gold,’ says Murchison (p. 475), ‘was one of the most recent mineral productions in these regions anterior to the historic æra;’ and the auriferous debris were then collected in valleys which were tenanted by the mammoth and rhinoceros, and the *bos urus*. The original site of the gold (in one spot near Ekaterinburg) is in a dyke of a felspathic rock called beresite, associated with veins of quartz,* but it is generally perceived dispersed through an alluvium of coarse gravel entirely local, and derived from the neighbouring rocks. This alluvium is heaped on the top of the auriferous rocks in situ, at various other points on the east of the chain, usually in the vicinity of recent eruptive rocks.

The bones of mammoths and other extinct quadrupeds are dispersed through this auriferous gravel, just as in the ordinary gravels of the Thames, the Rhine, and the Danube, from which they differ in the interspersed particles of gold alone. The hollows containing these alluvia our authors conceive to have been ancient lakes, around which these extinct quadrupeds once roamed, and into whose bottoms their bones with shingle from the neighbouring rocks were washed for ages, and which were drained, and their barriers broken down, by some of the most

* Gold has also been found in other granitic and igneous rocks of central Siberia, and is occasionally even disseminated into clay slate in their vicinity. Platinum occurs in local alluvia of its own on the flanks of the chain; it appears from the rocks associated to have been drifted down from neighbouring peaks of hornblende, slate, serpentine, and greenstone (p. 484). Diamonds also have been found, though very rarely, in alluvia, and are supposed to be derived from a metamorphosed quartzose schist in the Ural. The rock is the same as that in which diamonds are found in the Brazilia.

violent movements of elevation which gave rise to the present central watershed of the Ural (p. 492). The character of the soil covering the gravel, and the entire absence of marine shells, and of any trace whatever of the sojourn of the sea, authorize the conclusion that these depôts were lacustrine.

In proportion as we advance eastwards from the Ural, in the plains of Siberia, these bones increase in quantity, and are in still better preservation; and the farther the Siberian rivers are followed to their mouth this remark becomes the more applicable, until at length skeletons have been found entire, even with the flesh and hair adherent. The peculiar hairy covering of this fossil species of elephant, and the structure of its teeth—which, according to Owen, enabled it to browse on the coarser ligneous tissues of trees and shrubs*—may have qualified it to bear the climate and subsist in temperate and even moderate arctic latitudes; and it may have become finally extinct only owing to the last increase of cold depending on the most recent elevations of our mountains. Our authors conceive that they roamed over the plateaux extending northwards from the Altai, then lower than at present, and covered with forests; and that when the summer (even now in these regions intensely hot) advanced, they would naturally migrate to the embouchures of the great streams, and edges of the then Arctic Sea, which still covered all the low tracts of Northern Siberia. Here their carcasses may have been drifted, occasionally to some distance, into what were then long estuaries—entombed in muddy clay at their mouths—and there on the increase of cold preserved almost intact (p. 500).

In Western or European Russia, in the central and southern provinces, we find in ancient drifts of sand and clay, often charged with fluviatile shells, remains of the ordinary European fauna of this period: the *elephas primigenius* (mammoth), *rhinoceros tichorhinus*, *trogantherium*, beaver, bear, and elk; besides peculiar and remarkable generic forms (exclusively Russian), the *mercytherium* and *elasmotherium*.

Our authors also remind us of the time when hordes of similar animals, associated with lions and hyenas, haunted the narrow slip which now forms our own island, reposed in caves or thronged around lakes in Yorkshire, or rambled on the borders of estuaries in Middlesex; but these phantasmagoric troops of the extinct beings of a former world 'come like shadows, so depart.' †

Block

* Owen's *British Fossil Mammalia*, p. 261.

† There still roams undisturbed in a great Lithuanian forest, from remote ages a cherished preserve of the Polish kings, and kept intact by the Russian government, the enormous *Bos Auroids*, of which we have now, by the Emperor's gracious attention to Sir R. Murchison's wishes, a splendid stuffed specimen and also a finely articulated skeleton

Block Deposits of Northern Russia, and Northern Drift.—From the days when Saussure first directed our attention to vast blocks of granite, waisted in some inconceivable manner from the summits of the Alps across the Vale of Geneva to the highest ridges of the Jura, and when Sir James Hall reasoned more fully on the phenomenon of drifts of such transported materials and similar phenomena, interest has never abated. Every kind of hypothesis, possible and impossible, has been attempted for their solution. Diluvial debacles sweeping over the surface of the globe were resorted to—then glaciers existing where glaciers never could have been produced, and accomplishing what glaciers never could have performed; and if you would only admit a small snow-drift filling up the Vale of Geneva to the height of 5000 feet, everything was held to be satisfactorily explained.

By far the most remarkable of this class of phenomena is the vast accumulation of northern drift, as it is called, or of boulders, evidently derived from the Scandinavian hills, and dispersed over a space in Northern Germany and Russia, having a width from 400 to 1660 miles on the opposite side of the Baltic. Such is the great phenomenon which our authors undertake to illustrate; and we may confidently refer to the chapters in which they have done so, as presenting the richest storehouse of all the real information previously communicated on this subject by Von Buch, Brongniart, Sefström, Böttlingk, Forchhammer, Durocher, and others, combined with original observations and conclusions so important, that we believe future geologists will refer to them as a great authority on this subject. Our authors refer this dispersion to enormous waves of translation, produced by the final elevation of the Scandinavian peninsula to the additional height of perhaps only a few hundred feet in an ocean of 300 or 400 feet in depth surrounding it,* and extending to a southern

skeleton in the British Museum; and Professor Owen has thus been enabled to identify the existing animal with a fossil species coeval with the mammoth, &c. The Emperor has also kindly undertaken that, if possible, a male and female shall be sent alive to our Zoological Gardens, which, if the thing be accomplished, will have what cannot be matched anywhere out of the Russian dominions. We wish we had room for Sir Roderick's picturesque description of this monster and its native forest, to which the peasantry attach ideas of the most mysterious reverence. None of the breed is ever killed but by the express order of the Emperor. The truly imperial preserve occupies about 150 English square miles.

* For a mathematical application of the powers of waves of translation, described by Mr. Scott Russell (*Trans. Brit. Ass.* 1844), to geological dynamics, see the very able memoir of Mr. Hopkins on the lake district (*Proc. Geol. Soc.* vol. iii. p. 763). In this he demonstrates that such waves excited in a sea of the depth specified by sudden vertical elevations, each not exceeding fifty feet, would have the power of hurling on enormous stacks of sand and gravel to vast distances and over considerable inequalities.

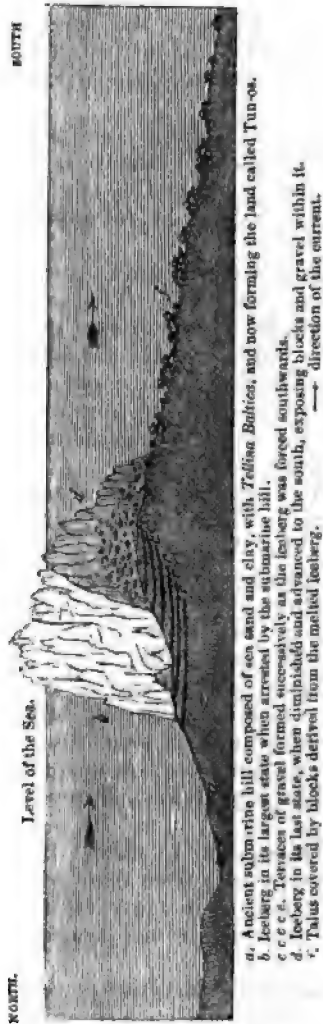
and

and eastern shore, ranging from the mouth of the Elbe by Cracow into the very heart of European Russia at Voroneje—thence varying N.E. to the inosculation of the Timan and Ural chains, and following the western slope of the former to the Arctic Ocean.

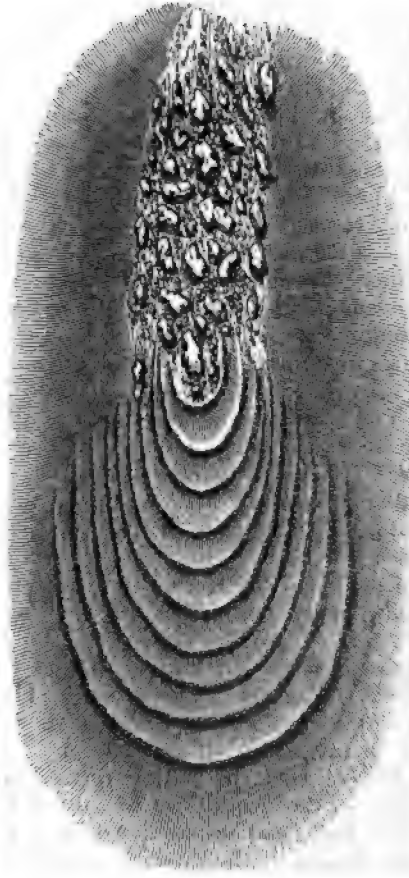
To such waves of translation our authors ascribe the transmission of the great mass of the more rolled drift—but yet they are far from excluding the action of glaciers, where such could have existed and been available; thus they conceive that the transport of the larger rectangular blocks of granite lodged over the plains and often on the summits of ridges in Prussia and Russia, may most readily be accounted for—inasmuch as the highest and coldest regions of Scandinavia may have been, as they still are, the seat of glaciers whose feet extended to the former sea coast. From these masses of ice may have been detached from time to time in the form of floats or icebergs, which may have carried off loads of detrital blocks (in the manner of those observed by Sir J. Ross in his Antarctic voyage) to the distance of hundreds of miles from the source of their origin. These icebergs would naturally be arrested by sub-marine elevations, become dissolved, and discharge their load of fragments there. We have premised this theoretic explanation of the phenomena, because it is so very natural and applicable that it is difficult to describe the facts themselves otherwise than in terms which must suggest it: but one of Sir R. Murchison's numerous diagrams so clearly explains the matter, that we must indulge ourselves by a copy of the cut. The boulders represented occur near Old Upsala, on a hill about 100 feet above the level of the surrounding country. ⚡

We shall now proceed to a hasty and cursory survey of the evidence confirming the author's theory, referring, however, every reader who wishes for complete satisfaction to the original chapters (xx. and xxi.), where he will find every word worthy of attentive perusal. In the first place, we should observe that beds of marine shells undistinguishable from those of the neighbouring seas, have been found at Upsala in Sweden, 30 miles inland from the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, and in many places nearer the coasts of that country, and of Norway; in the north-west of Russia at the confluence of the Vaga and Dvina, 150 miles above the mouth of the latter at Archangel in the White Sea. These most recent marine deposits form the basis on which the drift of which we have been speaking is scattered, proving their subaqueous accumulation. Finally, similar marine shells have been found (as appears by a postscript in August, 1845) absolutely under the northern drift upon the Silurian limestone of Esthonia.

If we examine the parent source of these debris in Scandinavia, we shall find the surface of the crystalline rocks very commonly
marked



a. Ancient submarine hill composed of sea sand and clay, with *Tedion* *Bolices*, and now forming the land called Tun-*oa*.
 b. Iceberg in its largest state when arrested by the submarine hill.
 c c c. Terraces of gravel formed successively as the iceberg was forced southwards.
 d. Iceberg in its last state, when diminished and advanced to the south, exposing blocks and gravel within it.
 e. Talus covered by blocks derived from the melted iceberg.
 f. Direction of the current.



In this enlarged plan, the converging terraces (c c) of the section are represented to the left, the line of blocks (f) to the right.

marked by those striated scratches which have so often been referred to as proofs of glacial action; and we find long ridge-shaped masses of the accumulated drift, there called *osars*, resembling those which have been considered as the true moraines of glaciers;—yet these are found in the lowest tracts of Sweden and Finland, most remote from any mountains, and where no heights which could possibly maintain glaciers ever could have existed.

Our

Our authors have shown that large masses of drift impelled forward, would, by the effect of their weight, cause the lowest pebbles and sand to scratch the subjacent rocks, just in the same manner as the pressure of incumbent and advancing glaciers would have done.

These striæ are generally disposed in lines diverging from the higher mountain group of Scandinavia as a centre, and the courses of the drift form immense *trainées*, often prolonged nearly a thousand miles from the parent rock, to which, however, following up these lines of drift, we always trace them.

These drift-lines, on account of this radiation, form a centre range through Germany and Prussia, north and south. Through Russia the average direction is from north-west to south-east, inclining of course more to the south on the confines of Poland, and becoming due west in the White Sea. On the north coasts of Scandinavia the lines are said to range northwards; and from the south-western extremity of the peninsula the drift has been carried in the direction of our own shores to Norfolk and Yorkshire.

The abrasion and denudation of the rocks against which these currents have swept indicate in like manner their direction and force. This is strikingly exhibited in the thousand islets, or rather insulated rocks, studding the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia. There the drift-course being from north to south, the north side of every low islet exposes a face worn down, rounded, polished, and striated, as if by a tremendous macerating weight, whilst every south face retains its original abrupt and rough contour. A similar abrasion of the face of every projecting hill exposed to the force and direction of the current is found elsewhere, and generally, to prevail. Here we find ourselves unable to employ terms that will not of themselves suggest the nature of the agents producing such effects.

Where such projecting rocks have interposed to check the course of the current, we find the drift swept away from their exposed face, and accumulated in a long tail, as it were, under their lee, as by the divaricated currents sweeping round to meet beyond.

The abrasion in Sweden has exerted its most destructive power in denuding the Silurian rocks which appear to have once covered very extensively the gneiss in the lowland tracts, leaving only detached outliers; and our authors inform us that so much Silurian detritus has been swept off from hence, and transported to the low grounds of Germany, that if it could be swept back again to its native site, it would to a great extent fill up the breaches thus occasioned.

Where the waves of translation have swept over the carboniferous

ferous zone of North-Western Russia, they have in like manner carried off with them, to the south-east, quantities of its fragments.

The boulders of the drift diminish in size as the distance from their original source increases: thus, around St. Petersburg, we often find granite and greenstone blocks of nine or ten feet in diameter; about Moscow, six hundred miles from their native position, they seldom exceed three feet. The larger blocks are commonly little worn and subangular, and they are generally found lodged on higher plateaux; and especially when the soil on these is argillaceous, low spaces and sandy tracts are often quite free from them. It is attributed to their conveyance by icebergs, which may have been checked by elevated submarine banks, and detained by the tenacious clay, while they would easily drift over looser sand.

The space or bottom over which they have been distributed forms generally an inclined plane, or rather undulating surface, rising from its Baltic or northern border to its southern limits, on the coast line of the hypothetical sea through which we suppose the waves of translation, which have thus carried the drift, to have been propagated. Mr. Hopkins has demonstrated the competency of such means to accomplish this; while, on the other hand, Professor James Forbes, after an assiduous personal survey of the Alpine glaciers, has proved, by exact experiments on the movements of their ice, that they never can advance, except by their gravity, on surfaces inclining downwards.

The drift is often accumulated on long and elevated ridges, like the pebble banks in our present seas.

The distribution of the drift along its southern terminal limit is exactly such as would have taken place if we conceive this to have been an ancient line of coast. Where loftier hills would have formed promontories advancing into that sea, the boundary of the drift has formed curves around their base; and where opening valleys would represent deep bays, into these the drift has swept, and covered them by its accumulations, as exhibited in the general map.

We should be sorry under any circumstances to mix up anything like temporary politics with a scientific discussion, otherwise we must have paused at some length on our authors' most striking description of that singular, unique, superficial deposit *the black earth*, or *tchornozem*, which covers such enormous tracts in Central and Southern Russia. We shall soon, we fear, be but too familiar with the pretty word *Tchornozem*; for this precious *humus* requires absolutely no manure, and there is enough of it to produce countless millions of *tchetvériks* of most laudable wheat; and a vast proportion of the inexhaustible area

is so situated, both in a geographical and an economical sense, that a very moderate *bonus* in expectation is likely to bring its capabilities into eager requisition. The stratum varies from five or six feet in depth to fifteen and twenty, and Murchison speaks of the whole taken together as 'occupying the centre of a trough large as an European empire' (p. 558). We must also, and more reluctantly, pass by his account of the remarkably incoherent condition of the subsoil, which, combined with the changes of an extreme climate, produces such extraordinary degradation and waste; nor shall we now touch upon other modern variations in the physical outlines of this vast region, as dependent on the action of ice in rivers and lakes, or the tremendous *débâcles* of its spring season. In short, we must wind up our survey of this colossal labour of modern geology. We have, we hope, sufficiently expressed our opinion of the distinguished merit of the work, and no peroration is called for. Our great aim has been to give, as far as it was practicable, a real, not a nominal review; but most imperfect after all such must be without due reference to the admirable maps, sections, woodcuts, and pictorial views, which actually place the framework of Russia before our eyes, and bespeak the splendid liberality of those who have prepared and presented these magnificent volumes. So, in taking leave of our geological triumvirate, we shall simply copy the words with which their chief closes his Introductory Chapter:—

'A few years ago, when unable to indicate the first created animals, or the exact relative places occupied by some of the earliest formations, we were compelled to trace the sequence downwards by commencing with deposits previously analysed, proceeding thence to those of anterior date; but now, having learnt to decipher the very first letters in the long records of animal life, we assume a more distinct position as historians, and exhibit in their natural order the successive organic features which appear in the stony legend of the earth, from their earliest dawn to the present condition of the planet.

'In a word, after a patient study of the types of palæozoic life, we can now fearlessly assert that the geological history or sequence of the earliest races of fossil animals is firmly established. Its truth is sustained by the display of forms which mark the period when the first vestiges of life can be discovered, as well as the following successive creations; and thus whilst, with the exception of one sacred record, we can truly say that the origin of the greatest empires of man is buried in fable and superstition, the hard and indelible register, as preserved for our inspection in the great book of ancient Nature, is at length interpreted and read off with clearness and precision.'

ART. III.—1. *Illustrations of the Theory and Practice of Ventilation, with Remarks on Warming, Exclusive Lighting, and the Communication of Sound.* By David Boswell Reid, M.D., F.R.S.E., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, Honorary Member of the Imperial Medico-Chirurgical Society of St. Petersburg, Honorary Member of the Hunterian Medical Society, Member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, formerly Vice-President of the Society of Arts for Scotland, and Senior President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. pp. 451. London, 1844.

2. *Ventilation; a Reply to Misstatements made by 'The Times' and by 'The Athenæum' in reference to Ships and Buildings Ventilated by the Author; with a few Remarks on the opposing demands, in respect to Ventilation, of different Constitutions.* By D. B. Reid, M.D., F.R.S.E., one of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of large Towns and populous Districts in England and Wales, &c. &c. pp. 28. London, 1845.

THERE has long existed in the civilized world a kind of vague impression that fresh air is conducive to the health and comfort of mankind. It has even been surmised that the ancients were not altogether strangers to this principle; some theorists go so far as to suppose that the apertures of our modern dwellings—doors, chimnies, and windows—have been sometimes planned with an eye to the salubrity of the inmates, by the alternate admission and exclusion of air; in fact, in England the term '*Ventilation*,' and as we had hitherto thought, something of the practice, can be traced two centuries back. About one hundred years ago—in the reign of King George II., an era which Dr. Reid evidently considers obsolete if not barbarous—one Dr. Hales is said to have made himself remarkable by some systematic essays on what he was pleased to call '*Ventilation*;' he even invented a machine which he named a *Ventilator*, and which, says his biographer (for even his obscurity found a biographer), 'has proved to be one of the most extensively useful contrivances for the preservation of health and human life ever discovered.' We had a notion also, that in the reign of George III., Dr. Beddoes and a certain Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth had established a pneumatic institution at Bristol under the direction of one Humphry Davy, where something that, at first sight, looks very like a main feature of Dr. Reid's new system, was not only indicated but practised. The Philosophical Transactions too, and several of those recondite collections of forgotten things called Encyclopædias, contain essays and articles on '*Ventilation*;' and

and indeed, happening within these few days to turn to '*Buchan's Domestic Medicine*,' we found there what (if Dr. Reid had not forewarned us) would have seemed to our ignorance some very sensible observations on the effect of ventilation on human health. We could mention several still more recent names which we thought had acquired some celebrity in these matters; but as Dr. Reid does not consider any of them, ancient or modern, worthy of the slightest notice, but, on the contrary, claims for himself the sole discovery of scientific ventilation, we are entitled to conclude that whatever accidental resemblance there may be between his great system and any of their prior attempts, must be merely fortuitous, and that Ventilation has, under his auspices, become a '*new science*,' which has not only effaced all the vague and imperfect dabbings of former experimentalists, but has obtained for Doctor Reid a high and honourable rank amongst the inventive benefactors of mankind. This is established as axiomatic truth in almost every page of the great work before us, but no where in so quotable a form as we find it in a defence of Dr. Reid from 'the malignity of some critical contemporaries' published in the *Edinburgh Weekly Register* of the 14th of January, 1846, which, though of course anonymous, has very much the odour of being written by Dr. Reid himself—it is at least quite in the style of his larger works, and worthy his modest and philosophical pen, particularly such passages as these:—

'The *science* itself dates but a few years back: and even its most elementary truths are little appreciated by the public. Dr. Reid was the *first* who directed his unwearied industry and his scientific acumen to subdue those terrible but invisible enemies that surround man wherever he may wander—in sleep or in wakefulness, at his work or at his feasts—and to *forge* weapons to enable him to wage deadly warfare with the subtle and *omnipotent Genii of the Air*.'

That the practice of the medical profession has been often before called '*a deadly warfare*,' we do not pretend to deny: but, we presume that no one will question the absolute originality of a *science* that thus enables its author '*to subdue the omnipotent Genii of the Air*.' And yet the elements of this wonderful art—as of so many other great discoveries—are few and simple. As Sir Isaac Newton was led by the fall of an apple to weigh and measure the orbs and orbits of the planetary universe, so Dr. Reid—the Newton of Ventilation—from observing that wind frequently comes in at the bottom of a door, and that smoke (before the introduction of parliamentary sweeping) used generally to go up the chimney, has imagined a system which, in justice to its discoverer, may be called *Reid-Ventilation*—a system whereof the chief feature is, that every house is to be provided with a larder for cold air and

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an oven for hot; from which not only every room, but each person in every room may be accommodated with cold or hot to his individual taste as easily as one in a tavern can have a hot chop or a slice of cold ham. The *illustration* of this admirable system is the object of the work before us; and we trust, however inadequate our explanation of these sublime mysteries of 'modern science' may be, our sincere admiration and indeed veneration for Doctor Reid will be a striking and honourable contrast to that 'malignant criticism' of which he has heretofore had reason to complain.

It has been a frequent subject of psychological inquiry, how far the idiosyncrasy or peculiar turn of an individual intellect may have directed it to great discoveries that seem at first sight accidental—and philosophical critics are fond of tracing a similarity or consonance between an author's subject and the scope and style of his mode of treating it. In Newton's works we see a simplicity, a gravity, and a condensation admirably in character with the great principle he develops; and so in his rival Dr. Reid we acknowledge that the extreme lightness, diffusion, and tenuity of the work is in perfect harmony with the nature of the subject. Petronius we think called some very thin texture '*woven air*;' Dr. Reid's book may be justly called '*printed air*'—a great expanse without any visible substance, and of such extreme similarity and mobility of parts, that any one paragraph has much the same meaning as any other, and all may be mixed together or transposed, backward or forwards, up or down, without becoming in any sensible degree less distinct and clear:—a happy adaptation of style, which we the rather insist upon as an excuse for the difficulty we shall find in condensing it into any shape or substance, or of making our readers understand how there may really be in the work itself, as in the element it treats of, great weight and wonderful combination, where the common eye can see nothing at all.

There is another important point also in which Dr. Reid's design harmonizes most felicitously with his subject. It is quite transparent—very easily *seen through*—and yet if carefully analyzed, the *products* we have no doubt would be found very substantial. Indeed both the subject and the object of Dr. Reid's experiments, each having three component parts, may be reduced to the common formula of $l + s + d$, thus: l represents '*oxygen*, the great element whose power on the material [and scientific] world is more marked than any other substance' (§ 362): s represents '*nitrogen*—larger in bulk though less in value than l , but useful in animal economy as diluting and facilitating the use of oxygen' (§ 364); d , being the very small portion of *carbonic acid*

acid which, though not an absolute impurity, 'is of so inferior a quality as not to be worth consideration when mixed in so small a proportion with oxygen [*l*] and nitrogen [*s*]; and on which alone human life cannot be maintained.' (§ 462.) This is curious: but we regret to add, that although Dr. Reid states accurately, as we shall see by and bye, his daily and annual consumption of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic, he no where gives us any distinct measure of the quantities of the other substances designated as *l. s. d.* that he has absorbed, or is capable of absorbing. We recommend the further analysis of this interesting matter to that celebrated financial chemist, Mr. Joseph Hume.

Dr. Reid judiciously establishes *in limine* the originality and importance of the new science by telling us that—

'before the discoveries of Priestley, Scheele, Lavoisier, and Black,* the term ventilation *could* have had no distinct and definite meaning; the chemistry of the numerous gases was a blank in the page of science, and they too often *surrounded* or *entered the habitations of men without being perceived*.'—p. ix.

It is obvious enough that no one *could* open a window or shut a door without a scientific knowledge of 'the numerous gases' which compose what is popularly called the *wind*; and that the admitting the *air* to the inside or even the outside of our houses, without a previous examination of its quality, is, in Dr. Reid's opinion, a most dangerous practice—as bad as hiring a servant without a previous inquiry into his character. Indeed, in a perfect system of ventilation, such as the Doctor eventually hopes to see realised, the '*character*' of the several portions of the atmosphere with which mankind are to allow themselves to come into contact will be so carefully examined, that air will be no longer 'the chartered libertine' of the olden times, but so watched and warded that any foul winds or exhalations found wandering about the streets will be arrested by a ventilating police, and confined to hard labour in certain penitentiary receptacles, whence they will not be released 'till their *characters* shall be completely altered.'—§ 101.

We have not room for Dr. Reid's diagrams (figs. 13 and 14) of the concatenated cells and drains which are to honeycomb the subsoil of our streets for the arrest and confinement of bad air, and of the lofty shafts by which the peccant effluvia are to be carried off, and which would make a city look like a forest of columns. The shafts, as exhibited in the elevation (fig. 14), are to be Doric columns of about the dimensions, it seems, of

* Why these names are placed in this order, or rather disorder, we know not; and why the Doctor takes no more notice of Cavendish than of old Hales, the readers of our last Number will wonder.

the Duke of York's in Waterloo Place; and, as far as we can judge from the plan (fig. 13), we do not think that it would require for all London much more than ten thousand such columns to complete the author's equally philanthropic and æsthetical design. Delighted, however, as we sincerely are at the prospect of works so salubrious and magnificent, it is our duty to observe that Dr. Reid, though in general very jealous of smoke, which he everywhere paints in the blackest colours, does not seem to attach sufficient importance to the obvious objection that the ten thousand fire-shafts will do more mischief by smoke, soot, and other deleterious results of combustion, than the foul air could have done if it had not been sent to these columnar Houses of Correction. Dr. Reid, we admit, attenuates such objections by suggesting the employment of coke, and the forcing all chimnies to consume their own smoke; but even in preparing coke for the use of those *Æolian ergastula* the injurious products must be evolved somewhere; and since the lamented loss of Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, of antifuliginous memory, the smoke of the metropolis has become exceedingly mutinous, and, in a lamentable majority of cases, absolutely refuses to consume itself.

But it would be doing injustice to a philosophical work—the result of ‘indefatigable industry and scientific acumen,’ elaborately divided and arranged into seven leading ‘*Parts*,’—exclusive of *preface*, *introduction*, *index*, and *appendix*—classified with scientific exactness into about thirty *chapters*, and subdivided again into 857 *paragraphs*, and illustrated with no less than 330 *diagrams*—it would be, we say, doing injustice to so systematic a work not to give some connected view of the order in which the author proceeds—*ex fumo dare lucem*.

He begins by giving some very novel and, we might say, surprising information as to the general nature of the atmosphere:—

‘No agent exerts a more continuous power upon man than the atmosphere by which he is surrounded. He depends upon it for the breath of life. It forms the great *pabulum vitæ*, to which all other nourishment is subordinate, and without which death immediately ensues. It is the medium of those vibrations, without which there would be no voice to cheer man in his present abode, no language, no melody, nor harmony of sounds; it conveys the fragrance of the most odoriferous and attractive flowers; it warns him equally, by their offensive impression, of numerous sources of disease and danger. . . . But the atmosphere is no less wonderful when viewed in the various changes which it effects in the animal and vegetable kingdom, than in the mild and genial movements which it presents on a summer's eve, or in the violent action which it assumes in the wind, the rain, and the tempest.’—§ 2, 5.

The revelation of all these wonderful and hitherto unknown properties

properties of the atmosphere is due to that modern chemistry which Dr. Reid assumes as the basis of his new science; but strange and lamentable it is to find Dr. Reid obliged to confess that men are so besotted as to be insensible to these astonishing discoveries, and to go on breathing the present combination of gases with as much indifference as our ancestors did the old-fashioned atmosphere. Man, he says,

'is comparatively indifferent as to the nature and quality of the air that he consumes....The standard of taste for fresh and pure atmospheric air even among those classes of society who have every luxury at command, must be considered at present as very much below what is required for health; and even where the want of it is felt and acknowledged, the amount of value placed upon it is so small and trifling, that the expense and trouble of providing proper channels for its supply are considered serious objections to its introduction.'—pp. 5, 6.

No improvement of this vicious taste could, Dr. Reid repeats, have been expected

'till the discoveries of modern science revealed the nature and composition of atmospheric air' (§ 15). 'Then indeed a new era dawned on the question by unfolding the constitution of atmospheric air.'—§ 16.

But alas it has dawned in vain. Dr. Reid has still to lament, which he does very pathetically, the rough treatment to which that interesting organ of life vulgarly called the lungs is subjected by the obstinacy of mankind in breathing the common atmosphere crude and raw, just as if Priestley, Scheele, Lavoisier, Black, and, above all, Dr. Reid, had not warned them that it consists of several component parts, and that it may be as comfortably mixed and brewed, and cooled or heated, and sweetened or taken plain, as a glass of gin-and-water.

And what is still more lamentable, the remedy of the evil seems so distant as to be almost hopeless:—

'Until the *great elementary truths of physical science shall be introduced* as essential branches of education in schools and academies, among the *humblest as well as in the highest walks of life*, it cannot be expected that there will be that desirable appreciation of the value of a pure and wholesome atmosphere which must ever be one of the principal objects of all who desire to advance the cause of public health. The cloud must be removed that veils at present the true state of the case from the great mass of the community.'—§ 18.

This and some other hints in the course of the work lead us to hope that if the Government should be so far alive to the best interests not only of this country, but of humanity itself, as to add a *Ventilating College* to the Institution in Gower Street (where common fame says it is peculiarly needed), Dr. Reid, when he shall

shall have terminated his arduous labours in the Houses of Parliament, might be prevailed upon to accept the Presidency, in addition to the *Commissionership* which has been judiciously conferred on him in the interval between the publication of his two works. We should in this case venture to suggest, as a matter both of taste and economy, that the President's lodging ought to be on the classical model of the *Temple of the Winds*, and that his salary might, if it suited his personal convenience, be made payable in his native district—at the *Bank of Ayr*.

But whatever details may be adopted, the necessity for some grand remedial system is urgent. Dr. Reid enumerates three principal sources of the mortality of the human race—two, at least, of which have not been, by less profound inquirers, considered as so immediately or extensively fatal as his 'indefatigable industry and scientific acumen' have discovered them to be.

'Mental anxiety may, perhaps, be considered *the* most powerful enemy to the duration of human life, and, next to it, defective nutriment, whether in quantity or quality. But after these, no other cause, at least in modern times, appears to have inflicted so great an amount of evil upon the human race as defective ventilation.'—p. x.

If we were not overborne by this decisive authority, we should hardly have surmised that 'mental anxiety' had been more extensively fatal than defective nourishment; nor so powerful an enemy to human life as war, shipwreck, small-pox, dropsy, gout, and, above all, that natural, as it was supposed, and pretty general disease vulgarly called old age; but we bow to Dr. Reid's superior judgment; and the proposition thus forced on our conviction, that *defective ventilation* is more 'fatal than all the maladies—except anxiety and hunger—that flesh is heir to,' fills us with equal wonder and alarm—wonder, how it is that mankind has not been exterminated during the interval between the Deluge and Dr. Black—alarm, at finding ~~that~~ this 'terrible,' and the more terrible because 'invisible scourge,' is now desolating every private habitation, and almost every public institution, in the empire—with, indeed, the exception of the very two places about which the public at large feels perhaps the least anxiety—Dr. Reid's own class-room, and the Houses of Parliament.

Impressed, as we profess ourselves to be, with a due reverence for Dr. Reid's opinions, developed, as our readers see, with so much clearness, sobriety, and good sense, we are still willing to hope—not venturing to advance any personal experience of our own against the data of Dr. Reid, but from the great fact of the duration of mankind during the many ages in which no one thought of ventilation *à la Reid*—that his philanthropy may exaggerate a little our present danger; and as this consideration naturally car-

ries us back to the earlier ages, we should venture to suggest for Dr. Reid's ingenious pen in any intervals of leisure that the ventilation of the Houses of Parliament may allow him, an inquiry into the ventilation of Noah's Ark, and some explanation of the mode in which animal life was maintained at that extraordinary crisis. This would be a valuable supplement to Bishop Wilkin's calculations of the stowage and provisioning of that celebrated vessel; and if he finds, as he reasonably may, that it is a question too weighty for any individual, we submit that an inquiry into the ventilation of Noah's Ark, with reference to the New House of Commons, could not be thought undeserving the attention of the same Committee—Benjamin Hawes, Esquire, Chairman—who have already sat (as Dr. Reid frequently informs us, pp. 60, 65, 488, &c.) upon '*Smoke*,' so much to their own credit—the advantage of the country—and, above all, to the honour of their distinguished chairman;—who has ever since been nominated (even, we believe, by Governments professing opposite politics) on all those various Commissions of Taste and the Fine Arts that adorn our enlightened era—and are, we conclude from this and several other circumstances, destined to end in the subject of the Honourable Member's former labours.

But if the public danger from a neglect of Reid-Ventilation be very awful, the prospects opened by the future introduction of the science are proportionably bright. To say that 'man dies of a stoppage of the breath' has been hitherto considered as a mere vulgarism: but Dr. Reid seems to think that it is a great medical fact, and that breath may be mechanically supplied by the new science to a degree that will set all the ordinary modes of death at defiance. The Psalmist—speaking, of course, of human nature as it existed before Black and Priestley—tells us that 'the days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.' Dr. Reid, however, is of a more liberal opinion, and informs us that

'If we look to the facts pointed out by modern chemistry and physiology in reference to the human frame, and contrast the provisions which the Creator has made for giving it power and endurance, with the extent to which these are too often counteracted by ignorance, or inattention to the laws of life, or by the reckless and careless indifference with which health and life are exposed, it is not affirming too much to say, that a *great addition to its length and to comfort* might be *reasonably anticipated in all classes of society*, were the laws that regulate it generally understood, and applied to the circumstances of daily life.'—§ 46.

'AN HONOURED age of *eighty, ninety*, or a *hundred* years might then be

be expected to become the *average* standard of human life, instead of the exception, as it is at present.'—§ 47.

Here we must observe *en passant* that Dr. Reid not only bestows longevity, but, like the Equitable Insurance Company, throws in a *bonus* on *ventilated* lives—which are to be not only *long*, but '*honoured*.' As to the main point, however, of difference between King David and Doctor David—the duration of human life—we hope that we shall not be censured for old-fashioned prejudice in preferring the authority of the Psalmist to that of the physician—inspiration to ventilation; but whether we be in this point right or wrong, Dr. Reid's opinions are entitled to so much respectful attention that we venture to propose that the large reward which he evidently expects, and still more evidently deserves, in addition to whatever amount of $l + s + d$, he may have already absorbed, should be granted in the shape of a pension worthy the gratitude of a great and wealthy country, to commence on the day that he shall attain his 100th year, and to be increased by a liberal addition for every subsequent anniversary beyond that '*honoured average*.' Such a pension will be the highest and most rational honour of which human nature is susceptible, being at once the proof, the monument, and the reward of the specific service.

We reluctantly leave this delightful prospect for the more painful topic of the condition of mankind under our present deplorable neglect of scientific ventilation. It is no part of our duty on this occasion to recapitulate the more obvious effects of bad air on human health and comfort, which, as we have before hinted, many former writers have touched upon, and which are, we fear, too familiar to the experience of every man and woman who visits—even without any very distinct notions of oxygen or nitrogen—the sad abodes of sickness and poverty. They would be out of place here; our present object being only *Reid-Ventilation*—those views which are, we may say, exclusively the Doctor's.

The Doctor, under the head External Ventilation, contemplates the possibility of being called upon to ventilate vast spaces of what is commonly called open air:—

'*External Ventilation* is,' he says, 'the supply of air to streets, squares, courts, and alleys, or to any special situation or *area not included in buildings*.'—p. 11.

He then proceeds statistically to show the consumption of air in London:—

'The inhabitants of London, amounting in number to two millions, respire, every minute, 370,370 cubic feet, or $12\frac{1}{4}$ tons of air, and consequently require, *for respiration alone*, 6,653,000 tons per annum. Allowing, however, 10 cubic feet per minute to each individual for the

supply of his various wants, the consumption amounts to 359,000,000 of tons annually, or nearly 1,000,000 of tons daily.'—pp. 14, 15.

These observations are so explanatory of the practical advantages of ventilation, that our readers will be glad to have one or two more specimens of the axiomatic facts on which Dr. Reid founds his system:—

'One man during a life of 50 years makes 525,600,000 respirations, inspires 166·3 tons of air, consumes 18·57 tons of oxygen, discharges 19·8 tons of carbonic acid from his lungs, containing 5·475 tons of carbon, or about 80 times the weight of his own body (150 lb.). Were he *allowed* 10 cubic feet of air per minute, he would, during 50 years, have used nearly 900 tons.'—p. 15.

This seems to imply that an individual ought not to be '*allowed*' quite so much when the supply is limited; and he tells us elsewhere—and more than once—that 'a defective supply is the most prevailing evil' (§ 402); but however individuals may be occasionally stinted, or particular localities imperfectly supplied, it is consolatory that Dr. Reid has enabled himself, by some elaborate calculations, to assure us that mankind at large are—even on the fullest allowance and with air *à discrétion*—in no great danger of a scarcity:—

'The inhabitants of the earth, taken at 1,000,000,000, respire annually 3,327,000,000 of tons of air, and evolve 109½ millions of tons of carbon. The total weight of the atmosphere is about 5,261,000,000,000 of tons, so that it would require 1,580,000 years to elapse before the whole atmosphere could be respired by the *human inhabitants* of earth.

'Of the atmosphere, 78 per cent., or 4,103,600,000,000,000 tons are nitrogen, and 22 per cent., or 1,157,400,000,000,000 tons are oxygen. Of this quantity, there are annually consumed, by the *human inhabitants* of the globe, 371,250,000 tons of oxygen, so that it would require nearly 3,120,000 years for this supply to be exhausted, supposing respiration to be carried on till the last portions are consumed.'—pp. 15, 16.

The good sense and practical utility of these calculations will be appreciated by every reader, and will excite, we think, a lively desire in the public mind for the establishment of that system of education, frequently recommended by Dr. Reid, which is to teach 'the humblest as well as the highest walks of life,' that it would take a thousand millions of men and three millions of years to exhaust the oxygen, being about *one-fourth*, of the atmosphere—while it would take that same number only half the time to respire the *whole* atmosphere, oxygen and all! The past, present, and prospective consumption of oxygen, &c., by the non-human '*inhabitants of the globe*,' appears to be omitted either accidentally or as too minute for consideration.

Former writers have, we have said, laid most stress on ventilating the habitations of the poor. Dr. Reid is by no means indifferent

indifferent to their wants, and makes many sympathising remarks on their condition; but the new ventilation is a very costly luxury, and therefore the principal object of his work is to recommend the science, both in theory and practice, to those who are able to pay for it—the rich—public bodies—club-houses—and ‘*The Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Honourable Members of the House of Commons*,’ to whom he respectfully, and perhaps expectantly, dedicates his volume. As we feel ourselves bound to give a specimen of the *scientific* diagrams which form so distinguishing a feature of this great work, we shall, in the first instance, select one which represents, we presume, a room in a club, in which the want of ventilation exhibits itself by comatose stupor—the first symptom, as the Doctor states, of the presence of carbonic acid, which, when in excess, produces immediate death.



The unlearned reader, perhaps, sees no great symptom of *death* in this diagram: of which, however, no other explanation is given than our being told at the interval of above 200 pages that the air comes in at the *door* and goes out at the *chimney*, and that it is the *representation* of ‘*A SOPORIFIC APARTMENT*’; but how or why ‘*soporific*’ nowhere appears. This apparent omission is, we doubt not, a proof of that personal modesty which always accompanies real genius, Doctor Reid being reluctant to own that the principal figure standing at the end of the table and evidently producing whatever there is of *soporific* influence, is the Doctor himself addressing a select audience on the advantages of ventilation.

Doctor

Doctor Reid proceeds to make many very judicious and pathetic observations on churches:—

‘The congregation is not unfrequently placed in an atmosphere of extreme impurity, poisonous in its tendency, arresting or interfering with some of the most important functions of life to such an extent that they are occasionally suspended for a time, when a *temporary death*—or fainting, takes place.’—p. 44.

But even when ‘temporary death’ does not actually occur, the fatal soporific symptoms are frequent:—

‘In those churches in which I have watched the progress of the influence of vitiated air, as the service proceeded, on individuals, a slight and marked flush in the countenance usually appeared in a short time; this was soon succeeded by a sense of heat and oppression, and a *tendency to sleep*, more or less marked according to the *condition of the atmosphere, and the extent to which the attention was engaged*.’—p. 42.

We had ourselves witnessed similar appearances, but had ignorantly attributed them to the somnolent influence of another cause—shall we own it—the sermon. In this indeed we were countenanced by the opinion of that eminent divine, Dean Swift, who, in his own sermon on the accident of Eutychus, Acts xx. 9, says, ‘*I have chosen this text with a design to disturb, if possible, some part in this audience of half an hour’s sleep, for the convenience and exercise whereof this place, at this season of the day, is very much celebrated*.’ The gratitude, however, which the whole clerical body owe to Doctor Reid for his refutation of this disparaging opinion will, we fear, be somewhat diminished when they find that the chief merit in his eyes of men’s going to church at all, is that churches being, as he hopes to see them, scientifically ventilated, men may receive fifty-two lessons in every year (exclusive of Saints’ days, Good Friday, and Christmas Day) in the science of ventilation.

‘Were the ventilation of churches placed generally upon a proper footing, this measure would not only be extremely beneficial in the direct results that would be produced, but tend powerfully, *by the weekly demonstration which it would present, to extend a knowledge of the practicability and importance of the universal introduction of simple and economical arrangements for ensuring ventilation*.’—p. 41.

This is certainly the most scientific reason we ever before met for going to church, and cannot fail additionally to recommend the pious and ingenious author to the patronage of ‘*the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual*.’

One, we will venture to say, of the very most curious experiments ever made in modern chemistry was conducted by Doctor Reid and his assistants in some of the churches of Edinburgh:—

‘On one occasion, *fifty specimens* of air were taken by my pupils and

and others who took an interest in this question, from different churches in Edinburgh, and when the action which they had on the test employed was shown, by the exhibition of the specimens at the Royal Society, *many members, at once, named the churches from which different specimens had been taken, from their knowledge of the state of the atmosphere that generally prevailed there.*'—pp. 42, 43.

This, we believe, exceeds all the wonders of modern science, and we heartily wish that Doctor Reid had given us a few more details of so curious an experiment—what '*test* was employed,' and how, exactly, the results exhibited themselves—whether, for example, the Erastian, Freekirk, and Relief Kirk breezes were at once and broadly distinguishable—and then, to descend to minuter points, whether Dr. C——'s atmosphere appeared superlatively sour—Mr. G——'s turbid and nauseous, Dr. M——'s peculiarly overcharged with opiates, and Dr. G——'s more than usually like milk and water. We presume a nice chemical analysis might have also afforded traces of the *texts* of the respective preachers. It would be quite as easy, and not less useful than the other results of Dr. Reid's quinquagesimal experiment.

But if those ecclesiastical results are curious, still more so, as well as more important, are those obtained from a class of observations of a more substantial and every-day nature. The following extracts, long as they are, will we think amply repay the attention of our readers by their felicitous application of medical science to the practical details of social life.

'It appears to be universally admitted, that a low diet diminishes the necessity for much air, and that, on the other hand, where there is little air, there cannot be a great appetite for food.'—p. 180.

This mode of diminishing the human '*appetite for food*' is no doubt very sound in theory, and cannot fail to attract the practical attention of sea-captains on long voyages, guardians of parishes, keepers of tables-d'hôte, masters of cheap boarding-schools, and (after the repeal of the Corn Laws) farmers, country gentlemen, and generally all the poorer classes of society; while the converse of the proposition exhibited in the continuation of Dr. Reid's observations deserves, if possible, still more general attention.

'There are no periods accordingly, if we except a period of severe bodily exercise, where the constitution demands such a variety of supply as immediately before and after dinner; and, in the present state of society, a large share of the evil not unfrequently attendant upon a dinner party does not always arise so much from individuals having taken more than their constitution requires, but rather from the vitiated air with which the system is usually surrounded at such periods. Some years ago, about 50 members of one of the Royal Society Clubs at Edinburgh, dined in an apartment I had constructed, where, though illuminated by gas, the products of its combustion were essentially excluded,

cluded, as they were all removed by a ventilating tube connected with, but concealed in, the drop of the Gothic pendant in which the central lights were placed. Large quantities of a mild atmosphere were constantly supplied, and passed in quick succession through the apartment throughout the whole evening, the effect being varied from time to time by infusing odoriferous materials, so that the air should imitate successively that of a *lavender field*, or an *orange grove*, &c. Nothing very special was noticed during the time of dinner by the members; but Mr. Barry, of the British Hotel, who provided the dinner, and who, from the members of the club being frequently in the habit of dining at his rooms, was familiar with their constitutions, showed the committee that *three times the amount of wines had been taken that was usually consumed by the same party in a room lighted by gas, but not ventilated*—that he had been surprised to observe that gentlemen whose usual allowance was two glasses, took, without hesitation, as much as half a bottle—that those who were in the habit of taking half a bottle, took a bottle and a half, and that, in short, he had been compelled twice to send hackney-coaches for additional supplies during dinner, though he had provided a larger supply than usual, considering the circumstances under which the members met.

It is most pleasing, by the way, to find that Dr. Reid has a warm and intelligent convert and coadjutor in the person of this Athenian Boniface—but to proceed:—

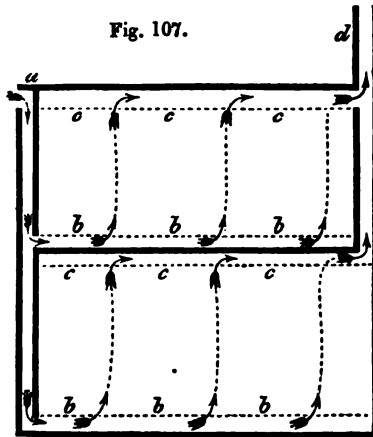
‘Minute inquiries afterwards assured me, that no headache nor other injurious consequence had followed this meeting, nor were any of the members aware, at the moment, that they had partaken more heartily than usual, till Mr. Barry showed them what had taken place. The meeting included individuals of all ages, and of extreme variety of occupations, among whom there were judges and members of Parliament, medical men and members of the bar, naval and military officers, whose different ages varied as much as their very various professional occupations.’—pp. 180, 181.

Nothing, we think, can give a higher idea of Dr. Reid’s candour than his relating this remarkable anecdote; for it may surely excite in many minds doubts and scruples concerning the moral advantages of a system which induced an assembly of judges, members, medical men, &c.—(Dr. Reid, it seems, included)—to drink, without knowing what they were about, three times their usual allowance, and this under the delusion that Mr. Barry’s tavern was a ‘lavender field,’ or an ‘orange grove!’ Blackwood’s *Noctes Ambrosianæ* were teetotalism to this!

It is now time to exhibit something of the mechanical processes by which Dr. Reid produces these little less than miraculous results. This, however, is not very easy, for though accidental causes and effects, such as those at the F.R.S.E. dinner, are occasionally given, we find no very distinct statements of any general principle. This arises, say Dr. Reid’s detractors, from his having no principle to state; but surely this is unfair. They might

might as well say that there was no principle to be found in Euclid's Elements, because on the foundation of a few axioms and postulates, the principles develop themselves in a series of propositions. So Dr. Reid, assuming two axioms: 1st, that fresh air is wholesome; 2nd, foul air disagreeable,—and with only three *postulates*; 1st, of doing as he pleases with all existing edifices; 2nd, of having an unlimited supply of money; and 3rd, that no one be allowed to complain of failures—proceeds in a series of propositions and diagrams to develop a general system, which may be thus stated—viz. that doors, windows, and chimneys are, for all the purposes of ventilation, to be henceforth abolished:—that the lower story of every building, public or private, is to be appropriated (as is now done in the Houses of Parliament) to ventilating offices—with, as before mentioned, a *cold larder* for keeping fresh air, and a *hot closet* for cooking caloric, with separate pipes by which air of all varieties of temperature and odour shall be thrown into each room, and every part of each room, by 'millions' of perforations or little holes in the floors and ceilings, and even in the sofas and tables;—and finally that this variegated air—in quantity fifty or a hundred times as much as is now supplied by doors and windows—is, after being breathed or burned, to be carried into one great shaft, and thence by artificial means into the upper regions of the atmosphere. This will be made more intelligible by another of Dr. Reid's diagrams:—

Fig. 107.



The perforated floors and ceilings are marked by the horizontal dotted lines *b, b, b* and *c, c, c*, and the mode in which the air is introduced and conducted is marked by the wavy lines and arrow heads. Thus every room in a house will be, as it were, a *box* suspended

pended within the substantial walls and floors of the edifice, with a clear air-passage all round to be supplied with the regulated 'pabulum vitæ' from the larder below, as is exhibited in several other diagrams which we have not room to copy. The beautiful simplicity of this system, and the ease and convenience with which it can be introduced into early and general use, are so obvious, that Dr. Reid thinks it superfluous to say much on that head; and we for our parts can say nothing, but that the expense of turning every house into a nest of Chinese boxes, and the loss of size by diminishing each room about two feet every way, are but slight drawbacks when compared to the health and 'honoured' longevity which they are to produce to the regenerated inmates. We have not heard, however, that this system has been as yet introduced into any private house; but on its application to the Houses of Parliament—the only real experiment, we believe, that has been made—our readers will expect a few observations.

The first and most remarkable power that Dr. Reid seems to have acquired is that of supplying air in given quantities and even of any required odour and temperature, to individual members. Mr. Speaker of course, in consideration of his dignity, has an atmosphere of his own, and is first served :—

' Since the alterations were made in 1836, the atmosphere with which the Right Honourable the Speaker is supplied has been placed under special control.'—p. 296.

The Sergeant-at-Arms is similarly provided; and if individual members were, like Mr. Speaker and the Sergeant, always to occupy the same seats, they might be furnished, according to the respective tastes, to almost any extent; for Dr. Reid has given us a catalogue, something in the nature of a bill of fare at a French *Restaurant*, of the various atmospheres which might be supplied. We once thought Beauvilliers' *Carte* a great curiosity, but we now think Dr. Reid's as infinitely superior, as science is to cookery, and the fragrance of the ventilated House of Commons to the fumes of an *omelette soufflée* :—

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Dry air | 12. Highly oxygenating |
| 2. Dry and hot air | 13. Less oxygenating |
| 3. Dry and cold air | 14. Deoxidating |
| 4. Rapid and hot air | 15. Nitrous oxide |
| 5. Rapid and cold air | 16. Nitrous acid |
| 6. Moist air | 17. Nitric acid |
| 7. Moist and warm | 18. Chlorinated |
| 8. Moist and cold | 19. Sulphureous |
| 9. Rapid moist and warm | 20. Carbonic |
| 10. Rapid moist and cold | 21. Ammoniacal |
| 11. Steamed air or steam baths | 22. Prussic |

23. Acetic

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------------------|
| 23. Acetic | 30. Lavender |
| 24. Arsenical | 31. Orange |
| 25. Mercurial | 32. Cinnamon |
| 26. Alcoholic | 33. Creosotic |
| 27. Etherial | 34. Hydrosulphate of ammonia.' |
| 28. Benzoic | pp. 218, 219. |
| 29. Camphoric | |

These are not, we presume, actually introduced into the House of Commons; and indeed, though Dr. Reid expatiates on 'the facility with which they could be introduced in determinate quantities' (§ 519), it is obvious that as long as members will adhere to the practice of changing their seats *ad libitum*, the application of this great principle must be postponed. What unpleasant scenes might we not have if Mr. O'Connell were by any accident to sit down in the *orange* atmosphere which had been brewed for Sir Robert Inglis, or Sir Robert in the *mercurial* one intended for one of the younger members! Sir Charles Napier would dislike Lord Palmerston's *lavender* as much as his lordship would the admiral's *creosotic*, or Mr. D'Israeli's nauseous but pungent *benzoic*—'an acid,' says Knight's Cyclopædia, 'which takes its name from *Benzoin* or *Benjamin*, but is usually prepared from'—that substance out of which Vespasian extracted tribute.

But even in the present state of the Parliamentary atmosphere, and without attempting to suit individual tastes, we fear that Dr. Reid's interesting experiments in the Houses of Parliament have not been so approved as might have been hoped. Dr. Reid himself admits he has

'repeatedly, during this very session, been present in the House of Peers, when numbers have left it, some because it was too hot, and some because it was too cold, at the same moment.'—p. 292.

But this was not the fault of Dr. Reid or his apparatus, but, on the contrary, a proof of his success; for he had provided hot and cold currents; but somehow their lordships never could get into the right stream; and, in spite of Dr. Reid's known readiness to oblige, they could not be persuaded to call for the *Carte*, and order their own atmosphere:—

'Our great difficulty is, that members of that House do not tell us, so frequently as is desirable, when they find too little air coming in, or too much. . . . Sometimes for three or four weeks successively no communication is made upon the subject. . . . I also know, that individuals have stated that they have remained for a whole evening uncomfortable, without even telling us, though *there was a person stationed in the House for this purpose*.'—pp. 292, 293.

This sentence is somewhat obscure, but the grammatical construction

struction seems to imply that, agreeably to the privilege of the peerage, a person is stationed in that house to be *uncomfortable, as a proxy* for any of their lordships who may desire it; a prodigious advantage,—which, however their lordships may neglect it, would make ventilation very popular in many private families.

In the other house the result has been, it seems, still more discouraging; and indeed it appears that Dr. Reid has more difficulty in managing the House of Commons than the Minister himself, though he proceeds on the same principle that ministers have been sometimes obliged to adopt, of working by underhand means and blowing hot and cold from the same mouth:—

‘The first remark made after the House of Commons met, subsequent to the alterations, was,—“The temperature is rising, we shall be suffocated immediately.” This was addressed to me by a member walking from the bar to the door, and he had no sooner passed than another followed him, hurriedly stating as he passed, “I am shivering with cold; I can bear this house no longer.”

‘In some cases, where the debates in both Houses have continued for a long period, and the fluctuations have been great both in the state of the weather and of the numbers attending, I have occasionally, in studying details as to the action of the ventilation, made, with advantage, from *fifty to one hundred variations* in the quantity or quality of the air supplied in a single night.

‘Fluctuations, indeed, are sometimes so frequent, and to so great an extent, that the attendants cannot give the average approximation of which the apparatus is susceptible, unless they are perpetually directing their attention to the passing changes in the same manner as a sailor steering a ship.’—pp. 294-296.

We find the present mode of ventilating the House of Commons thus described by an honourable member, who, professing himself favourable to Dr. Reid’s system in general, has the candour to admit some small imperfections:—

‘A strong current of prepared air is now admitted, immediately under the entire surface of the floor, which is pierced with many thousand holes; after passing through these apertures this air is again distributed into many millions of other holes, by means of an haircloth carpet, through which it is drawn up towards the ceiling, where admirable arrangements have been made by Dr. Reid for discharging it through apertures in the edges of the pannels; and thus the foul air is carried rapidly along a tunnel, to feed the great furnace which creates this current of ventilation.

‘It is obvious that the air so drawn up through the haircloth carpet must be charged with particles of ground-dust, or mud from the members’ feet; and that (so impregnated) it must be inhaled by those within its reach. I heard many members complain that it rests upon their faces, and enters their eyes, and nostrils, and mouths; and from
woeful

woeful experience some members know that it can find its way to their lungs.'—*Sir F. Trench to Viscount Duncannon, Par. Pap. No. 204, Sess. 1838.*

This infliction on the Honourable the House of Commons of the Scripture curse against venomous animals—'Thou shalt *eat dust* all the days of thy life'—would be no doubt a *primâ facie* objection to the Reid system; but the Doctor in reply observed that he did not find that in practice the members were so very nice as to the *purity* of the atmosphere in which they lived; but in order to remove even the 'suspicion' of complaint, Dr. Reid was quite ready—nay, he proposed—to turn the whole affair upside down, and like other 'great Magicians of the North,' to reverse the course of nature, and make the wind to blow—not as *it*, but as *he* listeth.

'The air may be made to *descend* from the ceiling and be removed by the floor. I know no method that combines *so many and so numerous* advantages as this: experience has assured me that there is no method at all comparable to the *descending atmosphere* for the House of Commons. Even the suspicion of dust would not then annoy the members. The air can be admitted at any temperature, its first impulse being *softened by the air on which it falls*.'—*Dr. Reid's Letter to Visct. Duncannon, Par. Pap. No. 279, Sess. 1836, p. 6.*

Upside-down—inside-out—backwards or forwards—air bruising itself soft by falling upon other air—Dr. Reid's universal system is ready for all emergencies, and can accommodate itself to all requirements, with no drawback or difficulty that may not be solved—and to Dr. Reid's own feelings most satisfactorily—by the formula before-mentioned, *£. s. d.*

Dr. Reid, however, admits that there is a strong feeling against this *descending* atmosphere; partly perhaps from a doubt whether that atmosphere can descend lower: and he, therefore, in compliance with those prejudices, adheres (as is usual in that place) to the *ascendant* party: he clings also to the hair-cloth mattress—for which substance, indeed, he is so great an advocate that he seems to suggest that a piece of it might be conveniently worn by such of the members as may dislike the present ventilation, by way of *respirator* or protective mouth-piece.

'Any one who has not attended to all the peculiar properties of the elastic hair-cloth, when properly made, may easily satisfy himself of its extreme permeability to air, as it neither interrupts breathing nor *speaking*, even when *six folds are applied to the mouth*. I have, indeed, to prove this, frequently for a time *lectured* with a portion held over my mouth.'—*Ib. p. 5.*

This we think one of the most important practical suggestions in all Dr. Reid's works; and we really think that a system of
'sixfold'

'sixfold' muzzles for lecturers and members of Parliament would, if judiciously applied, promote incalculably the advancement of science, the despatch of business, and the whole circle of national interests. The public would not grudge a large vote to enable Dr. Reid to follow up this idea by experiments on an extensive scale.

We are glad, though we own a little surprised, to learn that occasionally there are indications of more satisfactory results:—

'Members who have come down to the House of Commons unwell, have occasionally been relieved by exposing themselves, for a short time, to a blast of hot, cold, or tempered air in the air channels.'—p. 297.

We were well aware that the air of the House of Commons was remarkable for producing great and rapid changes in what are called people's *principles*, but we had never witnessed, nor indeed elsewhere heard of, these salutary effects on their *persons*; on the contrary, we have never known anything more like an approach to unanimity in that House than the general ingratitude with which they concur in complaining of their artificial atmosphere; nor are there wanting some so unjust as to have pronounced the whole system *a humbug*! This, we need not repeat, is the very reverse of our opinion: we entirely concur with the writer in the 'Edinburgh Weekly Register'—be it Dr. Reid himself, or one of his disciples—in reprobating 'the reckless, prejudiced, and malignant attacks on this *young science*:' and we must add, that it is a crowning proof of the urbanity, placability, and philanthropy of Dr. Reid, that, being so ungratefully treated by many individual members, and having, as we have seen, *sulphureous, carbonic, ammoniacal, prussic, and arsenical* atmospheres at command, we have not heard his detractors complain of any severer infliction than bad colds, lumbago, rheumatism, and the like.

The only other considerable trial of Dr. Reid's system that we know of was in the vessels fitted out in 1841 for the expedition up the *Quorra*—the name under which it is now the fashion to disguise the ominous and well-deserved designation of the *Niger*. The Admiralty of the day, remembering the fate of poor Captain Tuckey, and the precept of the Roman Moralist—'hic Niger est, hunc tu caveto'—took, in addition to all other precautions, that of employing Dr. Reid to fit the ships on his sanitary principle. The Doctor on this important occasion showed even more than his usual judgment and ingenuity—for he did not trust merely to his *ventilator*—since the ventilator could only supply such air as it found on the coast, which was, in fact, the thing to be guarded against—and he therefore added what he called a *medicator*, and which in principle was the same as the chambers

chambers for cooking atmospheres before mentioned. With the help of these *medicators* a wholesome European air was to be generated by means of chemical composition, and then distributed by the Ventilator to the ship's company :—

Οὖρον δε προέηκεν ἀπήμονα τε λιαρὸν τε.

————— ' the skilful hand

Breezes prepared, innocuous and bland.'

But this was not all. In order to dilute this medicated air it was obviously necessary to make use of a portion at least of the air of the country; but the Doctor had provided a remedy even for this inconvenience—the ships were provided with apparatus for *filtering* the African atmosphere, as a cook strains calf's-foot jelly :—

'The medicator was arranged as follows :—The windsails were hoisted, and attached to the lower lateral openings, which were *covered with fine bunting* [a kind of worsted gauze, such as flags are made of]. A *filter* of the same material was stretched across the upper tier, which is usually occupied by trays. *Thus the air underwent filtration* before it came in contact with the substances in the trays, and after it had been subjected to their action, chlorine was evolved from the lower compartment of the medicator, by disengaging it from the chloride of lime by means of sulphuric acid.'—p. 411.

It was the alleged failure of all these precautions that furnished the pretext for 'the malignant criticisms of the Athenæum,'—which journal not only pronounced the whole affair a failure, but went so far as to state, on the authority of the medical officers of the expedition, that '*of 145 Europeans, all vigorous young men, there were no fewer than 130 cases of fever, 44 of which terminated fatally. How long the survivors continued to be affected with the consequences of the malady we are unable to say.*'—*Ath.*, No. 818. In reply to this and 'a series of similar misstatements' in the *Times*, Dr. Reid published in 1845 an admirable pamphlet, in which, by a species of literary filtration and condensation which he seems to have recently discovered, he has compressed into 14 leaves everything that he had before expanded into the volume of 450 pages. We fear not to say that any one who reads the pamphlet will have nothing to learn from the book. The pamphlet indeed contains additional matter, and produces, in special refutation of the '*Athenæum*,' several letters from the officers of the ships, expressing their satisfaction with both the *ventilators* and *medicators* in terms so flattering to Dr. Reid, and so favourable to his system, that we must find room for an extract from one of them, addressed to

to Dr. Reid by Capt. Trotter, commander of H.M.S. Albert, together with the few prefatory words with which Dr. Reid himself introduces it :—

‘The following letter is an additional proof of the opinion entertained by Capt. Trotter and the officers of the expedition as to what the *Athenæum* is pleased to designate a signal failure, reproaching me also with a want of candour for not confessing it to be so :—

‘H.M.S. Albert, Devonport,
30th April, 1841.

‘MY DEAR SIR,—The officers of the Niger expedition, duly appreciating the *success which has attended your plan of ventilating the steam-vessels in which they are embarked*, and feeling grateful to you for the unwearied attention which, with the view of benefiting their health, and adding to their comfort, you have bestowed upon the subject, are desirous of marking their sense of your services, and have deputed me to ask your acceptance of two small pieces of plate for that purpose ; and permit me, my dear Sir, to take this opportunity of adding my personal thanks for the great anxiety you have always evinced in carrying out this valuable improvement in naval equipment.’—*Ventilation*, pp. 23, 24.

To this and several other equally favourable testimonies we know not what answer ‘malignant critics’ can make, unless it be that it appears from the dates that they were all written—some like Capt. Trotter’s, in England—others from Madeira on the voyage out—*ALL before the actual trial*. We must admit that no similar testimonies are produced *after* the experiment, but that may be fairly attributed, not to any change of opinion, but to the distressing fact that, owing to circumstances over which, of course, Dr. Reid could have no control, 130 out of the 140 officers and men who composed the expedition were no longer in a condition to write.

But while these lines are passing through the press, we find that a still more serious injustice—as with all our respect for trial by jury we must call it—has been lately done in Westminster Hall to the patrons and practitioners of the new science. We copy the report of this important case from the papers of the 19th of January last.

‘YATES v. WATSON.

‘The action was brought to recover 153*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.* for work and labour done and performed, and goods supplied to and for the defendant. It appeared that the plaintiff had engaged to erect an apparatus for warming and heating the house and conservatory of the defendant. The evidence given by the plaintiff went to show that the defendant had ordered the work to be done, and that he had agreed to pay a certain sum for the apparatus, but that *afterwards the partner of Dr. Reid had*

had interfered, and had altered the plan, in consequence of which the matter had not answered. For the defendant, the partner of Dr. Reid was called, and he stated that he *had merely made suggestions* to the plaintiff, and that very few of those were adopted. The apparatus had not at all answered. He believed Dr. Reid's plan of heating and ventilating the Houses of Parliament had been successful. He also stated he believed Dr. Reid's plan had been successful as regarded the courts of law.'

Here the reporter, who is evidently prejudiced against the system, indignantly contradicts this latter statement, interjecting,

'It is very much wished that Dr. Reid was compelled to spend much of his time in the Bail Court [where this cause was tried], which would enable him to form the best idea of the inconvenience sustained by those who are compelled to sit there.'

And in this malediction against Dr. Reid and his practices, we regret to say that all Westminster Hall seems for once in its life to be agreed. The report proceeds:—

'Other witnesses stated that the apparatus had not at all answered. The materials of which the apparatus was composed were worth no more than 20*l*.

'The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed.'

O! blindness of human bigotry!—the Inquisition incarcerated Galileo—and the Court of Queen's Bench condemns poor Mr. Watson to pay 150*l*. for an apparatus which cost but 20*l*., and is worth nothing—only because Dr. Reid's partner introduced, by way of suggestion, some small portion of the Doctor's principle, which, trifling as it was, the judge and jury believed to be quite enough to spoil the whole affair. The '*young science*,' it seems, which purifies air, vitiates contracts, and might involve its professors in awkward results. We therefore advise Dr. Reid and his partner to eschew Westminster Hall, and to content themselves with the indulgent and liberal patronage of the two Houses,—who can put their hands into the public purse without the fear of a jury, and—probably from the practice which has lately become habitual amongst them of *eating their own words*—seem to have grown very indifferent to the variations and impurities of the atmosphere which they breathe.

We cannot conclude without expressing in a few serious words our regret at perceiving, from the title-page of his pamphlet, that Dr. Reid has been appointed a '*Commissioner to inquire into the state of large towns and populous districts in England and Wales*.' We had rather the worthy Doctor had been left to

regale legislators and lecturers with odours of orange or lavender, and muzzles of hair-cloth, as he and they may please; and we must add our anxious hope that the quackery and absurdity of interested or visionary projectors may not discourage the rational and benevolent feeling that the public has recently shown in favour of some enlarged and administrative system of sanatory improvement in the dwellings of the poor. The awful tragedy that lately occurred in Whetstone Park—a small *street* situated between Holborn and Lincoln's-Inn Fields, two of the airiest spaces in London—seems to have been occasioned by mortiferous effluvia, and is, probably, but a more notorious specimen of what is in slower operation in the squalid recesses of all our great towns—in which we fear, it may be said—with as much truth as of the Plague in Turkish cities—that putrid fever is never extinct. We could have wished that the 80,000*l.* or 100,000*l.*, which it seems the fanciful experiments on the Houses of Parliament are likely to absorb, had been expended in some sober and practical efforts, guided by charity and *common sense*, to ventilate, and above all to cleanse and drain, those perennial hotbeds of disease. It will be time enough to talk of brewing graduated breezes and distilling aromatic atmospheres, when we shall have supplied such places as Whetstone Park with a good common sewer and the ordinary light and air of heaven.

ART. IV.—*An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.*
By John Henry Newman. 8vo., London, 1845.

ALL the world knows that, before the publication of this work, Mr. Newman had passed over to the Church of Rome. May his restless spirit at length have repose!—the doubts, which still tremblingly betray themselves in his most positive conclusions, cease to haunt his mind!—his deep religious yearnings find satisfaction in those cloistral practices or observances, it should seem, absolutely indispensable to his peculiar temperament, but unnecessary to those Christians who are content with the higher mission of perseveringly discharging their duty to God and man, whether in the high places or the domestic sanctuaries of life! We write with no proud and unbecoming assumption of compassion towards one who, we think, has mistaken the lower for the higher view of Christian faith and love; but it is our solemn prayer and hope that he may escape all the anguish of self-reproach, and the reproach of others—self-reproach for having
sown

sown the bitter seeds of religious dissension in many families;—the reproach of others who, more or less blindly following his example, have snapt asunder the bonds of hereditary faith and domestic attachment, and have trodden under foot the holiest charities of our being; who have abandoned their prospects in life, many of them—from their talents and serious character—prospects of most extensive usefulness to mankind; and who *may* hereafter find, when the first burst of poetry and of religious passion has softened down, that the void was not in the religion of their fathers but in themselves; that they have sought to find *without*, what they should have sought *within*; and will have to strive for the rest of their lives with baffled hopes, with ill-suppressed regrets; with an uneasy consciousness of their unfitness for their present position, and want of power or courage to regain that which they have lost; with a hollow truce instead of a firm peace within their conscience; a weary longing for rest where rest alone can be found.

Our business is with Mr. Newman's book, not with Mr. Newman himself or with his followers. It will, however, be impossible altogether to separate the examination of his work from what Mr. Coleridge would have called the psychological study of his mind—so completely is the one the reflexion, dare we use the word, the transfiguration of one into the other. Yet this consideration, while we scruple not strongly to assert our own convictions of the truth, is but a more grave admonition to labour at least to maintain throughout the discussion the most perfect candour and charity.

There is something significant in a few words of Mr. Newman's preface. The author's 'first act on his conversion was to offer his work for revision to the proper authorities; but the offer was declined, on the ground that it was written and partly printed before he was a Catholic, and that it would come before the reader in a more persuasive form if he read it as the author wrote it.' His Church has not departed from her wonted wariness in declining the responsibility of a work, which might thus have appeared, in some degree, as an authorized vindication of herself. It may be well, according to her policy, to give free scope to bold and original minds; to men of undoubted, though we think of very unequal ability, such as De Maistre, Möhler, and Mr. Newman, to promulgate brilliant theories, and to work them out with their utmost skill: the first, M. de Maistre, with all the dauntless hardihood of assertion, the recklessness of quotation, much of the point and brilliancy of French polemics, but utterly wanting in the logical accuracy, the profound but perspicuous philosophy of their higher school; the second, with solid German erudition, and

by no means without German candour and moderation;* the third, Mr. Newman, with the logical subtlety of a schoolman, and a style unusually clear, vigorous, and idiomatic, though often careless in the construction of the sentences, and wanting some of the graces of our best prose. On this cautious plan his Church gathers all the glory and the profit, and is answerable for nothing. If the new Apologists venture to desert the old grounds of controversy, it is at their own peril; the Church may disclaim them at the first signal of difficulty or distress; she may cut them adrift, and sail proudly on, unconcerned at their fate, and leaving them to combat alone with the storm which they have raised. The wisdom of this reserve is more evident, since the whole battle depends, according to the new theory, on one dangerous position. The adversary is admitted within the lines, within the camp, to be beaten back only by the strength of one forlorn post.

The Introduction to Mr. Newman's book might of itself alarm any one deeply read in the controversies of but recent times. It is the preliminary hazard to the great desperate stake which is to be played by the whole book, and, as he himself knows, has already been tried with serious consequences not only to the Church of Rome, but to Christianity itself. Its substance is this: That there are no better grounds in the Scriptures and in the

* We have the satisfaction to find our judgment on these two writers supported by the high authority of the Bishop of St. David's. 'Möhler is solidly learned, thoughtful, logical, and apparently willing to do justice to his opponents. At least he is not in the habit of substituting peremptory and paradoxical assertions or sneers in the room of argument; nor capable (like De Maistre in his work *Du Pape*) of grounding his reasoning on a total misconception of the point in dispute' (Charge, 1845). The bishop's observations on the development theory are worth reading, as comprehending the whole subject in a few sentences. As a specimen of De Maistre's quotations, it may not be unamusing to refer to his testimonies from Protestant writers to the supremacy of the Pope. One is from Calvin! The reference in our edition is to the *Institutes*, book vi. 11. There are only four books of the *Institutes*, and we therefore cannot trace the passage. But we recommend the reader to the 6th and 11th chapter of the fourth book for Calvin's opinion on this subject. Another testimony is that the old Puritan Cartwright in his controversy with Whitgift said something like this, 'If we are to have such an Archbishop of Canterbury, we might as well have a Pope!' Some sentences of Misson and of Gibbon, which justly assert that the Popes of their own century had usually been men of decent, irreproachable, even venerable character, have become testimonies to the blamelessness and to the virtues of all the Popes who ever sat in St. Peter's chair. But have those who quote De Maistre and Möhler together, as Mr. Newman does, read both? Möhler's book, '*Die Einheit in der Kirche*,' conflates itself to the three first centuries, and his conclusion is this—that the Papal supremacy was unknown in the more flourishing state of the Church; that it was a provision for darker times; and that if we could revive that flourishing state we should return to primitive Episcopacy:—'*Je blühender der Zustand der Kirche, desto mehr wird sich der früheste Verband der Kirche durch den Episcopat darstellen, und die andern werden in den Hintergrund zurücktreten, die Metropolitane und der Primas.*' . . . Afterwards he says—'*Haben wir das alte Leben wieder, so werden wir die alten Formen nothwendig wieder erhalten.*'—pp. 248, 250.

earlier

earlier Fathers for some of those doctrines which are most universally received by the great mass of Christian believers beyond as well as within the pale of Rome, than for the more peculiar doctrines of that Church; that the testimonies are equally vague, dim, precarious, ambiguous, and contradictory, for the Trinity and the Inspiration and Authority of the Scriptures, as for the worship of the Virgin Mary and for the Supremacy of the Pope. Original Sin and Purgatory stand and fall together.

The singular point throughout the Introduction is this. Mr. Newman feels himself obliged to confine his arguments to the refutation of himself and of his former friends. To the latter he endeavours to prove most elaborately that their doctrine of the Real Presence (not Transubstantiation) which they have maintained on the ground of the memorable canon of Vincentius Lirinensis, 'Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,' stands on no better ground than the Papal Supremacy. We leave these learned writers to defend themselves, but Mr. Newman, as he ingenuously acknowledges, has also to confute himself. In the year 1838 Mr. Newman wrote thus of Bishop Bull's 'Defence of the Nicene Faith':

'He was led to do so by an attack upon the orthodoxy of the ante-Nicene Fathers from a quarter whence it was at first sight little to be expected. The learned assailant was not an Arian, or Socinian, or Latitudinarian, but Petavius, a member of the Jesuit body. The tendency of the portion of his great work on theological doctrines which treats of the Trinity is too plain to be mistaken. The historian Gibbon does not scruple to pronounce that its "object or at least effect" was "to arraign" and, as he considers, "successfully the faith of the ante-Nicene Fathers;" and it was used in no long time by Arian writers in their own justification. Thus Romanist, heretic, and infidel unite with one another in this instance in denying the orthodoxy of the first centuries. . . . But to return to Petavius. This learned author, in his elaborate work on the Trinity, shows that he would rather prove the early Confessors and Martyrs to be heterodox than that they should exist as a court of appeal from the decisions of his own Church; and he accordingly sacrifices, without remorse, Justin, Clement, Irenæus, and their brethren to the maintenance of the infallibility of Rome. Or to put the matter in another point of view, truer perhaps though less favourable still to Petavius, he consents that the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Trinity shall so far rest on the mere declaration of the Church that, before it was formally defined, there was no heresy in rejecting it, provided he can thereby gain for Rome the freedom of making decrees unfettered by the recorded judgments of antiquity.'—*Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church*, 1838, p. 73 et seq.

'I do not mean to say that there have been many such systematic and profound attempts as this on the part of Petavius, at what may justly be called *parricide*. Rome even, *steeled as she is against the kindlier*

kindlier feelings when her interests require, has more of tender mercy left than to bear them often.'—(ibid., pp. 77, 78.)

We implicitly believe that Mr. Newman believes the sincerity of his own protestations of the most profound reverence for the primitive Fathers, and that he has not the slightest intention to impugn their orthodoxy; he would suppose that those Fathers in their most ambiguous expressions 'imply or intend the Catholic doctrine.' Yet he now writes thus. After stating that 'the only great doctrinal council in ante-Nicene times rejected the word *Homousian*,' he proceeds:—

'The six great Bishops and Saints of the ante-Nicene Church were St. Irenæus, St. Hippolytus, St. Cyprian, St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, St. Dionysius of Alexandria, and St. Methodius. Of these, St. Dionysius is accused by St. Basil of having sown the first seeds of Arianism; and St. Gregory is allowed by the same learned Father to have used language concerning our Lord, which he only defends on the plea of an economical object in the writer. St. Hippolytus speaks as if he were ignorant of our Lord's Eternal Sonship; St. Methodius speaks incorrectly at least upon the Incarnation; and St. Cyprian does not treat of theology at all. Such is the incompleteness of the extant teaching of these true saints, and, in their day, faithful witnesses of the Eternal Son.

'Again, Athenagoras, St. Clement, Tertullian, and the two SS. Dionysii would appear to be the only writers whose language is at any time exact and systematic enough to remind us of the Athanasian Creed. If we limit our views of the teaching of the Fathers by what they expressly state, St. Ignatius may be considered as a Patripassian, St. Justin arianizes, and St. Hippolytus is a Photinian.

'Again, there are three great doctrinal writers of the ante-Nicene centuries, Tertullian, Origen, and, we may add, Eusebius, though he lived some way into the fourth. Tertullian is heterodox on the doctrine of our Lord's divinity, and, indeed, ultimately fell altogether into heresy or schism; Origen is, at the very least, suspected, and must be defended and explained rather than cited as a witness of orthodoxy; and Eusebius was an Arian.'—pp. 13, 14.

The doctrine of the Trinity, we suspect, was more rudely shaken in the minds of men by the defence of the learned Jesuit than by all the high moral reasonings of the Socini. Mr. Newman will be in a singular position, if, as no doubt they will, the modern Unitarians seize the weapons which he has so generously placed in their hands; and if some Protestant Bishop Bull shall again arise in defence of the Nicene faith, and at least deserve if not receive the thanks of the Gallican Church, through some Bossuet, if Bossuet there be in these degenerate days (alas! where is he?), for rescuing the cardinal doctrine of Christianity from

from the incautious, in our case Mr. Newman might have written *parricidal*, zeal of their new and boasted proselyte!

This case of Petavius is familiar to all who are even superficially read in the divinity of the seventeenth century. But there is another remarkable parallel fact, which has by no means excited the same attention. Who is the parent of that critical study of the canon, and of the authenticity of the Scriptures, which has *developed* itself into the extreme rationalism of Paulus, and the anatomical biblical dissections of Strauss and his followers? We are not among those, whose timid—we had almost written dastardly—faith, trembles or looks with jealous suspicion at these inquiries—they were unavoidable. Faithful and conscientious biblical criticism could not elude them. We have the most entire conviction that the historic veracity and the authority of the New Testament will come forth from the ordeal only more firmly established. In Germany the triumphant reaction has begun, not merely in the Pietistic or Evangelic school, with Hengstenberg and his followers, but with men of far more profound and dispassionate thought and higher erudition. But in the name of those who from the abuse, unwisely as we think, deprecate the legitimate use of these investigations—in the name of Mr. Newman's former associates, and of his present friends—we may inquire who was the parent of this, at least, incipient Rationalism? Was it the physician Astruc? Was it Eichhorn or Michaelis? Was it a Protestant divine, or a German professor? The first, and certainly one of the very ablest, who entered boldly on this ground, was Father Simon of the Oratory. The History of the Old and New Testament by this very learned man forms an epoch in biblical study. Its object might seem, and its effect certainly was, to assail and disturb the security of the whole canon of the New as well as of the Old Testament. Father Simon declared that he did this only with the view of asserting the authority of the Church. Nothing less than the infallibility of the Church could invest such doubtful records with their plenary supremacy over the faith.* We write not in hostility to P. Simon, for whom we have great respect; but if this biblical Exegesis be so monstrous a birth,

* P. Simon says, for example, 'Bien loin donc qu'on doive croire avec les Protestans, que la voye la plus courte, la plus naturelle, et la plus certaine pour decider ces questions de la Foi, est de consulter l'Ecriture Sainte, on trouvera au contraire dans cet ouvrage, que si on separe la regle de droit de celle de fait, c'est à dire si on ne joint la Tradition avec l'Ecriture, on ne peut presque rien assurer de certain dans la religion' (Preface). Yet we are charitably inclined, with M. le Normant (*Cours d'Histoire Ancienne*, p. 126), to think that Simon wrote in the pure interests of science; that this was an after thought, when his book became the subject of attack. We may add that Simon quotes several *Jesuit* writers who had preceded him in this course of inquiry.

and

and in her turn the mother of such a fearful brood, of Neologism and Rationalism, let all who have any concern in the parentage equally share the blame. It is remarkable that the eagle eye of Bossuet discerned this danger as it did the other. The same eloquence which had assumed the dignified language of praise to Bishop Bull, took its sterner tone of condemnation towards Father Simon. He prevented the publication of the work in France, which only found its way to light through the free press of Holland.

Mr. Newman, as, notwithstanding his own warning he has revived the arguments of Petavius, so he has not feared to tread in the steps of the Father of the Oratory. He is even more prodigal in his concession. Not content with the Trinity, he fairly throws over the authenticity of the New Testament. 'On what ground (he asks) do we receive the Canon as it comes to us, but on the authority of the Church of the *fourth and fifth centuries*?' This is the inference from certain passages adopted by him from the Tracts for the Times, in which more loose doubts are thrown upon the authenticity of several books of the New Testament, than would load some unfortunate men for life with the ill-omened name of Rationalists; we give one paragraph:—

'The New Testament consists of twenty-seven books in all, though of varying importance. Of these, fourteen are not mentioned at all till from eighty to one hundred years after St. John's death, in which number are the Acts, the Second to the Corinthians, the Galatians, the Colossians, the Two to the Thessalonians, and St. James. Of the other thirteen, five, viz., St. John's Gospel, the Philippians, the First of Timothy, the Hebrews, and the First of St. John, are quoted but by one writer during the same period.*—p. 160.

We must enter our passing but solemn protest against thus confounding the historical evidence, both external and internal, on which we ground the authenticity of the sacred books, with these late decrees of the Church. Simon was far too solidly learned to rest the Canon of Scripture on the Fathers of the *fourth or fifth century*. This statement is a complete misapprehension or misrepresentation of the whole question. It is not whether two or three books (mostly brief and unimportant ones, the shorter Epistles) are known to have been less generally received than others, but whether the great body of the New Testament was the recognised authority throughout Christendom. One argument

* This writer is not even correct in his assertions. We presume that the line of eighty or a hundred years after the death of St. John is drawn to exclude Irenæus. But St. John's Gospel is quoted by Justin Martyr, A.C. 140, Apol. ii. 1, 14; and Dial. c. Tryph.; and by Theophilus of Antioch, A.D. 169, ad Autolyc. iii. 22; and what other authentic writers are there within that period from whom we could expect much support?

alone may almost suffice. Look into the works of the earliest of the Fathers, who enter into anything like a regular discussion on any question of doctrine or practice. Open the treatise of Tertullian (probably within the second century) *de Resurrectione Carnis*. The appeal is throughout to the books of Scripture, such as we now read them, as of established, uncontested authority. There is not a single passage in the whole New Testament that can be brought to bear on the subject (and some that have but a remote connexion with it are forced into the service), which is not adduced, cited at length, examined, and discussed with as much confidence in its authenticity, and as much deference to its authority, as by any theological Faculty or Protestant University in our own day. So completely, indeed, is the whole an historical question, that it is the age alone, not the religious creed of the writer, which gives weight to the testimony. It is indifferent whether this treatise was written by Tertullian the orthodox or Tertullian the Montanist. An American Unitarian, Professor Norton, has devoted a whole volume full of ingenious reasoning and solid learning, to show that the Gnostic sects of the second century admitted in general the same sacred books with the orthodox Christians.* However doubtful may be his complete success, he has made out a strong case, which, as far as it goes, is one of the most valuable confutations of the extreme German *χρηζοντες*, an excellent subsidiary contribution to the proof of the 'genuineness of the Scripture.' If by any strange accident, some palimpsest or Syrian manuscript were to reveal to us some passage of an early Gnostic, or even of a better-informed heathen, which should report that the Christians have four biographies of their teacher, written by four disciples, named Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and so many letters of his Apostles, it would be as valid evidence as if it were found in a genuine epistle of Clement of Rome or of Ignatius. The New Testament (in this general sense) is at once the earliest written record and the earliest tradition: its authority is taken for granted throughout early antiquity; and it is this general admission, not any decree of Council or of Pope, which is our guarantee for its apostolic origin and supremacy. The absolute completeness of the Canon, and the *authority* of the New Testament, are widely different. To bring that authority down to the fourth or fifth century is to tear up the roots of Christianity. The decrees of the Church! What do we know of the origin, of the Founder, to say nothing of the

* Professor Norton makes no concealment of certain peculiar opinions concerning the Old Testament. But his peculiar opinions on the Godhead could be detected only by the acute sagacity of theological jealousy. His work on the Genuineness of the Scriptures is of a high intellectual order.

powers of the Church, but from the New Testament? Tradition might retain some *interpretative* office; but directly Christendom throughout her churches (and that must have been, from the evidence of every writing we possess, at a very early period) recognised the written Word, it was absolved from its duty of depositary and guardian of the Christian revelation. What Christian writer, when he can adduce the words of Scripture, adduces any other?

Throughout this preliminary discussion there is, to our feelings, an inexpressibly melancholy tone at once of desperate menace and of desperate apology. The menace is addressed to all Christians who refuse to receive the whole of mediæval Christianity. 'Accept the creed of Pope Pius IV., or tremble at least for that of Nicæa. Submit to the doctrine of Purgatory, or surrender that of original sin.' To his former friends, the high Anglicans, Mr. Newman's language is still more stern and significant. 'Go on with me, or I will spurn down the narrow plank on which we have stood together over the dizzy abyss, and leave you to your fate! Your apostolic succession, your lofty notions of the Sacraments, your real presence, I will rend them from you with my merciless logic, unless you bow with me in lowly submission to the Papal supremacy.' The desperate apology is to his own conscience. Drawn irresistibly towards Rome, by thoughts over which he has long brooded—which he has *developed* into a complete mastery over his mind—of the soul-absorbing austerities, the majestic sacerdotal power, the imaginative devotion, above all the unharassed faith, and fondly promised peace of unquestioning submission; driven by those dire Eumenides, which in God's mysterious Providence are permitted to haunt the noblest, and by nature, until steeled by what seems heaven-ordained bigotry, the gentlest, and the purest of spirits, by Doubt, and Terror, and Dissatisfaction with what is, and painful craving after the Unattainable—(wisely wrote the old heathen, though of a lower object

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe)—

—Mr. Newman has rushed to the altar which seemed to be that of the Soothing and Appeasing Deity. His mind felt an absolute necessity for Infallibility; he had sought the oracles of God, but in vain. 'We are told,' he writes, 'that God has spoken. Where? In a book? We have tried it, and it *disappoints*; it disappoints, that most holy and blessed gift, not from fault of its own, but because it is used for a purpose for which it was not given' (p. 126). But let us solemnly ask, what did Mr. Newman seek in that Book to which the mysterious shrine gave back but a vague,

vague, ambiguous, awful, and unconsolatory answer? Did he seek Monasticism,—a despotic Hierarchy,—Sacraments which work like magic spells, irrespective of moral and religious influences,—an unbounded confidence in priestly absolution,—minute observances,—a full and logical creed,—a manual of passionate devotion? Was he content to seek, what any man who has received an ordinary Christian education may surely find, the sublimest notions of the divine nature, not wrought out, it may be true, in subtle metaphysical formularies, but not the less convincing, not the less commanding, not the less controlling, not the less engaging, not the less the infelt work of the Divine Comforter; the promise of remission of sins and of eternal life through Christ and Christ alone; maxims of such generous and benignant and comprehensive morality, that it is impossible to conceive any private or social condition of man, in which they will not furnish a perfect rule of life; two great eternal immutable principles, the love of God and the love of man, the application of which in the various forms of civilization, in all the vicissitudes in the life of the human being, and in the life of humanity, is the true development of Christianity?

We must confess that it is the awful distinctness, not the obscurity, of the New Testament, which would appal and distress us, if it were not that the *reassuring* promises were equally or even more clear. We are content to leave in that vagueness, which is alone satisfactory to the enlightened reason, the inconceivable state of the human being after death, whether in bliss or woe. The silence, or the dim and figurative intimations of the New Testament, are to us infinitely more satisfactory, as infinitely more accordant with divine wisdom, and the moral probation of man, than the distinct map, as it were, of Purgatory, and Hell, and Heaven, which, without the licence of Dante's poetry, is preserved in mediæval teaching.

There are questions to which the New Testament gives no answer, but they are questions before which even Papal infallibility cowers, and is either prudently silent or cautiously guarded.

‘Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixed Fate, Free Will, Foreknowledge absolute,’

infallible Rome, like fallible man, like the higher fallible beings of the poet,

‘Can find no end, in wandering mazes lost!’

On these points, wherever the Roman Catholic Church has been betrayed into a decree, it has been constrained in due time to limit its own decisions by a counteracting if not contradictory sentence.

sentence. It has asserted St. Augustin against Pelagius, and disclaimed him first against Godescalc, later against Jansenius.

We assert that there is no question essential to the salvation or to the moral perfection of man; to man in any relation or condition of life; to man in a state of trial and discipline; to man as a citizen, as a husband, as a parent; to man baptized into the faith of Christ; to man conscientiously endeavouring to lead a Christian life; to man as an heir of immortality, gradually trained by Christian sanctification to Christian immortality; to man in life, and on his deathbed—which is not as fully answered by the New Testament as by all the decrees of Councils and of Popes. If man seeks for more, if he will aspire to unrevealed knowledge, to a minute and inflexible rule for his devotion; above all, to an assurance, guaranteed by some irreversible sentence, anticipatory of God's retributive judgment as to the destiny of his own individual soul; if he will needs demand more than Christian hope and Christian peace, then we say his demands are utterly inconsistent with the ordinary dealings of God's Providence, with what we humbly presume to be the scope and design of the revelation of God in Christ.

We may have seemed to linger too long on the threshold, as it were, of Mr. Newman's work. But his opinions are looked up to with so much submission by many, with such curiosity by more, that we cannot prevail on ourselves to dismiss any part of them in what may appear disrespectful haste.

What, then, is this great Theory of Development, which the Church of Rome, it is true, does not recognise as its authorized manifesto to mankind; but which, from the high character of its advocates, seems, for a time at least, to supersede all the old established arguments of that Church, and has a right therefore to expect the most calm and unimpassioned examination? We have indeed somewhat anticipated one question, which is the key to the whole discussion. But the most complete and definite statement of this theory is contained in the following passage:—

'That the increase and expansion of the Christian Creed and Ritual, and the variations which have attended the process in the case of individual writers and Churches, are the necessary attendants on any philosophy or polity which takes possession of the intellect and heart, and has had any wide or extended dominion;—that, from the nature of the human mind, time is necessary for the full comprehension and perfection of great ideas; and that the highest and most wonderful truths, though communicated to the world once for all by inspired teachers, could not be comprehended all at once by the recipients—but, as received and transmitted by minds not inspired and through media which were human, have required only the longer time and deeper thought for their full elucidation—This may be called *The Theory of Developments*.'—p. 27.

Now

Now this 'developed' Christianity is throughout declared and argued to be the only true and perfect religion of Christ. This is the scope and object of the book.

The issue then is, the Christianity of the New Testament, or what, to avoid terms offensive on the one hand, or obviously improper on the other, we will call Mediæval Christianity. For, though we presume that the culminating point, the last absolute crown and completion of the system, advances beyond that period, even to the Council of Trent and the Creed of Pope Pius; yet the phrase is sufficiently intelligible without jarring harshly on the feelings of either party. Up to that period, it is assumed Christianity was not merely in a state of constant increase and expansion, but of advancement to perfection. Development, until degeneracy and corruption begin, implies fullness, maturity, completeness. When we are commanded, at the peril of our immortal souls, to throw off our own undeveloped, or imperfectly developed Christianity for the absolute and perfect form, we must satisfy ourselves that every enlargement of our creed, whether by addition, expansion, comprehensiveness—every law imposed upon our practice, every assumption of power by those who require our submission, every principle which is enforced upon us, and the extent to which every principle is to be carried out—every minute iota, in short, of ecclesiastical ordinance, which, though insignificant in itself, may, if infringed, bring forth within us a dangerous tendency to independence—every demand which has been made on our faith or our obedience by the dominant rulers of the Church, rests on *authority as absolutely divine, as distinctly the audible Word of God, as undoubtedly a revelation from the great Creator of man*, as if it had been uttered amid the thunder of Sinai, or spoken by our Lord, and by his Apostles. Inspiration, according to this argument, was no temporary gift—it dwells as fully on the lips of Popes and Fathers in council, as on those of St. Peter and St. Paul.

According to this theory, what is the New Testament? It is no Revelation; it is but the obscure and prophetic harbinger of a Revelation. It is no great harmonious system of truths; it has but the rude outlines, the suggestive elements of those truths; it is no code of law, but a rudimental first conception of a law. Its morality is no establishment of great principles, to be applied by the conscience of the individual man, but a collection of vague and ambiguous maxims. Of the way of salvation it utters but dark and oracular hints; it has brought life and immortality but into a faint and hazy twilight; the Sun of Righteousness rose not to his full meridian till the Council of Trent. No doubt the interpretation, and still more the personal application, of the Scrip-
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ture is a difficult task ; and, notwithstanding Mr. Newman's abstruse argument, we presume that its difficulty was intended in the divine counsels. It is not in the cultivation of the earth alone that,

'Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit.'

But as to this interpretation, we dare affirm, that though very great deference be due to the earlier writers, as possessing peculiar opportunities of knowledge, yet were they not guaranteed in any especial manner from foreign influences, from the prepossessions and prejudices of their age, their position, their habits of thought and feeling ; and there are advantages which belong to us, who may benefit by all that is valuable in their wisdom, and to it we may add our own (our more accurate philosophy of language for instance, our wider acquaintance with languages in general)—so that we are bold to say, that, on the whole, Biblical Criticism is in a state of legitimate *development* to our own day.

Mr. Newman has given us an example of the manner in which he conceives that the obscure *hints* of the Scriptures are legitimately developed into *doctrines binding in perpetuity* on the whole Christian Church. But we are compelled to say, that if we were not familiar with the very peculiar structure of Mr. Newman's mind—now endowed with logical acuteness and precision almost unrivalled in his day, and which may have enabled him in earlier and more quiet times to do amicable battle with the future Archbishop Whately : now stooping to a rubbish of false inferences and incomplete analogies, of which a child would be ashamed ;—we should scarcely have believed that he would have ventured such passages in a work written with great caution, as we might have supposed, and after deep meditation.

'It may be added that, in matter of fact, all the definitions or received judgments of the earlier and medieval Church rest upon definite, even though sometimes obscure sentences of Scripture. Thus Purgatory may appeal to the "saving by fire," and "entering through much tribulation into the kingdom of God ;" the communication of the merits of the Saints to our "receiving a prophet's reward" for "receiving a prophet in the name of a prophet," and "a righteous man's reward" for "receiving a righteous man in the name of a righteous man ;" the Real Presence to "This is my Body ;" Absolution to "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted ;" Extreme Unction to "Anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord ;" Voluntary poverty to "Sell all that thou hast ;" obedience to "He was in subjection to His parents ;" the honour paid to creatures, animate or inanimate, to *Laudate Dominum in sanctis Ejus*, and *Adorate scabellum pedum Ejus*, and so of the rest.'—p. 112.

Now, of these Scriptural expressions, some three, it is well known,

known, are of contested application, and therefore Mr. Newman may have a right to affirm the sense in which they are held in his Church. We know too that the text of St. Paul to the Corinthians is the old desperate refuge of controversialists in favour of Purgatory; but it should be fairly quoted 'so as by fire,' οὕτως καὶ ὡς διὰ πυρός; and thus out of one metaphorical expression, a mere similitude, is developed a whole Intermediate Realm between the heaven and hell of the Scriptures, with all its fertile consequences. We are wrong; there is another sentence, implying the difficulty of becoming a Christian and attaining Christian blessedness. So, too, the Communication of the Merits of Saints, a doctrine which, whether rightly or not, appears to trench most strongly on the very cardinal 'idea' of the Gospel, rests on a passage, 'receiving a prophet's reward,' which to ordinary reason bears as much relation to it as to any other doctrine the most remote from its purpose. We cannot find space to examine the rest, but it is curious that Mr. Newman, in his last clause, is obliged to take refuge in the Latin—the original of 'in sanctis Ejus,' we humbly submit, signifying not in his Saints, but in his Sanctuary, his Holy of Holies! And the *footstool of God*—of God, of whom Christ has spoken—whom man dare not worship but as pure Spirit! And is this the Biblical interpretation to which we are to go back in the present age of Christianity?

But even these dim forebodings of future doctrines, these obscure suggestions which the fertile imagination of the later Church is to quicken into immutable, irrepealable articles of faith, cannot be obtained without submitting the Scriptures to another subtle process. The plain sense of the New Testament is too stubbornly perspicuous. Mystic interpretation must be called in to throw its veil over the whole sacred volume. The simple narratives, the exquisite parables, the pure moral maxims, must be refined into one vast allegory, which may make it mean anything, and consequently mean nothing.

'And this has been the doctrine of all ages of the Church, as is shown by the disinclination of her teachers to confine themselves to the mere *literal interpretation of Scripture*. Her most subtle and powerful method of proof, whether in ancient or modern times, is the *mystical sense*, which is so frequently used in doctrinal controversy as on many occasions to supersede any other. Thus the Council of Trent appeals to the peace offering spoken of in Malachi i. in proof of the Eucharistic Sacrifice; to the water and blood issuing from our Lord's side, and to the mention of "waters" in the Apocalypse, in admonishing on the subject of the mixture of water with the wine in the Oblation. Thus Bellarmine defends monastic celibacy by our Lord's words in Matthew xix., and refers to "We went through fire and water," &c. in the Psalm, as an argument for Purgatory; and these, as is plain, are but speci-

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mens of a rule. Now, on turning to primitive controversy, we find this method of interpretation to be the *very basis of the proof of the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Trinity.*'—p. 323.

'It may almost be laid down' (he says below) 'as an historical fact, that the mystical interpretation and orthodoxy will stand or fall together.'

Still further Mr. Newman quotes with full approbation the character of St. Ephrem, from a recent learned German : *

'Ephrem is not so sober in his interpretations, *nor could he be* (the italics are Mr. Newman's), since he was a zealous disciple of the orthodox faith. For all those who are eminent in such sobriety were as far as possible removed from the faith of the Councils !'

Mr. Newman has the extraordinary candour to contrast with this strange Christian cabbala (for it is nothing else), and to the disadvantage of Hales, whom he condemns as a latitudinarian, a well-known passage from the golden Remains of that writer. The sum of Hales's argument is :

'The literal, plain, and uncontrovertible meaning of Scripture, without any addition or supply by way of interpretation, is that alone which, for ground of faith, we are necessarily bound to accept: except it be there, where the Holy Ghost himself treads us out another way. . . . The doctrine of the literal sense was never grievous or prejudicial to any, but only to those who were inwardly conscious that their positions were not sufficiently grounded. When Cardinal Cajetan, in the days of our grandfathers, had forsaken that vein of postilling and allegorizing on Scripture, which for a long time had prevailed in the Church, and betaken himself unto the literal sense, it was a thing so distasteful unto the Church of Rome, that he was forced to find out many shifts and make many apologies for himself.'—p. 326.

And has Mr. Newman lived in such utter seclusion, or, what is more dangerous than seclusion, so completely environed by men entirely his inferiors, as to suppose that any power on earth can wring this great principle of the plain literal interpretation from the practical good sense of the English religious mind? Sectarianism has also its allegorizing vein, and we will back the Pilgrim's Progress against the whole mass of Mediæval mysticism.

But not only the New Testament—the early Fathers also (of the three first centuries) give out but dim and oracular voices to be expanded into distinct and irrepealable decrees by the Mediæval Church. After a dexterous quotation from Paley, who would account for the sparing manner in which the earlier apologists for Christianity urge the proof from miracles, on account of the general belief in magical powers, our author proceeds :—

'And in like manner, Christians were not likely to entertain the

* Langerke de Ephrem, S. pp. 78, 80.

question of the abstract allowableness of images in the Catholic ritual, with the actual superstitions and immoralities of paganism before their eyes. Nor were they likely to determine the place of St. Mary in our reverence, before they had duly secured, in the affections of the faithful, the supreme glory and worship of God Incarnate, her eternal Lord and Son. Nor would they recognise Purgatory as a part of the dispensation, till the world had flowed into the Church, and a habit of corruption had been superinduced. Nor could ecclesiastical liberty be asserted, till it had been assailed. Nor would a Pope arise, but in proportion as the Church was consolidated. Nor would monachism be needed, while martyrdoms were in progress. Nor could St. Clement give judgment on the doctrine of Berengarius, nor St. Dionysius refute the Ubiquists, nor St. Irenæus denounce the Protestant view of Justification, nor St. Cyprian *draw up a theory of persecution*. There is "a time for every purpose under the heaven;" "a time to keep silence and a time to speak."—p. 145.

'A theory of persecution!' Is that the crown and climax of 'development?' Mr. Newman must forgive us if—notwithstanding many significant hints in this and his other writings, notwithstanding the violence which he would do to his own nature, in order to work himself to the full height of mediæval bigotry, as well as mediæval faith—our early reminiscences and indelible impressions of his character forbid us to believe that he would 'develope' into a Torquemada.

Thus then we seem drawn to the conclusion that Mr. Newman, notwithstanding his reservation for their latent sense and latent doctrines, virtually abandons the long-fought ground of Scripture, at least in its plain unmysticised meaning, and likewise that of the early Fathers. If we do wrong to our author, he must himself bear his share in the blame.

The mediæval theology is a development of the great Idea of Christianity. But when we seek a definition of this great Idea, which is thus to expand into what at first appears altogether extraneous, if not irreconcilable (Mr. Newman almost admits as much) with what certainly appears its first vital principle, we seek in vain. From first to last there is no definition of the *Idea* of Christianity. So too as regards the Law of Development. Mr. Newman furnishes us, it is true, with certain tests which are to distinguish between a legitimate development and a corruption or degeneracy. But previously he has bewildered us (and with respect be it spoken, apparently himself) with illustrations of development, with more or less remote analogies from the vegetable and animal kingdoms, from politics, and history, and philosophy, which only prove what no man in his senses ever thought of doubting, that development, in other words progress, or at least change, is an eternal law of human things. One of

the first and most elaborate of these illustrations is the development of Wesleyan Methodism, from which we collect either that John Wesley had no distinct idea at all of his own design, or that Wesleyanism has absolutely departed from that original idea. If Wesley had any positive idea, it was the revival of religion, according to his own views, *within* the Church of England. The end, every one knows, has been the establishment of a large and singularly well organized sect, if not, as we devoutly hope, directly adverse to, yet certainly *without* the Church. Wesley, indeed, lived to sanction or to conduct all these changes; he seceded from the Church after many struggles, and with fond and reverential regret; but passages might be quoted without end in which he acknowledges his departure from his original purpose.

Let us throw aside then all these incomplete and therefore deceptive analogies, and confine ourselves to the development of Christianity. Who can doubt that development? It was inseparable from progress, from expansion. The Church, which on the day of Pentecost consisted of the Apostles and a few faithful followers, *developed* into a community of many thousands—that community into multiplying Churches throughout the world. The hurried prayer, the simple hymn to Christ while the persecutor watched the door, *developed* into a grave and solemn ritual. The lonely chamber, the oratory by the sea-side or in the catacomb, *developed* into a church and into a cathedral. The Bishop, from the head of a community without the laws of the empire, into a spiritual magistrate, recognised, endowed, honoured by the Christian emperors.

The doctrines of Christianity, for God's wise and as we think discernible purposes, were not presented to the mind of man as one full, and regular, and comprehensive creed, but in the various sayings of the Saviour recorded in the Gospels, and those of his Apostles. They gradually unfolded as the facts, such as the Death and Resurrection of the Lord, the effusion of the Holy Ghost, out of which they grew, followed in due course. At length they naturally assumed the form of creeds. The less important truths shrunk back into their comparative or temporary insignificance; those which were vital, essential, eternal, stood out in their commanding dignity. The laws of Christian obedience were not drawn out, even with as much precision as those of the Levitical books, into one regular code. Great principles were established; Christian dispositions commanded; unchristian vices repressed; Christian virtues exalted. Above all, there was a certain *Spirit* which was to modify, and temper, and test the letter of the Scripture, and which seemed thus an appeal from God to the heart of man, at once avouching the truth of the
Revelation

Revelation and affording an eternal touchstone, as it were, for its true Christianity. 'No one,' says Mr. Newman himself, 'will say that Christianity has not always taught benevolence and mercy' (p. 5). This we accept. Will mediæval Christianity throughout submit to this ordeal as an eternal, immutable condition of the Gospel?

The whole history of Christianity is a development—a development of its internal powers, its irresistible influences over the mind of man. Every page of Mr. Newman's book then, so far as regards the fact of development, is true. And still further: who supposes that any one of what we presume to consider the unwarranted additions to the creed of the Gospel did not grow up by degrees, and was not the offspring in some sense of earlier doctrines? We are all Developists; every writer of the history of Christianity describes its development.

What is wanted throughout—what is absolutely necessary, is the proof that those tenets of Mediæval Christianity, which were *undeveloped* till a much later period, which were unknown, or which even Mr. Newman despairs of proving to have been known in primitive and Apostolic times, all which he describes himself 'as an addition upon the Articles of the Creed' (p. 116), which he elsewhere calls the 'supplement' to Scriptural or Apostolic Christianity—the question is whether these are *essential and integral parts of Christianity*, to be imposed upon all Christendom on the penalty of anathema, of exclusion from the Church, and in consequence (according to the inflexible theory) irremediably from eternal life. We are thrown back upon the question of this *authority*, by which Christianity is still in the process of revelation, by which new Christian truths are gradually brought to light, to be received with the same veneration as those declared by our Lord and his Apostles. Mr. Newman's chapter (p. 114) on the Probability of a Developing *Authority* in Christianity professes to solve this momentous question. On this his whole theory of development, so far as it is to be universal, eternal Christianity, absolutely depends; yet is this chapter (we have most severely and conscientiously scrutinised our judgment) the most feeble and inconclusive in the whole book.

We will not take exception at the modest but somewhat hesitating expression, the 'probability' of an infallible authority, as if even Mr. Newman's courage failed, and his refractory logic refused to assert more. Unquestionably there are points, and those of the highest importance, on which we must rest content with high moral probability. Except in mathematics we can rarely have more. But throughout two questions are mingled in inextricable confusion. That there is an infallible guide we

all admit; but what is that guide? 'The Scripture,' asserts one party. Nothing that is not in harmony, nothing which has not grown visibly, if not immediately by visible processes, and in *its due proportion* out of the Scriptures, is pure, eternal, immutable Christianity. Infallibility was in our Lord and in his Apostles a living infallibility so long as they were upon earth—a living, in another sense an undying, infallibility in those written words to which we may without irreverence apply our Lord's saying, 'that they shall never pass away.' The analogy of Creation, instead of being against, strongly confirms this view. God made the worlds; He made them subject to certain laws of development; He superintends the whole by his unsleeping providence; and if he again interferes, that act of interference is a miracle. God revealed Christianity; He endowed it with certain moral principles, with a living power of development; He watches it no doubt with parental care; but here also his direct interposition can be no less than a miracle. Now infallibility must be a standing miracle, at least at variance with the course of God's ordinary Providence; it must be a direct inspiration of super-human knowledge. 'Supposing the order of nature,' writes Mr. Newman, 'once broken by the introduction of a revelation, the continuance of that revelation is but a question of degree; and the circumstance that a work has begun makes it more probable that it will proceed.' That is, we rejoin, a revelation once made must be always making. 'We have no reason to suppose that there is so great a distinction between ourselves and the first generation of Christians as that they had a living infallible guidance and we have not.' No doubt there is no such distinction. They had the living Apostles—we, we repeat, the Apostles in their living word. By Mr. Newman's argument, if it be valid, we have a most enormous advantage: sinful men that we are, that we do not profit more by it! We have, or might have, the Apostles in their writings—and besides an infallible guide, or rather a succession of infallible guides also; and not only guides conservative of old truths, but authorized to proclaim new ones. 'As creation argues continual government, so are Apostles harbingers of Popes!' Thus the unchangeable Church is in a constant state of change! Mr. Newman might add another title to his work, 'The History of the Mutability of the Immutable Church.'

But the historical development of this Infallibility is a curious phenomenon. If it lived after the Apostles, it was at first in the Apostolic churches; it was diffused throughout the writings of certain Fathers of the Church; then it dwelt in the Universal Episcopate; then it sate in councils, where it always went with the majority (except when the majority was heretical, as at Rimini);

at length, after near five centuries, it began to centralise itself—it was at last fully developed in the Pope. So slowly and doubtfully did this supreme and ultimate arbiter of true developments develop itself. And when fully and absolutely developed, to what does it amount?

‘All Catholics agree in other two points, not, however, with heretics, but solely with each other: first, that the Pope with General Council cannot err either in framing decrees of faith or general precepts of morality; secondly, that the Pope when determining anything in a doubtful matter, whether by himself or with his own particular Council, *whether it is possible for him to err or not, is to be obeyed* by all the faithful.’—p. 125.

The italics are Mr. Newman’s. And is this all that I obtain? exclaims the bewildered but earnest Christian—the privilege of obedience, of the moral blessing thus supposed to be attached to obedience, by embracing what I know, at least what I fear to be error? Voluntary error, according to the rigid Church theory, is, at least may be, mortal sin. Alas! whither shall I fly? Private judgment is rebellion, error is death. Yet private judgment forces itself upon me; in the very Sanctuary it demands of me, Is this the true Sanctuary of God? My most absolute renunciation of private judgment is an act of private judgment.

If Infallibility thus rests on the satisfaction which it affords to the harassed conscience (and in truth we find no other argument), how do we meet this further difficulty? After all, what is an Infallible Church to me, speaking in vague old canons which I cannot read, in huge tomes of divinity, or dwelling aloof in a remote country? What I want is an infallible guide to my own conscience, one who will in all points at once enlighten my own mind and give me the perfect peace of spiritual security. It may be well for Mr. Newman, and learned men like Mr. Newman, to consult those deeply buried oracles of infallibility, or to find their way to the fountain-head of infallibility. Unless my spiritual pastor be likewise infallible, it can be to me no consolation; at all events, I must be sure that he faithfully reports to me the words of infallibility. But he shows me his commission. Private judgment, which may perhaps be permitted to demand this, beholds it and is awed to silence. Yet I cannot help discerning that, peremptory as he is on these points, he is in all other respects an extremely ignorant man; and—though it is an uncommon case, I allow—an immoral and unchristian man. (In Mediæval times we fear that this might have suggested itself, and did suggest itself, to very many conscientious Christians.) Am I sure that his ignorance may not have mistaken, or his immorality led him to misrepresent this infallible message? We are unwilling in such limited

limited space to open historic controversies; but if ancient records speak true, Infallibility on its highest throne has cowered with fear or wandered into error; Infallibility has Arianised, has Pelagianised, has Monotheetised. Infallibility has dwelt with youths under age. If it has issued from the lips of some of the best, so it has at least from some few of the worst of men.

Nor is this the difficulty of the individual alone. We have already observed that on many of the most momentous questions we derive no advantage from Infallibility. This is acknowledged by Mr. Newman in a remarkable passage:—

‘To this day the rule of Scripture Interpretation, the doctrine of Inspiration, the relation of Faith to Reason, moral responsibility, private judgment, inherent grace, *the seat of Infallibility!* remain, I suppose, more or less undeveloped, or at least undefined by the Church.’—p. 368.

Yet it is very singular that some of these are among the very points on which Mr. Newman, in order to show the probability of developments, insists, as demanding the authoritative settlement of the Church. There is another point, he says, ‘the relation of Christianity to civil government, which must be ascertained, and the qualification for membership with it defined.’ On this the Infallibility of Rome throughout the Middle Ages pronounced, and in no hesitating tone. Innocent III.’s famous similitude of the sun and moon, to show the subordination of the temporal to the spiritual power, is the language more or less distinct of Infallibility. But throughout Roman Catholic Christendom is this infallible decree, or at least this declaration of an infallible arbiter, respected as the definite development of Christianity? The relation of Church and State rests in France on the constitution, in Austria on the will of the emperor. These decisions of Infallibility are utterly obsolete, except in the kingdom of Sardinia, and perhaps Belgium and a few of the smaller states of Italy. Nevertheless on no subject has fully developed Infallibility been more explicit. It might almost seem to have neglected all the grave, spiritual, and intellectual problems which might distract the mind of man, in order that it might carefully assign its proper place in the social system to the hierarchy. In the canons of councils, and the decrees of popes, for several ages, the dignity and power of the clergy—the sanctity of their persons, the security of their property from sacrilegious hands, might appear the special object over the development of which Infallibility was bound to watch with unslumbering care.

Thus Infallibility, imperious and dictatorial on what we do not want, or on what is not of the first necessity, seems to abandon us in our greatest need: she will bind burthens upon us, but lighten none of those under the weight of which we groan. We
rest

rest in humble hope on one Mediator. She will supply us with, and indeed compel us to receive, hosts of subsidiary intercessors; at least, if not Mediators. We repose in unquestioning faith on the promises of pardon and peace in the Gospel of Christ: she will enforce upon us, as indispensable to our salvation, a vast and cumbrous system of theology, which has been accumulating for centuries. Mr. Newman's chief if not sole *argument* for Infallibility is its presumed necessity. We not only say that this is no argument to those who feel not the necessity, whose necessity it does not relieve—to those who rest on the sufficiency of Scripture to reveal, with as much distinctness as man may dare to hope, all that is eternal, immutable, absolutely essential in Christianity. But we submit further whether God's gifts are to be presumed according to man's supposed necessities—whether, because great advantage may seem to accrue to man from certain provisions, we have a right to conclude that God actually has made those provisions; because some of us may be distressed at the want of clearness in the revelation which God has made in the Scripture, that he *must* therefore have made, be perpetually making, a clearer revelation, equally authoritative, beyond the Scriptures. With Mr. Newman's wide liberty of analogy, we might suggest that Infallibility would be of inappreciable advantage in other things besides religion. If the Queen were invested with a very limited infallibility, to discern which were the better policy on the great questions which divide the nation—or even as to the best hands in which she could confide the interests of her people—this unquestionably would be a great consolation to her Majesty, and would allay much angry and dangerous strife among her subjects. If Lord Denman were endowed with an infallible judgment as to the guilt or innocence of the unhappy criminals who are capitally arraigned before him—what unspeakable relief would it be to the mind of that humane judge—what implicit reliance would it give us all in the laws of our country! If the President of the College of Physicians possessed only the gift of discerning indisputably the attainments of those whom we entrust with the power of life and death—how great would be the diminution of mortality among us—how much would it add to individual happiness! We mean not this as a grave refutation of the question of the Infallibility of Council or Pope, but as a complete answer to the only valid argument which we can find in Mr. Newman's chapter. And even Mr. Newman seems as if unsatisfied with himself; he sinks still lower in his demands upon our belief. It is at last only an *hypothesis*;

'and every one,' he says, 'has an hypothesis on the development of Christianity. Gibbon has one; Gieseler has another; Baronius is ultra-montane;

ultra-montane; Hurd and Newton ultra-Protestant. The question is,' he proceeds, 'which of all these theories is the simplest, the most natural, the most persuasive? Certainly the notion of development under infallible authority is not a less grave, a less winning hypothesis, than the chance and coincidence of events, or the Oriental philosophy, or the working of anti-Christ, to account for the *rise of Christianity*, and the formation of its theology.'

We must protest against being confounded with any of these schools, if they are fairly represented; and yet we think that we are not reduced to rest on an undefined infallibility. But does Roman Catholicism mean to march to the reconquest of the world on the frail and tottering bridge of this 'hypothesis?' Yet it is the only way left. Mr. Newman has disdainfully thrown aside, or courteously discarded, all the older and all the later theories of Papal supremacy; clear and positive tradition—the *disciplina arcani*—his own doctrine of Reserve. Had Cardinal Duperron rested altogether on the 'Theory of Developments,' it would have been difficult for Henry IV. gravely to play out the solemn comedy of his conversion.

Already the ground seems utterly to have broken up under Mr. Newman's feet. But to proceed: objections crowd upon us at the outset. Were these doctrines, *in their full development*, necessary to salvation? Why, then, may we reverently ask, were they withheld from the early Christians, who bore the heat of the fray, and bought the triumph of the Gospel, if we may so speak, by the blood of martyrdom? Why were *they* left with these dim and imperfect hints of such great doctrines? Why were *they* worse off than the contemporaries of St. Bernard or of Thomas Aquinas? All our fond illusions of the purity of primitive times; our blameless envy of those who heard the Gospel from apostolic lips, or the lips of apostolic men, are dissipated at once. They, it is true, laid down their lives in humble and unquestioning hope of the resurrection through Christ Jesus; but to them Purgatory was an undiscovered region. They had full trust in the death of the Redeemer, but they wanted a clear notion of the intercession of the saints. They had bishops, perhaps in the first or second descent from those on whom the apostles laid their hands, but they had not even a vision of the majestic autocracy of the Pope. They had the New Testament fresh, as it were, from the hands of its holy writers, but from them were hidden, even from their prescient desires, the decrees of councils, and the solemn intricacies of scholastic theology. They had the Son of God ever present to their minds, but they had not even feeble glimpses of the glories of the Mother of God. They had communities, bound together by the holy spirit of love; the sweet charities of life, deepened

deepened and sanctified by their religion; the consciousness of moral purity in the midst of the darkest corruption; they had all the Christian graces, all that is 'lovely and of good report;' but they had no desert hermitages, no monasteries, no scourges for the rebellious flesh, no hair-shirt, no belt of iron around the loins, no solitaries on their pillars for years of self-inflicted misery—no irrevocable vows, surprised from youth, of mis-estimated celibacy. They loved one another so marvellously as to excite the jealous amazement of the heathen, but they had not those great supplementary truths which arose, according to Mr. Newman, out of heresy and strife. They had the strength to suffer persecution, but as yet had developed 'no theory of persecution.'

There is another singular circumstance. Christianity is advancing towards its perfect development, while mankind is degenerating into the darkest barbarism and ignorance. From the beginning of the fifth to the opening, at the earliest, of the twelfth century (notwithstanding the premature apparition of Charlemagne and of our own Alfred), is the age of the most total barrenness of the human mind, of the most unbroken slumber of human thought, of the utmost cruelty, and, must we not add, licentiousness of manners. This is obviously too large a subject to be entered upon at present. Yet not a poet, from Claudian to Dante, not a philosopher (shall we except the rationalizing Scotus Erigena?) from Boetius (a low point of departure) to Anselm. Even in the Church itself how many great names of *writers* do we encounter from the close of the fourth century to St. Bernard?

It is strange that the clergy, that bishops, that popes, cannot escape the growing ferocity, the all-enveloping ignorance of the times; and yet they are not only faithfully watching the trembling lamp of Christian faith, but they are adding to its lustre. Their wisdom is (as we are to suppose) steadily on the increase, while every other growth of the human mind is dwindling down almost to utter extinction. Even Mr. Newman pauses; he will not carry out to the full close his pregnant theory of development. Even he will not avouch the works of the Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite, quoted by Popes, and contributing to Mediæval theology, in how large a degree it would be a curious question (which we commend to Mr. Maitland). Even he stops short of the false Decretals, that last and crowning *development* of a fatal principle—pious fraud, which makes the honest writer of ecclesiastical history tremble at every step he takes; and which tended in no inconsiderable degree to complete the majestic structure of the papal power. Will Mr. Newman pursue his principle of the development of the supreme spiritual power into

into the direct assertion of universal temporal supremacy, as it was boldly advanced by Innocent III.? or, in his next Essay on Miracles, will he develope his faith into a vindication of a certain narrative of miracles in the works of Gregory the Great, from which some writers have vainly attempted to rescue the infallibility of that good and holy pontiff? Is there nothing of superstition which has been avouched by full ecclesiastical authority? no exaggerated hierarchical pretension advanced with papal sanction? Will he subscribe implicitly to all? Every canon and every decree, every word which, after due deliberation, has been uttered by Infallibility, is of equal authority. We cannot elude one iota of the whole unrepealed decretals, without incurring the anathema which is ever their appalling close; each is as much an eternal Christian verity, as a sentence in the Sermon on the Mount, or those uttered by St. Paul at Athens, or written by St. John at Ephesus.

Our author proceeds to adduce, and to apply to the whole course of Christian history, until he has built up the full and stately fabric of his Mediæval Christianity, seven tests of fidelity of development. These are—I. The Preservation of Idea. II. Continuity of Principle. III. The Power of Assimilation. IV. Early Anticipation. V. Logical Sequence. VI. Preservative Additions. VII. Chronic Continuance.

I. The first of these tests, then, is the *preservation of idea*, that is, of the '*essential idea of Christianity*.' Here at least we shall meet on some ground of mutual understanding.

Of all writers we have least sympathy with those who suppose Christianity to have been in a state of suspended animation at least, if not of utter extinction, from the fourth century to the Reformation; to have given place to a religion little better than Paganism or new Polytheism, an un-Christian idolatry; in other words, that for nearly ten out of its eighteen centuries Christianity was without Christ. But the preservation of the essential idea of Christianity, that is of Christianity itself, in *all its sublimity and purity*, is one thing; its escaping all corruption, degeneracy, or obscurity—is a very different one.

If, in its long struggle with the world, Christianity did not escape worldly influences; if foreign principles seem to work into its very life—its rites to assimilate themselves to those of older religions—even its language to be impregnated with terms borrowed from other forms of belief; if from the eastern philosophy it mainly received its monasticism; if from the rhetorical and philosophic schools of Greece its rage for disputation; still may we aver, with unhesitating confidence, that the great vital doctrines of Christianity asserted and maintained their immortality.

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They leavened and quickened the accumulating mass of strange and gradually developed error. However hardened by barbarous ferocity, however overclouded by barbarous ignorance, Christianity still lived on. The lamp of truth, which was handed down from age to age, burned not continually with the same clear, soft, and holy light; but it never went out. Men never forgot the great secret of immortality, if not first revealed, first assured by Christ: the throne of the One Universal Father, though at more and more undiscoverable, impenetrable distance, was felt to be above them. Christ and his Cross, though crowded upon by other intercessors, who sometimes almost usurped his place, still, in theory at least, stood high and superior. Baptism received the neophyte into the Church; the Eucharist, though at length materialized into transubstantiation, and separated into two parts, joined the believers in holy communion with the Redeemer. The terrors of hell, the hopes of heaven (with all the intermediate realm of Purgatory which they had spread out), were wielded by the clergy with unwarranted, arbitrary, and capricious power—yet never relaxed their hold on the moral nature of man. Human responsibility, though tampered with by indulgences, taught to rest on dead ceremonial observances, on endless repetitions of prayers not understood—on all the wild Antinomianism under which a life of crime and cruelty was cancelled by a pilgrimage to some shrine, an offering at some altar, or some much easier act of homage to a tutelary saint—still lurked in the depths of the soul, to reawaken at God's good time to the higher morality of more enlightened, more truly faithful, though perhaps less ceremonial days.

We go further; we believe the errors of the Mediæval Church to have been her strength. Monasticism, the exorbitant power of the clergy, Polytheism itself, by its adaptation to the spirit of the succeeding ages, contributed to preserve, to disseminate, the unperishing truths of Christianity. To the Church, to the Papacy itself, mankind owes an immense debt of gratitude; only not to be repaid at the sacrifice of a purer, a more rational Christianity, which alone can maintain Christian authority in our own later times. We glance but rapidly on this subject, which would require more than a volume, or rather a complete ecclesiastical history, to elucidate with justice and with candour. We too are Mediævalists; we too can admire all the wonderful creations of that period, its cathedrals, its paintings, its sculptures, its music, its philosophers, and its poets. We too can stand in devout awe under the roof of Cologne, or before the towers of Strasburg; we can gaze on the cartoons, on the Madonnas of Raffaele, with as untiring reverence. We too can appreciate the subtlety

subtlety of an Anselm, the wonderful reason of an Aquinas; we can thrill over our Dante with as deep emotion as the most fervent believer in Rome's infallibility.

We turned, then, with no common solicitude to discover Mr. Newman's conception of the Essential Idea of Christianity. Here, at length, we shall have a guide through this subtile labyrinth; we shall know what Christianity was when it emerged fresh from the hands of its divine Creator:—at least it will appear in the Church of the first three centuries. To our utter disappointment we sought in vain. Nowhere throughout this work appears the *true primitive idea*, as far as it may be collected by impartial examination from the few written records, the symbols or genuine monuments of the time; but instead of this the *false idea*, entertained of it, or supposed by Mr. Newman to have been entertained of it, *by the heathen*. This, we must plainly speak, seems to us a controversial artifice unworthy of Mr. Newman. We read:—

'There is a religious communion claiming a divine commission, and calling all other religious bodies around it heretical or infidel; it is a well-organized, well-disciplined body; it is a sort of secret society, binding together its members by influences and by engagements which it is difficult for strangers to ascertain. It is spread over the known world; it may be weak or insignificant locally, but it is strong on the whole from its continuity; it is smaller than other religious bodies together, but larger than each separately. It is a natural enemy to governments external to itself; it is intolerant and engrossing, and tends to a new modelling of society; it breaks laws, it divides families. It is a gross superstition; it is charged with the foulest crimes; it is despised by the intellect of the day; it is frightful to the imagination of the many. And there is but one communion such.

'Place this description before Pliny or Julian; place it before Frederick the Second or Guizot. "Apparent diræ facies." Each knows at once, without asking a question, who is meant by it. One object, and only one, absorbs each item of the detail in delineation.'—pp. 204, 205.

We find it difficult to suppress some indignation at this coupling together of the infidel Frederick and the noble-minded Christian M. Guizot. To M. Guizot, beyond all living writers, the Church, the Mediæval Church, owes a deep debt of gratitude for his generous appreciation of her real services to civilization and to mankind—and that announced in times when it was a strange and startling doctrine. And what sagacious intellect could so soon as M. Guizot's discriminate the truth from the fallacy in these skilful phrases? But this same notion is summed up by Mr. Newman still more fully in the following passage, which at once betrays its secret purpose, namely, to suggest that Christianity

was

was monastic in the first, as it but began to be in the third, century—
—a religion of self-inflicted misery:—

‘ On the whole I conclude as follows :—if there is a form of Christianity now in the world which is accused of gross superstition, of borrowing its rites and customs from the heathen, and of ascribing to forms and ceremonies an occult virtue ;—a religion which is considered to burden and enslave the mind by its requisitions, to address itself to the weak-minded and ignorant, to be supported by sophistry and imposture, and to contradict reason and exalt mere irrational faith ;—a religion which impresses on the serious mind very distressing views of the guilt and consequences of sin, sets upon the minute acts of the day, one by one, their definite value for praise or blame, and thus casts a grave shadow over the future ;—a religion which holds up to admiration the surrender of wealth, and disables serious persons from enjoying it if they would ;—a religion, the doctrines of which, be they good or bad, are to the generality of men unknown ; which is considered to bear on its very surface signs of folly and falsehood so distinct that a glance suffices to judge of it, and careful examination is preposterous ; which is felt to be so simply bad, that it may be calumniated at hazard and at pleasure, it being nothing but absurdity to stand upon the accurate distribution of its guilt among its particular acts, or painfully to determine how far this or that story is literally true, what must be allowed in candour, or what is improbable, or what cuts two ways, or what is not proved, or what may be plausibly defended ;—a religion such, that men look at a convert to it with a feeling which no other sect raises except Judaism, Socialism, or Mormonism, with curiosity, suspicion, fear, disgust, as the case may be, as if something strange had befallen him, as if he had had an initiation into a mystery, and had come into communion with dreadful influences, as if he were now one of a confederacy which claimed him, absorbed him, stripped him of his personality, reduced him to a mere organ or instrument of a whole ;—a religion which men hate as proselytizing, anti-social, revolutionary, as dividing families, separating chief friends, corrupting the maxims of government, making a mock at law, dissolving the empire, the enemy of human nature, and a “ conspirator against its rights and privileges ;” —a religion which they consider the champion and instrument of darkness, and a pollution calling down upon the land the anger of heaven ;—a religion which they associate with intrigue and conspiracy, which they speak about in whispers, which they detect by anticipation in whatever goes wrong, and to which they impute whatever is unaccountable ;—a religion, the very name of which they cast out as evil, and use simply as a bad epithet, and which from the impulse of self-preservation they would persecute if they could ;—if there be such a religion now in the world, it is not unlike Christianity as that same world viewed it, when first it came forth from its Divine Author.’—pp. 240-43.

This may be ingenious, but is it honest? What have we to do with what Christianity seemed to the contemptuous heathen in the first centuries; to what misrepresentations or calumnies it

was

was exposed? What *was* it, in itself, in the secluded chamber where it met to worship in secret;—in the houses, in the habits, in the hearts of its first votaries?

Primæval Christianity, we fearlessly assert, was not a religion of gloom; it fled not to the desert, it brought not the self-torturing practices of the desert into the home; the dominant sentiment was rejoicing at the glad tidings of the Gospel, the revelation of life and immortality brought to light by Christ. Look at every symbol; it is of gentleness, of hope, of peace. The Good Shepherd, the Lamb, the vine with its clusters. The Christian appears returning from the dark regions of the grave; the phoenix rising from her ashes. Even the cross was not among the very earliest symbols, and then it was a simple cross; it required centuries of moody, monastic agency before the bleeding image of the Saviour was represented upon it. Read the inscriptions in the catacombs, the later they are the more forcible our arguments; all is quiet resignation of life, peace, and the hope of a joyful resurrection. 'In pace' is the universal epitaph; every symbol is of glad hope; Jonah coming forth from the fish; the dove from the ark; the raising of Lazarus; the deliverance of Daniel and the Three Children; there too is ever the Good Shepherd watching in love over his own.

The whole chapter which traces the development of this false Heathen Idea of Christianity is the ablest in the book, full of various reading, and told with ease and perspicuity; it is not so profoundly theological as those which follow, and in which this same test is applied to the later centuries, but it is more full of general interest—the work, in short, of an accomplished scholar. Yet even on this plain historical question we are directly at issue with Mr. Newman. His own authorities, at least those which bear upon the question, are to our judgment, properly understood, directly against him. The theory is that Christianity was confounded in the heathen mind with those multifarious religions which flowed in from the East;—few of them, we say (for on this point we differ from Mr. Newman), before the birth of our Saviour—Mithriac, Isiac, Phrygian, Bacchanalian: but all inseparably moulded up with the notion of *magic*, on which the Roman mind looked with the utmost aversion, and against which the Roman law pronounced the strongest condemnation. Yet we cannot but think that, at least before the breaking out of the Gnostic sects in the middle of the second century, the suspicion of magic, or indeed of any close relationship with the Oriental systems above named, did not much affect the Roman mind in its estimate of Christianity. It was the Jewish descent of the Christians, with their assertion of the unsocial religious principles of the
Jews,

Jews, which was chiefly hateful to the Roman world. That world recognised in them the same stern aversion to idolatry, the same, as it appeared, sullen withdrawal from the public games and festivals, the same, as it was called, morose virtue, which condemned the universal licentiousness of manners. Even the foul charges of Œdipodean unions and Thyestean banquets did not necessarily imply magical rites; the nocturnal meetings to which the Christians were often reduced from the fear of persecution, and the assembling of the sexes together for common worship, gave rise to the former; possibly misapprehended Christian language in part to the latter calumny. The Jews, however the heathen world might resent what seemed their insolent intolerance, had yet the privilege of a nation to worship their national God; and as long as the Christians were but Jews, they were at first treated as they were at Corinth by Gallio, afterwards as rebels against the law, as traitors to the state, of which in Rome the religion was a part; and as forming *hetairiæ* or associations (self-governed clubs or fraternities), against which the laws of Rome, from political rather than religious reasons, were suspiciously severe. It was when the subjects of Rome dared to deny the gods of Rome; when the more successful proselytism of the Christians began to withdraw the people in masses from the national rites; it was on the desertion of the temples in Bithynia that the hatred of the people and the jealous watchfulness of the government were roused. The test by which the martyrs were tried appears to us conclusive; it was one at which no Roman addicted to magic—we doubt if any *Isiac* or *Mithriac* worshipper—would have scrupled for an instant; it was to adore the Emperor, to offer incense before his statue, to invoke the gods: in their case it was sometimes added to blasphemy the name of Christ. In later times the indiscriminating fury of the populace, among other appellations of hate, might call them sorcerers or witches; but the government was evidently better acquainted with their peculiar tenets, and employed the means of detection which they could neither escape nor elude. Magic, we believe, became only at a later period, when connected with the theurgy of the later Platonists, the crime imputed to large communities. It was before that of the individual, of the *Canidia* or the *Erietho*; and vented its malignity, as we read in Virgil, in individual acts of fascination, or bewitchment, or destruction of limb or life.

The first heathen notion of Christianity can be gathered only from the well-known passages in Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny the younger.

‘When these three well-informed writers,’ says Mr. Newman, ‘call Christianity a superstition, and a magical superstition, they were not using words at random.’

A superstition

A superstition they unquestionably called it, as all foreign religions were called, but not a magical one. Tacitus speaks of their hatred to the human race. This was the standing charge against the Jews; and, as far as it arose from their obstinate, unsocial aversion to all the public rites and festivals, was even more clearly imputable to the Christians. Nor was their hostility to the gods of mankind, which implied hatred of mankind, less rigid or avowed. In Suetonius, in that curious passage which shows perhaps that the opinion of that epigram-writer is not of much weight on such subjects, the Christians are clearly considered but a faction of Jews. Claudius, he says, expelled the Jews from Rome on account of the perpetual tumults excited by *Chrestus*. In another passage Suetonius certainly applies the word 'malefica' to the superstition of the Jews, and in later writers, in the Theodosian laws, and in some accounts of the Christian martyrdoms, maleficium seems to have acquired the peculiar sense of, or to have been connected with, magic. But we doubt much whether it necessarily conveyed that meaning in the ordinary Latin of Suetonius or Tacitus. In one passage of Tacitus (Ann. 11. 69) it is certainly used in connexion with witchcraft and enchantments, but the peculiar significance is indicated by the previous words. In several others, in the same writer, it merely means crimes, misdeeds, the deeds of a malefactor. The melting a silver statue of the emperor, to turn into money, is called maleficium. In two other passages of Suetonius which we have consulted, it is used in its general sense. Mr. Newman even forces the passage of Pliny into a support of his theory. He translates the 'carmen,' the hymn to Christ, some have supposed the alternating chaunt which was reported to be sung as part of the Christian worship, as a magical incantation. The innocent word 'carmen' was doubtless sometimes used in that sense, but it was by no means its primary or ordinary one; and in the whole of Pliny's letter there is not one syllable which warrants the belief that he suspected them of any crime beyond that of contumacy to the imperial will, in presuming to have a religion of their own, and to hold private assemblies, on which the laws of Rome looked with especial jealousy. He allows their entire blamelessness as to any other charge; and it must be observed that this 'carmen to Christ as God' was reported to Pliny by men who had been Christians, who must have understood its real meaning, and had no reason for imputing to their former brethren so odious a crime as magic.

But we dwell too long on this; nor must we indulge ourselves in, we trust, amicable debate with Mr. Newman on historical ground, which we much prefer to the dry and barren sands of metaphysical or theologic discussion. For, we repeat, that the question is not what Christianity appeared to be to the hostile
heathens,

heathens, but *what it was* in the ordinary life and in the bosom of Christian families. If Mr. Newman's Mediæval Christianity be a true development of the *false idea*—of the religion as it was erringly conceived or calumniously misrepresented by its adversaries—the conclusion would be destructive rather than in favour of its fidelity to the original and perfect Idea.

II. The second test is *Continuity of Principle*. Here again we are lost in a wilderness of incomplete and inapplicable analogies, grammatical, political, dramatic. We have much which is acute, much which is fertile in invention, and original in language—much subtilized into fantastic distinctions, and loose in expression: all, however, curiously illustrative of the state and temper of the author's mind. He is drawing the distinction between principles and doctrines. 'Personal responsibility is a principle—the Being of God is a doctrine; from that doctrine all theology has come in due course, whereas that principle is not clearer under the Gospel than a (*qu.* in) paradise, and depends not on belief in an Almighty Governor, but on conscience.' Surely Mr. Newman must mean the *sense* of personal responsibility; and the belief, if not of an Almighty Governor, of some Superior Power, must form part of that notion of personal responsibility, recognised by the conscience. Presently we read—'Personal responsibility may be made a doctrinal basis, and develope into Arminianism and Pelagianism.' Is personal responsibility, then, a dangerous doctrine?

In the next page we read—

'Again, religious investigation sometimes is conducted on the principle that it is a duty "to follow and speak the truth," which really means that it is no duty to fear error, or to consider what is safest, or to shrink from scattering doubts, or to regard the responsibility of misleading; and thus it terminates in heresy or infidelity, without any blame to religious investigation in itself.'—p. 71.

We turn the leaf, and find these words:—

'Hence, too, men may pass from infidelity to Rome, and from Rome to infidelity, from a conviction in both courses that there is no tangible, intellectual position between the two.'

There is no intermediate position, then, for a man of understanding, between the whole uncompromising inflexible theology of the Council of Trent, and utter infidelity; the full creed of Pius IV., and the stern rejection of that of the Apostles; we must 'deify' the Virgin Mary or renounce Christ. Here are the Catechisms of Trent—there the *Système de la Nature* of Holbach—and the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss—or the works of those who accuse Strauss of some weak and lingering orthodoxy. Take your choice—cast in your lot!! This is the stern alternative to the intellect of an intellectual age. But on what prin-

ciple does Mr. Newman proclaim this appalling declaration in the ears of the intellectual Protestants of England—of the descendants and religious heirs of Hooker, and Barrow, and Taylor?—in the ears of all Europe, where we will be bold to say that among acquiescing Roman Catholics—among the philosophical writers who passively receive the general doctrines of their Church—there is anything but an absolute unreasoning faith in Rome. On what principle but that it is ‘a duty to follow and speak the truth?’ And on this principle—which at one moment he espouses and at the next indignantly rejects—by his own showing what must be the issue with the great mass of European intellect? What does history say? That where there has not been an intervening Protestantism, or if that word be so obnoxious, some intermediate system of less unreasoning belief, a wide spread and utter unbelief has been the sure result. What was the case in France?—what among the upper orders in Spain?—what in young Italy? We speak plainly: if there be no Christianity but that of the fourteenth century—if there be no intellectual position but on the shifting quicksand of this Theory of Developments—‘Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.’ If this be or become the creed of millions, where rests the appalling responsibility?

We turn to the application of the Second Test. We read at p. 319—

‘Judaism did but develop, while it bore in mind its imperfection, and its subordination to a coming Messiah; and it became corrupt as soon, and in proportion as it found itself self-sufficient, and rejected the Gospel.’

We would suggest that Judaism had *developed* itself to some considerable extent before the publication of the Gospel. There was a certain system of opinions, called, as we may deem more proper, Pharisaism or Rabbinism—a *development* of Judaism, which we are inclined to think, with the help of Mr. Newman’s ingenuity, would bear every one of Mr. Newman’s tests. It was of *slow but continuous growth*. It maintained within it the *great idea of Judaism*, the unity of God. It had an extraordinary power of *assimilation*, for it had moulded into itself perhaps early Palestinian, certainly Babylonian tenets—probably early Egyptian, certainly Alexandrian notions. It boasted of its *early anticipation*—it traced itself up to the Seventy Elders in the time of Moses—it rested on strange mutilated or mysticised quotations from the Law and the Prophets. The regular affiliation of its doctrines shows its *logical sequence*. It called itself the hedge of the law—a definition we recommend for *Preservative Additions*. As to its *chronic continuance*, it is the Rabbinism of the present day. Do we want further illustrations? It had built up, out of a few suggestive hints in the Books of the Scripture, an hierarchy, and something

something approaching to a worship, of angels. It furnishes singularly enough in the later Apocryphal Books the text usually alleged in defence of Purgatory. It had its 'Fathers,' who were dignified by the name, and held the authority of Masters, and if they did not absolutely claim, were invested with something like infallibility. Its temporal sovereignty had at least been at times superseded by a sacerdotal supremacy, a papal high priest. It had a most prolific and systematic theology, afterwards embodied in the *Mischna*; somewhat later it had something of a Golden Legend in its Talmud. It had finally its *mystic interpretation* of Scripture, so rich as to form two schools. And yet we know who it was that commanded his disciples to beware of those who taught *the traditions of men for the commandments of God*; who warned them to call no *man* master; who, in the most awful tones which His benignant voice ever assumed, repeatedly denounced woe against the Lawyers and Pharisees, the teachers of *developed* Judaism: whose whole system of instruction might seem a most appalling admonition against binding unnecessary burthens upon the minds and the consciences of men.

This second test is illustrated by what we presume that we are to consider the continuous use of 'the Mystical Interpretation;' of this we have said as much as our space will allow. But the third illustration of this as well as of the third test, the Supremacy of Faith, absolutely demands some, we fear too brief, examination. This, according to Mr. Newman, is the exclusive distinction of the Roman Catholic Church—'on the other hand it has ever been the heretical principle to prefer Reason to Faith.' This is a strange assertion against a form of Christianity, of which the vital principle (whether right or wrong) is Justification by Faith; a principle carried to the very height of fanaticism in many of the Protestant bodies. Moreover, this objection is advanced in a book more essentially and intrinsically rationalising than any which we have read, excepting only the extreme of Germanism. It is strange indeed how extremes may meet! We would willingly refrain from the parallel, which forces itself upon us, of this Theory of Developments, and the 'Entwickelungstheorie' (literally, Development-theory) of the famous *Leben Jesu*. The '*Leben Jesu*' evolves or develops from the *subjective Idea* in the mind of man, with equal subtlety—with a sort of kindred calmness of style, and erudition as laborious—Christianity itself, the life of the Saviour, the whole of the New Testament. Strauss may thus appear to begin higher up than Mr. Newman. But Mr. Newman, by annulling the authority—as he inevitably does by impugning the early and universal acceptance—of the written word—by resting the divine origin of Christianity on

tradition alone, or on something more dubious than tradition—abandons the whole field to the mythic expositor. Still further: admit, with Mr. Newman, so much which is clearly and almost avowedly *mythic* into Christianity—and ingenuity like his own will claim free scope to resolve the whole into a myth. Be this as it may, Mr. Newman's is unquestionably a book full of abstruse and subtle metaphysics, *addressed exclusively to the Reason*; a book avowedly written to justify a departure from one form of faith (once held in the sternest and most uncompromising severity) to another form of the faith; from faith in the doctrines of the Church of England to faith in the doctrines of the Church of Rome.

The question necessarily arises, What is the test of the Supremacy of Faith? Is it the number of articles in the Creed, or the more intense and unquestioning conviction of the more important of these articles? Is it the quantity, not the quality, of the things believed? Is it the blind passivity or the strenuous activity of the believing mind? Is the rude Southern peasant, who fancies that the eyes in the image of his favourite saint move in their sockets, or that the Virgin extends her arms and smiles upon him; whose belief keeps pace with the legendary invention of his priest or of his neighbourhood; or the controversialist who writes himself up into a belief that he believes the most palpable fictions; is either of these, *therefore*, a more *faithful* Christian than he who believes a narrower creed, that which he derives from the Scripture alone, with as intense fervour? We are constantly urged to look back with despairing envy to what have been called the 'ages of faith.' Now we venture to assert that the principle of faith was as strong in Luther (we take him merely as an example) as in any Pope that ever sat in the Vatican. His creed may have been true or false, perfect or imperfect, but in its defence he was as vehement, passionate, and even fanatical as Dominic or Loyola. Luther was as contemptuous of human reason as the most imperious dogmatist, or the most impassioned mystic. Mr. Carlyle shall be heard in favour of the depth and reality of Cromwell's faith. What test will the enthusiasm, the fiery zeal, the undaunted and unwearied energy of one of these believers endure, which will not be borne by the other? 'I will fight for my faith,' so said the Crusader—and so said the soldier of Gustavus Adolphus; 'I will suffer for my faith,' so said the Franciscan missionary in the desert, and so said the Primitive Quaker in the stocks, and the Cameronian on the hills. 'I will die for my faith,' so said Campian on the rack, and Ridley and Latimer at the stake. Nay, 'I will persecute for the faith,' said the Grand Inquisitor on his tribunal, and Laud in the Star Chamber. 'I will burn the heretic,' so said the

the Inquisitor of Thoulouse as he heaped hundreds into one furnace; and so, if he be but an Arian, *must* I, said the more timid Cranmer; and 'who will not, if he dare to deny the Lord's divinity?' spake Calvin, and looked in stern satisfaction on the pile of Servetus.

Let us turn from the crimes to the follies of faith. Is there no line between faith and credulity? Is the faith which embraces the Golden Legend as well as the Gospel, therefore superior to simple faith in the Gospel? Look at that strange, eloquent, learned, rhapsodical book, the *Christliche Mystik* of Görres, where the most subtle Rationalism is wedded by the imagination to the most inconceivable credulity; where we defy the reader to tell us where physical causes end and where supernatural ones begin; where Mesmerism (or something undistinguishable from Mesmerism) or Miracle is the agent in all the ecstatic visions, wonderful cures, and passionate devotions of the Middle Ages. Mr. Newman himself has limits to his faith; he does not (as yet) believe in the false Decretals or in the works of the pseudo-Dionysius. Mr. Newman is a traitor to the 'Supremacy of Faith'—a mere Rationalist in comparison with the Abbé Darboy, Professor of Theology in the Seminary of Langres, who has published a translation of the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, with a grave and learned preface, actually maintaining the authenticity of these books, as the genuine remains of St. Paul's Athenian convert. Verily the Abbé Darboy puts this degenerate nineteenth century, Catholic as well as Protestant, to shame. May we venture one further inquiry? Will Mr. Newman vouchsafe his presence at the next exhibition of the seamless coat of Treves, if indeed Bishop Arnoldi has courage to venture a second exhibition?

In sober earnestness, the great question—this solemn arbitrament between Faith and Reason—requires to be examined with a more dispassionate judgment and larger philosophy than Mr. Newman has brought to bear upon it. The important distinction in the sounder German philosophy between *Vernunft* (the perfect Reason—we have no corresponding term) and *Verstand*, may be called in, as Dr. Arnold suggests, with some advantage. We have not forgotten Mr. Newman's University Sermons, which if in our judgment far from exhaustive, satisfactory, or conclusive, are suggestive of much deep and important thought, of much true if not complete philosophy. If we remember, he comes at last to the one test of faith, 'its working by love.' It is the Christian disposition which embraces, warrants, purifies, and at the same time tries the faith. Would that on these terms Christendom could come to a truce! Let us all endeavour to become

become good Christians, Christians in love as in faith, and we shall approximate to truth far more nearly than by years of controversy. Though even here we fear that we shall hardly agree in our first principle. Mr. Newman's will be an ascetic, gloomy, self-torturing, monastic, though deeply devout Christianity; ours an active, cheerful, intelligent, domestic, English, and therefore more practical, though it may be less imaginative or ceremonial faith.

But after all, this controversy, as it is really brought to issue in the present day, rests far below these abstruse inquiries into the legitimate province of Faith and of Reason. Mr. Newman writes of Reason, as of a slow and regular intellectual process; a working out of truth by profound meditation, which few have the ability, still fewer the leisure, in this busy age, to pursue. But there is an intuitive reason, which we presume to think a competent judge in great part of the debate: at least, we are sure that most men will be guided by its verdict. There is a homely quality, called common sense, especially strong in our practical Anglo-Saxon race. The vast mass of men endowed with this gift will persist in taking their Christianity from the New Testament rather than from the long range of Ecclesiastical History: they know that the New Testament is not merely the most authoritative, but likewise the oldest record of their faith; and they will find it difficult to understand how doctrines, of which our Lord vouchsafes not the least hint, and of which the Apostles betrayed in all their writings not the slightest knowledge, can be essential to their salvation. They will be utterly perplexed with the notion that the Son of God made a revelation to mankind, a revelation of mercy and truth, and yet left that revelation to be completed (for every addition must either be an improvement, an elucidation, or an unwarranted excrescence) by man at the close of fourteen or fifteen centuries. If a new object of worship, seemingly altogether excluded not merely by the silence of the Scripture, but by an apparently jealous reservation of divine honours to the Persons of the Holy Trinity, should have arisen five centuries after the death of Christ, and claim, if theoretically subordinate, practically equal or superior honours; if this common-sense Christian, when he reads of One Mediator between God and man, should discover an infinite multitude of intermediate Intercessors, at least, coming between him and the throne of grace, he will have almost an invincible repugnance to submit to an authority, in itself of very uncertain and questionable date.

None of the points at issue between English Protestantism and Rome seem to demand any painful or sustained effort of thought, any profound instruction in the science of logic, any laborious
study

study of history, as far as the single question, whether they are Scriptural or not. On those, in whose hereditary creed they find no place, they can only be enforced by a very slow and very subtle process. How long has Mr. Newman, with all his tendencies, and with all his powers, if Mr. Newman has honestly recorded the progress of his own opinions, been occupied in reasoning himself into new forms of belief? By what painful and laborious process has he come at length to these convictions? It has been by a total surrender of the Supremacy of Faith, by reasonings, which, no doubt, they have thought unanswerable, but still, by close, deep, logical reasonings (unless they will honestly admit that they have been influenced entirely by passion or temperament), that so many men, most of them young men, have given up their faith in Christianity as it came from the lips of our Lord and his Apostles, as it was taught them by their parents and instructors, for the developed Christianity of later centuries.

III. The *third test* is the *Power of Assimilation*; we quote at once one of the definitions, and one of the illustrations of this process:—

‘The idea never was that throve and lasted, yet, like mathematical truth, incorporated nothing from external sources. So far from the fact of such incorporation implying corruption, as is sometimes supposed, development implies incorporation. Mahometanism may be in external developments scarcely more than a compound of other theologies, yet no one would deny that there has been a living idea somewhere in that religion, which has been so strong, so wide, so lasting a bond of union in the history of the world. Why it has not continued to develop after its first preaching, if this be the case, as it seems to be, cannot be determined without a greater knowledge of that religion, and how far it is merely political, how far theological, than we commonly possess.’—p. 75.

Here again, a wider knowledge of history would have furnished Mr. Newman with a strong analogical refutation of his own doctrines. Mahometanism has passed through almost the same stages of ‘development’ as Christianity; it has admitted mysticism, monasticism, cultivated Grecian, and anticipated scholastic philosophy.

But who shall say that Haroun Alraschid, or Akbar, or the gorgeous and peaceful Caliphs of Cordova, are the legitimate representatives of the old warrior Ismaelite? The *idea* of Mahometanism—there is one God and Mahomet is his Prophet—has lived through all these changes; but read the Koran, and then examine all that is known in Europe of Arabian letters and Arabian theology, and who will deny that the Wahabies are more,
true

true to the original faith of Mahomet? We think that we could work out an instructive parallel between the *developments* of Christianity and of Mahometanism—but the reviewer

Æstuat infelix angusto in limite.

As into Christianity, so Orientalism worked its way at an early period into Mahometanism. Mahomet hated monkery. There is an old traditional proverb (quoted by Tholuck, '*Sufismus*,' p. 47), 'Be there no monasticism in Mahometanism.' Yet, not long after the Prophet's death, Mahometanism developed into monkery; and ever since, the Islamite Anchorite of the Desert, the Dervise, and even the Cœnobite, affect the wildest asceticism, forswear the privilege, or renounce the duty, of the married state; live as contemplative hermits, or as begging friars. So too the stern and austere Monotheism developed into a mystic Pantheism. Among the burners of the Alexandrian Library, a vast theology grew up.* The peculiar genius of the people is Aristotelian rather than Platonic, yet even Platonism has found its votaries among them. We are inclined to think, that but for the hatred and constant antagonism of image-worshipping Christianity, their Iconoclasm might have been in danger. The arabesques, in which they freely indulge, seem longing, as it were, to trespass on animal, if not on human, forms. Omar or Abukeker, we suspect, would have wielded his shattering mace without mercy in the halls of the Fatimites, or those of the Alhambra.

The Dogmatic and Sacramental Principles presided, according to Mr. Newman, over the working of this third process. Under these principles grew up the theological science of Mediæval Christianity; principles, the first of which is disclaimed by no description of Christians, though it may be asserted by some in a less peremptory and more limited manner; the latter is strongly maintained, at least by the Church of England, though it confines itself to strictly Scriptural Sacraments. Here, however, we encounter one of the most extraordinary passages in this singular work:—

'Not in one principle or doctrine only, but in its whole system,

* Compare a small volume, which throws more light on the history of Arabian philosophy than any European work with which we are acquainted, '*Essai sur les Ecoles Philosophiques chez les Arabes*,' par Auguste Schmölders, Paris, 1842. '*La masse des prétendus philosophes est si grande, leurs ouvrages sont numériquement si prodigieux, que toute la scolastique est bien pauvre en comparaison des Arabes*' (Introduction, p. 50). They have their Nominalists, Realists, Conceptualists, Mystics, Roscelins, Anselms, Abelards, Bonaventures. Conceive the rude and straightforward fatalism of Mahomet thus developed. There is another curious analogy, which we must quote. These are the words of an Arabic writer. '*Le seigneur des prophètes le très véridique nous a parlé d'avance, lorsqu'il dit, "Mon église sera divisée en plus de soixante-dix sectes: il n'y en a qu'une qui sera sauvée, les autres iront à l'enfer;" or ce qu'il a prédit, est arrivé*' (p. 17).

Montanism is a remarkable anticipation or presage of developments which soon began to show themselves in the Church, though they were not perfected for centuries after. Its rigid maintenance of the original creed, yet its admission of a development, at least in the ritual, has just been instanced in the person of Tertullian. Equally Catholic in their principle, whether in fact or anticipation, were most of the other peculiarities of Montanism: its rigorous fasts, its visions, its commendation of celibacy and martyrdom, its contempt of temporal goods, its penitential discipline, and its centre of unity. The doctrinal determinations and the ecclesiastical usages of the middle ages are the true fulfilment of its self-willed and abortive attempts at precipitating the growth of the Church. The favour shown to it for a while by Pope Victor is an evidence of its external resemblance to orthodoxy; and the celebrated martyrs and saints in Africa, in the beginning of the third century, Perpetua and Felicitas, or at least their acts, betoken that same peculiar temper of religion, which, when cut off from the Church a few years afterwards, quickly degenerated into a heresy.'—pp. 350, 351.

We cannot pause here: at the risk of prolixity we must proceed:—

'These are specimens of the raw material, as it may be called, which, whether as found in individual Fathers within the pale of the Church, or in heretics external to it, she had the power, by means of the continuity and firmness of her principles, to convert to her own uses. She alone has succeeded in thus rejecting evil without sacrificing the good, and in holding together in one things which in all other schools are incompatible. Gnostic or Platonic words are found in the inspired theology of St. John. Unitarian writers trace the doctrine of our Lord's divinity to the Platonists; Gibbon the idea of the Incarnation to the Gnostics. The Gnostics too seem first to have systematically directed the intellect upon matters of faith; and the very term "Gnostic" has been taken by Clement to express his perfect Christian. And, though ascetics existed from the beginning, the notion of a religion higher than the Christianity of the many, was first prominently brought forward by the Gnostics, Montanists, Novatians, and Manichees. And while the prophets of the Montanists prefigure the Church's Doctors, and their inspiration her infallibility, and their revelations her developments, and the heresiarch himself is the unsightly anticipation of St. Francis, in Novatian again we discern the aspiration of nature after such creations of grace as St. Benedict or St. Bruno. And so the effort of Sabellius to complete the mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity failed: it became a heresy; grace would not be constrained; the course of thought could not be forced;—at length it was realized in the true Unitarianism of St. Augustine.'—pp. 351, 352.

So 'Catholicism' is, after all, but *developed Montanism*!! If this passage had occurred in the works of a German, or an English writer suspected of Germanising, what thunders of devout eloquence would have burst on his devoted head! What is heresy in one century is sacred orthodoxy in another! What is dark fanaticism
without

without the Church is holy enthusiasm *within* ! Thus, in another passage, Mr. Newman asserts, plainly, broadly, without reserve :—

‘ The exercises of asceticism, which are so *graceful* in St. Anthony, so touching in St. Basil, and so awful in St. Germanus, do but become a melancholy and gloomy superstition in the most *pious persons* who are cut off from Catholic communion.’—p. 451.

But more wonderful still ! Not merely are the heretics the patterns and the prophets of orthodoxy, but the Fathers are more than the suppressors of undeveloped truths within the sanctuary of their intellects. Not merely do they keep the treasures of divine doctrine buried in the silence of their hearts, or betray them but in obscure and unconscious hints, though the salvation of mankind, if not absolutely dependent upon them, must at least be advanced by their full revelation—they are almost one and all heretics ! they not only withhold the truth, but hold what in others is damnable error !!!—

‘ And thus, if in some cases they were even left in ignorance, the next generation of teachers completed their work, for the same unwearied anxious process of thought went on. St. Gregory Nyssen finishes the investigations of St. Athanasius ; St. Leo guards the polemical statements of St. Cyril. Clement may hold a purgatory, yet tend to consider all punishment purgatorial ; St. Cyprian may hold the unsanctified state of heretics, but include in his doctrine a denial of their baptism ; St. Hippolytus may believe in the personal existence of the Word from eternity, yet speak confusedly on the eternity of His Sonship ; the Council of Antioch might put aside the Homousion, and the Council of Nicæa impose it ; St. Hilary may believe in a purgatory, yet confine it to the day of judgment ; St. Athanasius and other Fathers may treat with almost supernatural exactness the doctrine of our Lord’s incarnation, yet imply, as far as words go, that he was ignorant in his human nature ; the Athanasian Creed may admit the illustration of soul and body, and later Fathers discountenance it ; St. Augustine might first be opposed to the employment of force in religion, and then acquiesce in it. Prayers for the faithful departed may be found in the early liturgies, yet with an indistinctness which included St. Mary and the Martyrs in the same rank with the imperfect Christian whose sins were as yet unexpiated ; and succeeding times might keep what was exact, and supply what was deficient. Aristotle might be reprobated by certain early Fathers, yet furnish the phraseology for theological definitions afterwards. And in a different subject-matter, St. Isidore and others might be suspicious of the decoration of churches ; St. Paulinus and St. Helena advance it.’—pp. 353, 354.

Is any form of Christianity, we solemnly demand, to be advanced by this insult to the moral sense of man ?

IV. The fourth test of faithful development is *early anticipation*. By this process, out of some ambiguous or insulated text grows

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some great doctrine, which afterwards expands and ramifies into a system or family of doctrines, for all which the same authority is claimed; and which become equally integral parts of 'Catholic' theology. The author, we must acknowledge, is extremely modest in his illustrations of this test. His *early anticipations* rarely aspire to the most faint suggestion in Scripture; their first actual and mostly feeble development rises no higher than the third century. The resurrection of the body is unquestionably a Scriptural doctrine; though in St. Paul the well-known distinction between the '*vile and corruptible bodies*' which we bear into the grave, and the '*glorious and incorruptible bodies*' with which the faithful are to be 'clothed upon' in their immortality, might seem expressly intended to guard against the coarser and more grossly materialising abuse of that great tenet. But the resurrection of the body was not merely an *early anticipation* of the greater care and reverence paid to the bodies of the dead, by the Christians, than by the Jews or Pagans, who looked upon them as unclean; but also of the worship of relics!—a worship by which practically a kind of magical and tutelary power was ascribed to the smallest portion of the 'vile' body of any saint or martyr. Among the 'early anticipations' of the worship of the saints is the doubtful Latin of a canon of the Council of Illiberis (Elvira in Spain) towards the beginning of the fourth century, in which painted images are forbidden on the walls of churches, 'lest what is worshipped or adored be painted on the walls.' As pictures of saints came under this prohibition, therefore they were then adored! The worship of angels rests solely on a contested passage in Justin Martyr. So the merit of virginity is first developed in a rhapsodical work, the '*Convivium Virginum*,' by St. Methodius. Of the worship of the Virgin we shall speak hereafter.

Here however we must touch on one point which appears to us of the highest importance, but which is altogether unnoticed in the work before us. Not merely do we conceive that the absolute silence of the Scriptures on any Christian doctrine is in itself prohibitory; but there is a kind of silence even more significant and expressive. Where, we mean, if the doctrine had been in the mind of the inspired writer, it is inconceivable that he should have suppressed it; where the 'development' was clearly wanting to fill up his precept; where he could not have avoided (without some purpose to mislead) the early anticipation of the future tenet, which was necessary to explain the revelation; where he must have been almost compelled to proceed, if such were the legitimate conclusion, by 'logical sequence.' There are passages in Holy Writ absolutely prohibitory of certain doctrines by 'early anticipation,'—

anticipation,'—as where in the Book of Revelations 'the angel once and again solemnly repels the *worship* of St. John. But according to Mr. Newman, the doctrine of post-baptismal sin was *early anticipated*, and led by 'logical sequence' to Penance and to Purgatory. Now the main support of this doctrine (if in this peremptory form it rest at all on the Scripture) is contained in the Epistle to the Hebrews, x. 26 to 31. More sober interpreters refer this passage to total apostacy from Christianity. But suppose it to allude to post-baptismal sin, and purgatory to be a sort of mitigation or remedy left to the Church instead of the 'certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries,'—would the inspired writer have withheld the knowledge of this intermediate place, had he possessed it? So throughout St. Paul's epistles, addressed without exception to churches of *baptized* Christians. He reproves their errors, he rebukes their sins, but where does he suggest, where does he hint at any other means for the remission of sins, but through the fixed and unalterable law of repentance and faith in Christ during this life? 'It is appointed unto every man to die, and after that the judgment.' Why is the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews silent as to ages of further probation or purification?

Early anticipation is not merely the test of true but of false development. Luther's doctrine of private judgment was an anticipation of that 'simple heresy or infidelity,' which Lutheranism, according to Mr. Newman, has by this time universally become. Luther's rejection of the Epistle of St. James was an augury as well as the prolific parent of all Rationalism. So Calvinism has become Socinianism. The latter is true as a fact; but, bear witness the death of Servetus, from a very different cause. It is the violent revulsion from that dark creed; the revolting against its obscurity or utter effacement of the attribute of benevolence from the Godhead; it is this which has thrown men back on a purely moral system: a system in which the benevolence of God will not demand even the propitiation of the Redeemer.

But we must hazard a few observations on this regular generation and descent of infidelity, of which it seems to be a standing argument, that all the sin is to be borne by Protestantism. We think it would be but common prudence, for each party to hesitate before they throw the first stone. Has infidelity been the prolific and spontaneous growth of Protestantism alone? Rationalism has sprung up in Lutheran Germany, but has not something more arisen in Roman Catholic countries? Vanini, it is true, was burned in Italy, and our English Deists were not. Bolingbroke was a minister in England; so was Choiseul. (to say nothing

nothing of Cardinal Dubois) in France. Frederick II. sate on a Protestant throne; but we think that we could find contemporary monarchs in Romish Europe, not quite perhaps such clever unbelievers, but at least no better Christians. If Roman Catholicism has a right to disclaim Voltaire and Helvetius and D'Holbach, Lutheranism may protest against being answerable, for Strauss or Bruno Bauer. According to an anecdote in Diderot's *Memoirs*, mass was regularly celebrated at Grandval, the château of the Baron D'Holbach. Infidelity may have glided down in one case by more easy steps—in the other it was driven, for driven it was, to a more violent leap. In one word was it a Protestant nation, which solemnly, publicly, deliberately abrogated Christianity; which dethroned, as far as it could, God and his Christ, from the sovereignty of the universe?

Of all historical questions the gravest is, how far the infidelity, or at least the religious indifference which was almost universally dominant throughout the highest and higher orders of Christian Europe during the last century, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, is to be ascribed to the onward movement, caused not by the Reformation (for we hold Luther and Calvin to have been but instruments, the real Reformers were Faust and Gutenberg), or rather to the obstinate, and at first successful determination to maintain Mediæval Christianity with all its dogmas, usages, and sacerdotal power, stereotyped (as we have somewhere recently read) in the decrees of Trent and the creed of Pope Pius. But more of this before we close.

V. On the fifth test, Logical Sequence, we shall be extremely brief. Mr. Newman has adduced under other heads most of the illustrations which he brings forward under this. Of all guides to practical, or even speculative truth, none must be watched with greater jealousy than 'logical sequence.' The world is a harmony of conflicting laws, life a balance of contending powers, the mind the concord of opposing faculties; religion itself a reconciliation of antagonistic truths. No principle followed out to its extreme conclusions, without regard to others, but will end in danger or abuse. Even our noblest dispositions must be mutually checked, and tempered, and modified, and brought into unison. Government becomes by rigid logical sequence despotism. The tyrant's irrefragable sorites, from the sanctity which 'hedges in a king,' leads him to cut off the heads of all, by whom by the remotest possibility that sanctity may be violated. So grant the premises of liberty, and stop short if you can (without introducing any extraneous consideration) of anarchy. The Jacobin sorites led as straight to the guillotine. Give Bellarmine his first truths, and admit no others, he is irrefragable; but do the same

same to Barclay the Quaker, and he is equally so. Build up a monarchy, and limit it by no counterbalance, and where ends its power? Grant to Milton two words in St. Peter's epistle, and let him sternly advance, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, he stands a solitary worshipper in communion with no living Christian. Follow out the Polytheism of Mediæval Christianity, and you end in Pantheism. Follow out Hegelism, and the other way round, you land on the same shore.

VI. We have arrived at the sixth test; the very title of which might appal one less infatuated by a preconceived and predetermined system. It is *preservative additions*. Additions, no longer developments of admitted truths, or of traditions as declaring themselves of apostolic descent, and as claiming co-ordinate authority with apostolic Scripture; but avowed, ostentatious additions—additions framed with the daring purpose of protecting God's truth, but demanding at the same time the same submissive homage with that truth!

No doctrine of his new creed seems to have seized on the imagination of Mr. Newman so strongly as the worship of the Virgin Mary. On this subject his cool and logical language kindles into lyrical rapture. He is no longer the subtle schoolman; he is the fervent hymnologist. Saint Teresa and Thomas Aquinas are met together.

Whether from the natural conviction that this is the tenet of Mediævalism, which it will be most difficult to force back into the creed of England; which our biblical religious faith will reject with the most obstinate aversion; which our unpoetic and unæsthetic (may we venture the word?) spirituality will still brand by the unsubmissive name of Mariolatry; or, from the complete possession which it seems to have obtained of his own mind, Mr. Newman urges this doctrine even with more than his wonted subtlety, labours at it with unwearied zeal, and recurs to it again and again. It is the favourite illustration of three of his tests of legitimate development; it was foreshown by the prophetic glance of 'early anticipation'; it is drawn out by the iron chain of 'logical sequence'; it is the grand 'preservative addition,' which guards the precious treasure of the Lord's divinity. We have reserved the subject for our respectful examination.

The 'early anticipations' of that worship are singularly few and indistinct. 'Little is told us in Scripture concerning the Blessed Virgin'—so commenced Mr. Newman's sermon at Oxford in 1843, in which he first announced his theory of developments. As is well known, 'they (the special prerogatives of St. Mary, the Virgo Virginum) were not fully recognised in the Catholic ritual till a late date; but they were not a new theory to the Church, or
strange

strange to her earlier teachers.' We listened in reverential anxiety for these prophetic voices. According to this theory it was the deep predestined design of Infinite Wisdom to raise the Virgin Mary to an object of divine worship; the design was her DEIFICATION—(it is Mr. Newman's word, and runs in large distinct capitals along several pages—whether to warn or to startle the English mind we presume not to say);—and yet of the four Evangelists but one, St. Luke, is inspired by the Holy Ghost, or urged by his own prescient sense of her divinity, to record the brief and simple words of the angelic salutation, Hail, highly favoured!—*χαῖρε, κεχαριτωμένη*.—Let us suppose that word expressive of the utmost fullness of divine grace,—'The Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women'—*εὐλογημένη σὺ ἐν γυναιξιν*. What Christian heart will think that it can adequately conceive the blessedness of her who was the mother of Jesus, the mother of the Son of God—her blessedness among, her blessedness high above, all women? Who will deny himself the fond belief, that beauty, virginal beauty and maternal beauty, worked outward from the inward sanctity into the lineaments and expression of that countenance?—who will refuse to gaze on the Madonnas of Raffaele, and not surrender himself in unreasoning wonder to their truth as to their surpassing loveliness? Still, of more than that blessedness, or even of that blessedness, not one further word is betrayed by any one of the Evangelists. On the contrary, there is a careful seclusion, as it were, of the Virgin Mother in her humble, in (if we may so say) her human sphere. So far from having any active part in the redemption, she seems as much lost in wonder as the rest at the gradual expansion of the Son of Man into the manifest Son of God. The wonderful things which she had seen, and had kept and pondered in her heart, expound not even to herself the marvellous mystery. 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business,' seems to her, as to others, incomprehensible. How exquisite, and how *true* (we write with reference to the mythic theory of the New Testament), the blending of maternal tenderness and reverential awe in all the intercourse of the mother and the divine Son; and how completely, in his own language and in his acts, does He seem to stand forth alone and unapproachable, while she is but one, and not the most prominent, of the listening and faithful disciples! But we must not dwell on this. After the Lord's death, the Acts of some of his apostles are recorded. Their Letters, which at least dwell on all the more important parts of Christian doctrine, are before us. Of the later life of the Virgin not one word; and so deeply latent in their hearts is this, which yet is to become a chief—we had almost said the chief—truth of Christian doctrine, that not one word,

word, one incidental expression, drops from them. At length, in the obscure and mystic Apocalypse is discovered, or supposed to be discovered, the first 'early anticipation.' By a fanciful system of interpretation—wild, we venture to say, as the wildest of Protestant applications of that dark book—the Virgin Mary is found in the woman, in the 12th chapter, with whom the dragon was wroth, and against whose head he made war. This is moulded up with the prediction in the beginning of the book of Genesis. All the analogy of prophetic language would certainly lead us to suppose this *woman* to typify the Church; but we enter not on the dream-land of Apocalyptic interpretation. This application, however, we believe, was never thought of (we write with diffidence on this point) *before the full establishment of the worship of the Virgin* after the Nestorian controversy in the sixth century. Once suggested, it was too acceptable to the general ear not at once to become the popular belief; and found its expression in the beautiful verses of Petrarch:—

' Vergine Bella,' che di Sol vestita,
Coronata di stelle, al Sommo Sole
Piacesti sì, ch' n te suo lume n' ascose.'

Poetry and art—and with some poetry and art are the true theology—seized the captivating tradition; it was embodied in the symbolism of mediæval religion, and from such minds can sober reason hope to exorcise such powerful possessing spirits?

Here, however, proceeds Mr. Newman, we are not so much concerned to interpret Scripture as to examine the Fathers. The 'early anticipations' of the Fathers are certain rhetorical figures of speech in which the obedience of the Virgin is contrasted with the disobedience of Eve. We are compelled to decline the critical examination of these three or four passages, of which those from Justin and Tertullian have no bearing on the *worship* of the Virgin: the one extraordinary expression of Irenæus, in which the Virgin bears in relation to Eve the title assigned to the Holy Ghost in relation to true Christians, we must persist in describing as a figure of speech, used by a writer of very indifferent style.

Besides these we have two visions, one of Gregory Thaumaturgus, one which even Mr. Newman will not avouch: and here close the 'anticipations' of the three first centuries—an image in the Apocalypse, violently wrested from its most obvious signification, three metaphorical passages, and two dreams.

'In both these instances (the dreams) the Blessed Virgin appears especially in that character of Patroness or Paraclete which St. Irenæus and other Fathers describe, and which the Mediæval Church exhibits—a loving Mother with Christ.'

Now

Now, all that the Blessed Virgin does in the first vision is to bid John the Evangelist disclose to the young man a complete formulary of 'the mystery of godliness.' Upon which the Evangelist, still in the dream, expresses his willingness to accede to the wishes of the Mother of God, and accordingly recites a full and perfect creed. And all this dream at last rests on the authority of a panegyric of the Wonder-worker, written a century after.

But, after all, the unconscious parent of the *deification* of the Virgin is Arianism! Had the ungodly Arians never afflicted the Church, the Virgin might have remained in modest subordination, and still have dwelt secluded from divine honours:—

'There was one other subject on which the Arian controversy had a more intimate, though not an immediate influence. Its tendency to give a new interpretation to the texts which speak of our Lord's subordination, has already been noticed; such as admitted of it were henceforth explained more prominently of His manhood than of His Economy or His Sonship. But there were other texts which did not admit of this interpretation, but which, without ceasing to belong to Him, might seem more directly applicable to a creature than to the Creator. He indeed was really the "Wisdom in whom the Father eternally delighted," yet it would be but natural if, under the circumstances of Arian misbelief, theologians looked out for other than the Eternal Son to be the immediate object of such descriptions. And thus the controversy opened a question which it did not settle. It discovered a new sphere, if we may so speak, in the realms of light, to which *the Church had not yet assigned its inhabitant*. Arianism had admitted that our Lord was both the God of the Evangelical covenant, and the actual Creator of the Universe; but even this was not enough, because it did not confess Him to be the One, Everlasting, Infinite, Supreme Being, but to be made by Him. It was not enough with that heresy to proclaim Him to be begotten ineffably before all worlds; not enough to place Him high above all creatures as the type of all the works of God's hands; not enough to make Him the Lord of His Saints, the Mediator between God and man, the Object of worship, the Image of the Father; not enough, because it was not all, and between all, and anything short of all, there was an infinite interval. The highest of creatures is levelled with the lowest in comparison of the One Creator Himself. That is, the Nicene Council recognised the eventful principle, that, while we believe and profess any being to be a creature, such a being is really no God to us, though honoured by us with whatever high titles and with whatever homage. Arius or Asterius did all but confess that Christ was the Almighty; they said much more than St. Bernard or St. Alphonso have since said of St. Mary; yet they left Him a creature, and were found wanting. Thus there was "a wonder in heaven:" a throne was seen, far above all created powers, mediatorial, intercessory; a title archetypal; a crown bright as the morning star; a glory issuing from the Eternal Throne; robes pure as the heavens; and a sceptre over all; and who was the predestined heir of that Majesty? Who

was that Wisdom, and what was her name, "the Mother of fair love, and fear, and holy hope," "exalted like a palm-tree in Engaddi, and a rose-plant in Jericho," "created from the beginning before the world" in God's counsels, and "in Jerusalem was her power?" The vision is found in the Apocalypse, a Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. The votaries of Mary do not exceed the true faith, unless the blasphemers of her Son came up to it. The Church of Rome is not idolatrous, unless Arianism is orthodoxy.—pp. 404-406.

Not the least curious part of this extraordinary passage is its coincidence with one in a work which Mr. Newman appears to have read, but whose principles of development arrive at very different conclusions from those of Mr. Newman:—

'It is possible that the controversies about the Trinity and the divine nature of Christ tended indirectly to the promotion of this worship of the Virgin, of angels, of saints, and martyrs. The great object of the victorious, to a certain extent, of both parties was the closest approximation, in one sense the identification of the Saviour with the unseen and incomprehensible Deity. Though the human nature of Christ was as strenuously asserted in theory, it was not dwelt upon with the same earnestness and constancy as his divine. To magnify—to purify this from all earthly leaven—was the object of all eloquence. Theologic disputes on this point withdrew or diverted the attention from the life of Christ, as simply related in the Gospels. Christ became the object of a remoter, a more awful adoration. The mind began, therefore, to seek out, or eagerly to seize some other more material beings, in closer alliance with human sympathies. The constant propensity of man to humanize his Deity, checked, as it were, by the receding majesty of the Saviour, readily clung with its devotion to humbler objects. The weak wing of the common and unenlightened mind could not soar to the unapproachable light in which Christ dwelt with the Father; it dropped to the earth, and bowed itself down before some less mysterious and infinite object of veneration. In theory it was always a distinct and inferior kind of worship; but the feelings, especially impassioned devotion, know no logic: they pause not; it would chill them to death if they were to pause for these fine and subtle distinctions. The gentle ascent by which admiration, reverence, gratitude, and love swelled up to awe, to veneration, to worship—both as regards the feelings of the individual and the general sentiment—was imperceptible. Men passed from rational respect for the remains of the dead—the communion of holy thought and emotion which might connect the departed saint with his brethren in the flesh—to the superstitious veneration of relics, and the deification of mortal men, by so easy a transition that they never discovered the precise point at which they transgressed the unmarked and unwatched boundary.'—*Milman's Hist. of Christianity*, vol. iii. p. 339.

It was to fill up this chasm, then, caused by this honourable relegation of the Saviour to a height inaccessible to human devotion,

tion, that a new and more humanitarian worship became necessary. But even suppose such a necessity, grant that this condescension of the Church to her weak and perplexed disciples was a wise indulgence; is this, if you will, admirable expedient to be a perpetual law of Christianity? Is this creature-worship (take it in its loftiest sense) to be for ever interposed—and by all Christians in every state of intelligence—between the soul of man and his one Redeemer? Is Christ never to descend again, and to resume his direct communion with his own? Is all mankind to be kept *without* in the vestibule, and never be allowed to approach, even in thought, to the Holy of Holies?

We deny not, we dissemble not the justice of Mr. Newman's animadversions on what we with him should call vulgar Protestantism, (he would once have called it 'popular' Protestantism,) but which he now charges on the most spiritual and enlightened, as well as on the lowest and most fanatic Protestantism:—

'It must be asked, whether the character of Protestant devotion towards our Lord has been that of worship at all; and not rather such as we pay to an excellent human being, that is, no higher devotion than that which Catholics pay to St. Mary, differing from it, however, in being familiar, rude, and earthly. Carnal minds will ever create a carnal worship for themselves; and to forbid them the service of the Saints will have no tendency to teach them the worship of God.'—p. 438.

In the fear, then, lest coarse minds should worship coarsely, must the attempt never be made to spiritualise and purify their worship? Are we for ever to give them that to worship which God has not commanded, or rather which, by the whole jealous Triumism of the New Testament, he seems solemnly, earnestly, awfully to interdict? We know who has said 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' Must those who aspire to fulfil—some of whom nobly, we believe, succeed in fulfilling, the Lord's high commands—must they be forced and bound down by the canons and the creed of an inflexible and unrelenting Church to the common level?

But is the worship of the saints, or even the worship of the Virgin Mary, always so unfamiliar, so refined, so heavenly? It is easy for a mind of Mr. Newman's religious delicacy, or poetic apprehensiveness—it is easy for men of fine taste, the born mental aristocracy of Romanism (like the author, for instance, of the '*Mores Catholici*'), to cull out all that is pure, touching, gentle, and venerable from antiquity in Mediæval Christianity, and repudiate, or studiously, skilfully, or at least really conceal

ceal all which is gross, material, and grovelling. Nor shall anything tempt us to wound the feelings of any high-minded Roman Catholic by an ungenerous disclosure of the coarsenesses, or the wild Antinomianism, to say nothing of the debasing superstitions of their popular religion. But the very purest feeling to which the worship of the Virgin appealed, was it not, exquisite though it be, *earthly*? What was it in *Jure matris impera filio*—or where less peremptory language implies the more modest maternal influence? But dare we therefore take up into heaven these feelings, though perhaps the most heavenly upon earth; and intrude them, in their plain and positive significance, unveiled by figurative language, into the region of pure spirit? Is the metaphoric phrase, condescendingly adopted in regard to our humbler nature, to be daringly exalted into that of transcendental beings?

We return to the general question of *preservative additions*. As regards most Christians *without* the pale of Rome, the admission that these doctrines or usages are 'additions' to the creed revealed by our Lord and his Apostles, to the Sacraments and rites of direct divine institution, will appear an absolute abandonment of all the ground hitherto most perseveringly maintained by Roman controversialists.

To those of more moderate and inquiring minds there cannot but appear something of mistrust in the strength of a citadel which must be defended by outworks, the gradual and slow surrender of which may delay the attack upon the great castle-keep. The fact that 'preservative additions' are thought necessary, or even useful, looks as if we did not think our main position absolutely impregnable. Infidelity is so strong that we have, in modern phrase, some instalments with which we may for a time put off its importunate demands. It is only by paying Dane-gelt of our superfluous treasures that we are to avert for a season the inevitable victory of unbelief.

But suppose that 'base counsel' has not thus been taken of our fears. There is one important point which has not altogether escaped Mr. Newman's observation—that these preservative additions have an invariable tendency to usurp more than their proper place: their development knows not where to cease. The splendid parasitical plant, if it does not choke the life of the tree, hides it altogether by its overtopping luxuriance, by its rich and gorgeous clusters. Mr. Newman has attempted to meet the objection, that the *cultus* of the Virgin Mary obscures the divine glory of her Son, by showing that His worship has a special province in the ritual of Rome; and that in some later books of devotion, especially the 'Spiritual Exercises' of Loyola, the Virgin holds a secondary and intermediate place. No doubt the

the wonderful sagacity of the founders of the Jesuit order had seen that Mediæval Christianity must condescend to accommodate itself in some degree to the advanced state of the human mind. The Virgin Mary must recede, the Redeemer be brought forward again as an object of Roman adoration, or all the world would seek Him in the Churches of the Protestants. But how will what remains of this 'cultus' of the Virgin, even making the largest concessions to Mr. Newman, ever be brought into keeping with a system of Christianity of which the groundwork is the New Testament?

We are persuaded that the New Testament is not merely the sole authority for the eternal and immutable great Christian truths, as they were revealed by our Lord and his Apostles and received in the first ages, but for their relative importance in the scheme of salvation. All is an exquisite and finished unison. Strike one chord too strongly, dwell too long on one note, and you destroy the harmony. All religious error (we emphatically repeat, *religious* error) is an exaggeration of some Christian truth, with a necessary depression or obscuration of other Christian truths. Calvinism is an exaggeration of God's sovereignty, to the utter extinction of human free will; Unitarianism is an exaggeration of the unity of God; in its Socinian form an exaggeration of the moral to the depression of the mysterious, we may say, perhaps, the transcendental element. So Mediæval Christianity is a gradual exaggeration of many true principles; it is an undue elevation of that which is mutable above that which is eternal; of that which is subordinate above that which is primal and essential; of that which is accessory and in some degree foreign, obscure, doubtful—at least—for that which is the everlasting Gospel; of form above spirit, of that which shall pass away above that which shall never pass away.

Granting, for instance, that the most profound reverence would be inferentially enjoined by the simple fact, that the Virgin was so honoured of God as to become the mother of His incarnate Son. Elevate that reverence into adoration, and will it any longer retain any due proportion? Is it possible that two worships can be thus coincident, and the one not become dominant over the other, in proportion to the popular feeling, and the manifest, the visible effect watched and fostered, perhaps at first from pure devotional feelings, by an ignorant priesthood? The Marian Psalter, and the Marian Te Deum!—are these subordinate forms of worship? Let Mr. Newman look back to the lives of some of the saints: works in which he is profoundly—would that we might say dispassionately—read. We, too, have ventured into such subjects, and challenge him to meet us in that field. Let him

him take the Life of St. Dominic. Throughout that biography how much relates to our Lord, how much to the Virgin? Of her is every vision—to her, or through her, is every prayer; through her influence every good deed is done, every miracle wrought: passages are everywhere found, some of which we read with an absolute shudder. When Heaven opens, what is disclosed? Saints of all orders surrounding the celestial courts—but not one Dominican: when, lo! under the robe of the Virgin countless multitudes of Dominican saints! And this is the staple doctrine in every older life of the founder of the order of Friar Preachers. Mr. Newman has quoted Ségneri, once the most popular preacher in Italy—an author with whom we are not unacquainted. We turn to his sermon on the Annunciation:—‘*Mensura privilegiorum Virginis est, (udite il Suarez, benchè si circonspetto, si cauto in ogni sua voce). Mensura privilegiorum Virginis est Potentia Dei. Potentia Dei, Si, Si. Potentia Dei, Potentia Dei—chè ne state a cercar di piu? Ma io qui sì chè mi perdo. Conciosia che, che gran misura non è mai questa, Uditori? L’ Omnipotenza divina? Non è ella misura illimitatissima? senza eccezione? senza termine? senza fine?*’

VII. The seventh and last test of fidelity in development is ‘*Chronic Continuance.*’ On this point Mr. Newman’s tone kindles to deep—as it seems to himself, no doubt—triumphant eloquence. He would appal all adversaries into silence by the august phenomenon of the duration of the Roman Church, with all its immutable dogmas, its inflexible discipline; its progressive developments, all tending to this absolute and unalterable perfection. Now, is this chronic continuance of itself an unanswerable evidence of the divinity of any religious system? Judaism exists—Buddhism exists—Brahmanism exists—Mahometanism exists. But here the question is, Whether it is the Christianity, or the Romanism contra-distinguished from Christianity—which has endured all the fierce encounters of successive ages? The very errors of the latter, as we have said, may have powerfully contributed to its duration by its compulsory or spontaneous accommodation to the spirit of each succeeding age. But in Mr. Newman’s theory—from the duration, at least, of *developed* Christianity much must be struck off—from the supremacy of the Pope five centuries at the beginning; from the worship of the Virgin, five; from Transubstantiation, eight.

If we revert to Mr. Newman’s own words, this chronic continuance has been strikingly intermittent. In the fifth and sixth centuries (a singular argument for Catholic unity and perpetuity) he has given a melancholy description of Catholicism driven almost from the face of the earth. East and West, which had already been

been almost Arian, were now distracted by every kind of sect and division. In those days things stood worse with Catholicism than even in our degenerate age. This so-called Catholicism Mr. Newman describes as a form of Christianity

‘such, that it extends throughout the world, though with varying measures of prominence or prosperity in separate places;—that it lies under the power of sovereigns and magistrates, in different ways alien to its faith;—that flourishing nations and great empires, professing or tolerating the Christian name, lie over against it as antagonists;—that schools of philosophy and learning are supporting theories, and following out conclusions, hostile to it, and establishing an exegetical system subversive of its Scriptures;—that it has lost whole churches by schism, and is now opposed by powerful communions once part of itself;—that it has been altogether or almost driven from some countries;—that in others its line of teachers is overlaid, its flocks oppressed, its churches occupied, its property held by what may be called a duplicate succession;—that in others its members are degenerate and corrupt, and surpassed in conscientiousness and in virtue, as in gifts of intellect, by the very heretics whom it condemns;—that heresies are rife and bishops negligent within its own pale.’—p. 316.

In past ages of Catholicism, as now, according to Mr. Newman, its only conservative hope was the See of Rome. Baronius of old raised an argument for the perpetuity of the papal power, from its wonderful revival after its period of debasement and degradation, after the acknowledged irregularities of election, and all the wickednesses and atrocities of the ninth and tenth centuries, when it was won by the sword, or bought and sold by prostitutes! Mr. Newman would argue in the same way the legitimate development of the papacy from its triumph over the confusions of those disastrous times. We scruple not to express thus far our perfect agreement with Mr. Newman. From the sixth century to the fourteenth the papal power was the great conservator of Christianity, of the best Christianity perhaps which those ages could receive; and it was of inestimable benefit to European civilization. There are periods in human history when despotism, temporal or spiritual, seems necessary or inevitable for the maintenance of social order. In those times the spiritual was the best, the only counterpoise to temporal despotism. But as in other despotisms that time passes away. Christianity, as Mr. Newman admits, did without it for five centuries; it will not endure it now.

Of all historical problems the least difficult to account for is the growth first of the monastic, and afterwards of the papal power; and that growth is quite sufficient to explain the long dominance of what is called Catholicism. This view accounts for every fact and for every passage in the earlier fathers, cited in the

the two statements made by Mr. Newman on the development of the papal power. The episcopal government, which was inchoate at least, if not absolutely and universally settled early in the second century, in the time of Ignatius,* would of course find one of its chief seats at Rome. No sooner had the notion spread that St. Peter was at Rome (and that appears, vaguely at least, in Irenæus) than that seat would assume a peculiar dignity. It was the only Apostolic See, it was the metropolitan see of the West; but more than this, it was the See of Rome! of Rome, the centre of administration; the seat of unrivalled wealth and power. Among our earliest intimations of the greatness of the Roman See, is that from her wealth she contributed largely to the support of poorer communities. Already, in the fourth century, the streets of Rome ran with blood in a contested election for the bishopric. The sarcasm of the heathen, 'Make me Bishop of Rome, and I will turn Christian,' shows her fast accumulating wealth. From the West, at least, all civil causes flowed to Rome; what wonder if religious ones followed the same course?

'Jam dudum Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes.'

Even from the East, all, Christian heretics included, who could not live quietly at home, crowded to Rome, in hopes of advantage or redress. The eastern apostolic sees fell into strife or heresy, at last sank into obscurity under Mahometanism. Constantinople, though aspiring to equality with Rome, was a see but of yesterday—its bishops perpetually oppressed by, or at open enmity with the emperors.

Rome was not merely the metropolis, she was the mother of the western churches, of Catholic, as contradistinguished from Arian Italy, of those of the Franks, the Anglo-Saxons, and of Germany. The old Gaulish, the ancient British, or Irish churches either melted into the Roman or remained in obscurity. The clergy had neither the will nor the power to resist the developing autocracy: the strength of Rome was their strength; to the higher

* 'It is true' (says Mr. Newman) 'St. Ignatius is silent in his Epistles on the subject of the Pope's authority;' he adds, 'such silence is not so difficult to account for as the silence of Seneca and Plutarch about Christianity.' Yet one of the Epistles of Ignatius was addressed to the Christians of Rome. The whole question, however, about the Epistles of Ignatius is re-opened by Mr. Cureton's publication and English interpretation of the Syriac version of three of the Epistles, which, if they be not abridgments, which seems highly improbable, show that even the smaller Greek copies have been largely interpolated. We are not among those who rest, as some do, almost the whole burthen of the episcopal controversy on these Epistles. But considering the importance attached to them by others, that they have been actually spoken of as a providential revelation to save the imperilled cause of episcopacy, we cannot but admire the honest courage which has published without scruple copies in which almost all the strong passages on that side are wanting. The volume in all its parts is most creditable to Mr. Cureton—one of our very few really profound Orientalists; and it was eminently worthy of our truth-loving primate to permit the dedication of such a work to himself.

ecclesiastics it was the crown of their order. On one part, that of the Roman bishop, usurpation seemed a duty; on the other, there could be no general will, no concert in resistance. Disunion would have placed the rest of the clergy at the mercy of the temporal power. That the papal power *naturally* developed itself out of the sacerdotal power, and that from both together developed itself the whole of Mediæval Christianity, is clear from this alone, that every doctrine and usage which distinguished Mediæval Christianity from that of the New Testament and of primitive times, tends to the aggrandisement of sacerdotal influence, of more than influence, of irresistible authority. This is the one great cardinal principle of Papal Development.

We too, as has been said, have our theory of development. For us Mr. Newman goes too far, and not far enough. We believe that the development of Christianity, of the yet undeveloped or dormant part of Christianity, since the Reformation, has been immense; the development, we mean, of its morality, of its social influence, of its humanity. We quote from a recent French writer of great ability:—

‘On a dit souvent que le Christianisme nous avait civilisé; peut-être ne serait-il pas moins juste et moins exact de dire que la civilisation a épuré notre Christianisme. Si la lettre des Évangiles n’a pas changé, nous avons beaucoup changé dans notre manière d’entendre et d’appliquer la loi évangélique. Nos sentiments et nos principes religieux ont suivi la marche de tous nos sentiments et de tous nos principes; ils sont devenus plus purs et plus raisonnables à mesure que nous avons été plus cultivés. Les Chrétiens d’aujourd’hui ne le sont pas à la manière de ceux du temps de la Ligue.’*

This is so well said, that it must excuse us from entering at length upon a subject which could not be fairly dealt with under many pages.

There seems to us a vast fallacy in this argument about the perishable character of all sects and communities of Christians (how stands the Greek Church?) and the assumed solitary permanence of Rome. For five centuries Christendom existed as a confederation of Churches,—of Churches, it is true, heretical as well as orthodox, under episcopal rule. We may regret that many Christian communities have lost or departed from that rule; but are we called upon to pronounce their total disfranchisement from all the hopes and blessings of Christianity? The real and

* Charles Dunoyer, ‘Liberté du Travail,’ i. 124. This work, which by its title might seem a cold, dry treatise on political economy, is of a very high order. We by no means subscribe to all its opinions, either political, social, or speculative, and there are few subjects which it does not embrace; but throughout there is a vein of strong sense, a sober spirit of inquiry, we may add, a power of understanding our English institutions very rare in foreign writers.

essential Christianity, that of all who hold the great truths, endeavour to live up to the lofty morals, look to the promises of God in Christ, who have Christian faith, hope, and charity—this Christianity has existed, does exist, and will ever exist; it existed through the trials of the first ages, it existed within Mediæval Christianity, it will exist to the end of time; and by this Christianity (not by the higher Christian polity under which we may have the privilege, or the lower under which we may have the disadvantage of living) we shall stand or fall. This, though hard and inflexible Roman Catholic *theory* may deny, the Roman Catholic heart, like that of all Christendom, is, in all but in stern controversialists, eager to allow. The inexorable ‘*nulla salus extra Ecclesiam*’ is eluded by the holy subterfuges of evangelic charity.

What indeed would be the logical conclusion of Mr. Newman’s theory of development as applied to the whole of history? That God, not merely in his permissive but in his active miraculous providence, gradually built up his Church to the height of perfection—that he developed it to its full maturity in power and knowledge; and then suddenly, it should seem, abandoned its cause, and left it exposed to the ungrateful hostility of mankind! But at the same time he has been pleased to bless mankind with an unexampled, intellectual, social, and moral advancement. Through the hands of ingenious and scientific men he bestowed upon us his most wonderful gift, except that of language,—printing. This, though, as we have said, the most important epoch in the history of Christianity (if we only consider how much it has substituted written for oral teaching), has been followed by social and political changes, by discoveries which crowd upon each other, till we are breathless in following their track, and many of them more or less connected with religious development. And will religion only retrograde while all things thus rush onward? We implicitly believe, though not in the sense of the transitory movement among ourselves towards, or in Germany away from Rome—that in its great moral and spiritual power Christianity is steadily on the advance—that it is still developing, backwards, in one sense, to the simple Gospel, forwards, in another, to the better understanding of that Gospel. At all events nothing shall reduce us to that worst and most miserable cowardice of unbelief, that the more man advances in intellectual, in social, and in moral culture, the more God will turn his face from him; that real human wisdom and real Christian wisdom will not at length repose together under the shadow of Christian peace.

The Church of France has, compassionating our benighted state, ordered prayers at many of her altars for the conversion
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of England to the Roman Catholic faith, and this, no doubt, was sincerely meant for our good. Even in higher quarters indulgences have been granted for the same end. It is even said that the secession of Mr. Newman has been no less than a miracle wrought by the earnest supplications of Roman Catholic churches, not in England only, but also in many parts of the Continent. It would indeed, in our opinion, have been a miracle if he had not seceded from our Church, and most devoutly for his sake do we rejoice at his determination. We pretend not to disguise or to undervalue the loss sustained by the Church of England in a man of his piety, ability, and influence; such a loss perhaps has not been experienced since the Reformation: but in the terrible alternative before his mind, if not a Roman Catholic, what had he been? With regard, however, to her prayers, we might perhaps suggest, in the most friendly spirit, to the Church of France the old adage that wise charity begins at home. The most fervent prayers of her sons, if devoted to the conversion of distinguished individuals, might find ample scope among themselves; and with regard to some, we cannot but bid them God speed! Have they not to win back their own most powerful writer who has appeared since the Restoration, who having attempted an unholy alliance between religion and the wildest democracy, now stands alone, a banished but not a silent man? Have they not to win back those who, some of them at least, have been estranged and goaded to fury by their ultramontane pretensions and foolish superstitions; men of that kind of eloquence which at least commands a most perilous influence over the youth of Paris; popular novelists whose wide-read volumes counterwork their popular teaching, and implant deeply and permanently a feeling of mistrust, derision, hatred, against their most powerful ally? Have they not to win (a more noble but, in their present spirit, a more utterly hopeless task) the whole higher literature of France? Men of science who, from the height of their 'Positive Philosophy,' look down on Catholicism and Protestantism as equally obsolete; men of a more passionate school, who find the final Avatar, the full development of Christianity, in the levelling Jacobinism of Robespierre and St. Just? And even a still higher class (and here we neither augur nor wish them success), the philosophers who labour even on the writings of the Middle Ages with power of thought and with industry which may put to shame the feeble hagiographists of the Church party, yet who maintain a wise and dignified impartiality: the historians—one changed from the most ardent admirer of the imaginative and better part of Mediæval religion, into their bitterest antagonist—and others who, in their dignified superiority, arbitrate unanswerably

ably on all the great questions of history, on the inevitable decay as well as the rise and power of the Mediæval Church, on the true development of Christianity out of a pure religion into a vast hierarchical system, and, as they prophetically foresee, out of that hierarchical system into a universal and eternal religion.

We repeat, that so far as intended for our good, we are grateful at least for the spirit of these prayers. But let us dispassionately look to the possibility of their accomplishment; and if there were this possibility, to their inevitable consequences. We address this to some few amiable but *young* minds among ourselves, who are smitten with a hopeless scheme of Mediævalizing England.

Let us translate the prayer for the conversion of England out of its theologic language, into that of plain practical common sense. It is this: that Divine Providence will be pleased to withdraw at once, or to permit to be read only under close or jealous superintendence, that English Bible, which is the family treasure and record in every household from the palace to the cottage—which has been disseminated throughout the land with such zealous activity, and received with such devout thankfulness—which is daily, or at least weekly, read in millions of families, and is on the pillows of myriads of dying men; that the services of the Church may be no longer in the intelligible vernacular English, but in a foreign tongue—a tongue, not like the Latin to the people who speak any of the affiliated languages, so that its meaning may be partially caught, but one absolutely strange and meaningless to the ear; that the communicants at the Lord's Supper may not merely be compelled to embrace new doctrines, although at variance with all their habits of thought and reason, but be deprived of one half of the precious spiritual sustenance from whence their faith has hitherto derived such inappreciable strength; that in all the public services the priesthood shall withdraw into a kind of unapproachable sanctity—they alone admitted to direct intercourse with God—the people only through them, and at their good pleasure; that from every parsonage in England shall be expelled the devout, the blameless, the charitable wife—the pure and exemplary daughters; that our wives and daughters throughout the land shall be compelled to utter their most secret, their most holy, their most unutterable thoughts in the confessional to some, as it may happen, severe and venerable, or young and comely priest; that England may be un-Anglicised, not merely in her Church and in her religion, but in her whole national character, which has grown out of, and is throughout interpenetrated by, her reformed faith; that we surrender the hard-won freedom of our thoughts, the boldness of our judgments, the independence of our mental being—(for without that absolute surrender there can be no true, full,
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and unquestioning conversion to the creed of Rome—no submission to Mediæval Christianity)—that all our proud national reminiscences—the glories of our Elizabeth, of the reigns of our William and our Anne, shall be disdainfully thrown aside—the defeat of the Armada become a questionable blessing, the Revolution a national sin demanding the fullest expiation—the accession of the House of Brunswick a crime and a calamity—our universal toleration be looked on as a sin against God—our late-wrung concessions to dissentients revoked as soon as the Church regains her power—the sovereign of the worst-ruled state in Europe have power to dictate the religious part of our Constitution. Nor is our whole history alone to be renewed and rewritten: our whole literature—not merely our theology from Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, down to Paley; but all our great prose writers, Bacon, and Raleigh, and Clarendon, even to the present day; our poets—if Shakspeare be too universal not to stand above even these controversies—yet Spenser, the poet of Elizabeth—yet Milton, the Italian translation of which we saw the other day in the Index of prohibited books—yet all (but one half of Dryden, and that, however in his class inimitable, certainly no profoundly religious writer, the author of the ‘*Essay on Man*’), down to Cowper, to Scott, to Southey, and to Wordsworth: all must retire or do penance by mutilation; and give place to a race of individuals yet unborn, or at least undeveloped, who in the nineteenth century will aspire to reproduce the poetry, the history, the philosophy of the fourteenth.

Cast now a hasty prophetic glance on the consequences. The destruction of the English Church (to say nothing of the Scotch) may be within the remote bounds of possibility. Can the reconstruction of the Roman Catholic as a national Church be dreamed of by the wildest enthusiast? One vast voluntary system then pervades the land. In the part (the small part, we fear) still occupied by religion (we set aside for the moment the faithful but discouraged ministers of our Church), the Methodist, the Independent, the Baptist, with their Bible and hymn-book come into fierce collision with the priest and his breviary; and with whom will the people of England—the middle and lower classes of England—those that have the real sway, the votes, the control of the government, take their side? For one splendid Roman Catholic cathedral would rise a hundred square brick meeting-houses. If a religious war could be expected in our later days, the only safeguard against that war would be the multiplying of sects, and the great numerical superiority of the sectarians. But if any bond could unite them, it would be the inextinguishable hatred of what they plainly call Popery. And in such a war, while one
order

order was vainly seeking its Simon de Montfort, the other would have no difficulty in finding its Cromwell. If these be idle fears at least that wise and noble mutual respect which is rising in all minds for those who are deep, and sincere, and active in religion, and especially where the views of what is religion are rational, enlightened—the best sign and the happiest augury of our times—that true toleration which is tenacious above all things of truth, but wisely patient of the slow advance of others to the same truth, would be trampled under foot and trodden out in the fierce conflict.

Will this be the worst? Lay before the intelligent and educated—the higher classes; lay before the intelligent whose education is practical life and experience, the artizans and manufacturers of England, the remorseless alternative—the Christianity of the Middle Ages, or none; subscribe the whole creed of Pope Pius, or renounce that of the Apostles;—what man of reason and common sense does not foresee—what Christian does not shudder at the issue?

We would close with one solemn and amicable question: Are we—the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Christian Churches—the sole competitors for dominion over the minds of men? Is there not an Anti-Christ equally formidable to both? Is this the best way of meeting our common adversary, this internecine, this irreconcilable strife among ourselves—this louder triumph, it should seem, over a few deserters from each other's ranks, than for the reclaiming a host of total unbelievers? What is wanted is a Christianity—not for a few monks, or monk-like men; not for a small imaginative past-worshipping aristocracy; no, nor for a pious, unreasoning peasantry—but for men of the world (not of this world, as we may tauntingly be asserted to mean), but men who ever feel that their present sphere of duty, of virtue, of usefulness to mankind lies in this world on their way to a higher and better—men of intelligence, activity, of exemplary and wide-working goodness—men of faith, yet men of truth, to whom truth is of God, and to whom nothing is of God that is not true—men whose religion is not sadly and vainly retrospective, but present and hopefully prospective. It is our fixed persuasion that the Roman Catholic Church, that is, the church of the Middle Ages, hereafter to the end of time, can be no more than a powerful sect (we mean no offence)—a sect, it may be, of increasing power; but an all-comprehending, all-reconciling—a Catholic Church in the only real sense of that phrase, it can never be. The shadow on the sun-dial of the King of Judah once went back ten degrees; the Jesuits once forced back the human mind for a certain period to the religion of the dark ages; but time resumed its natural course, and human intelligence will so pursue its onward way. The word

word of God is alone immutable, and that part of Christianity (however it may have been developed) which is the word of God, that alone has the power of endurance to the end of the world. The indwelling spirit of Christ, not confined to one narrow discipline, to one visible polity, is still to be developed in more abundant power, to exalt, to purify the Primal Idea of Christianity, the true, the eternal, the immutable, the real 'Dominus nobiscum' which is commingled with our humanity.

ART. V.—1. *Lives of the Lindsays; or, a Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres.* By Lord Lindsay. To which are added, Extracts from the Official Correspondence of Alex. Sixth Earl of Balcarres, during the Maroon War; together with Personal Narratives by his Brothers, the Hon. Robert, Colin, James, John, and Hugh Lindsay. 4 vols. 8vo. Wigan, 1840.

2. *Case of James Earl of Balcarres, claiming the Title and Dignities of Earl of Crawford, &c. (in the House of Lords),* 1845. Pp. 239, folio.

LORD LINDSAY takes for his motto those beautiful lines of Southey:—

‘ My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.’

He collected and illustrated the memorials of his ancestry with no view to publication, but partly to gratify his own feelings of respect for many excellent progenitors, and partly (we can well believe principally) under the influence of affectionate concern for some younger relations—to whom his volumes are inscribed in a thoughtful and graceful preface. They were printed five years ago—but for private circulation only; so that the extracts which we are about to present will have all the attractions of novelty for most of our readers.

‘ Every family,’ says his Lordship, ‘ should have a record of its own. Each has its peculiar spirit, running through the whole line, and, in more or less development, perceptible in every generation. Rightly viewed, as a most powerful but much-neglected instrument of education, I can imagine no study more rife with pleasure and instruction. Nor need our ancestors have been Scipios or Fabii to interest us in their fortunes. We do not love our kindred for their glory or their genius, but for those domestic

domestic affections and private virtues that, unobserved by the world, expand in confidence towards ourselves, and often root themselves, like the banian of the East, and flourish with independent vigour in the heart to which a kind Providence has guided them. An affectionate regard for their memory is natural to the heart; it is an emotion totally distinct from pride,—an ideal love, free from that consciousness of requited affection and reciprocal esteem, which constitutes so much of the satisfaction we derive from the love of the living. They are denied, it is true, to our personal acquaintance, but the light they shed during their lives survives within their tombs, and will reward our search if we explore them. Be *their* light, then, *our* beacon,—not the glaring light of heroism which emblazons their names in the page of history with a lustre as cold, though as dazzling, as the gold of an heraldic illuminator; but the pure and sacred flame that descends from heaven on the altar of a Christian heart, and that warmed *their* naturally frozen affections till they produced the fruits of piety, purity, and love—evinced in holy thoughts and good actions, of which many a record might be found in the annals of the past, would we but search for them, and in which we may find as strong incentives to virtuous emulation as we gather every day from those bright examples of living worth, which it is the study of every good man to imitate.—And if the virtues of strangers be so attractive to us, how infinitely more so should be those of our own kindred, and with what additional energy should the precepts of our parents influence us, when we trace the transmission of those precepts from father to son through successive generations, each bearing the testimony of a virtuous, useful, and honourable life to their truth and influence, and all uniting in a kind and earnest exhortation to their descendants, so to live on earth that—followers of Him through whose grace alone we have power to obey Him—we may at last be re-united with those who have been before and those who shall come after us—

“No wanderer lost,

A family in heaven.”

‘Anxious to avoid the suspicion of undue partiality, I have studied to adduce the testimony of contemporaries to the individual merits of our forefathers, rather than indulge myself in those general deductions of character which it would be equally difficult for a critical reader to assent to or disprove. But I may bespeak for them, collectively, a favourable censure—I may even avow that I shall be disappointed if their chequered annals be deemed devoid of a useful and animating moral. You will find them in peace and war, “under the mantle as the shield,” equally eminent,—brave warriors in the field, and wise statesmen in the cabinet; you will contemplate the grandeur which they attained in the hour of prosperity—the devotion with which they perilled all, when gratitude and duty demanded the sacrifice. You will follow them to their homes, and will there recognise many whom you may love—many whom, I hope, you will imitate; men, not ashamed of being Christians—women, meek and humble, yet in the hour of need approving themselves, in the highest sense of the word, heroines; while from the example of both you may, under God’s blessing, learn the great, the all-important

all-important lesson, that conviction of our own utter unworthiness, and faith in the atoning blood of our Redeemer, can alone give us peace in life, divest dissolution of its terrors, and hallow the remembrance of a death-bed to the survivors.

‘Be grateful, then, for your descent from religious, as well as from noble, ancestors; it is your duty to be so, and this is the only worthy tribute you can now pay to their ashes. Yet, at the same time, be most jealously on your guard lest this lawful satisfaction degenerate into arrogance, or a fancied superiority over those nobles of God’s creation, who, endowed in other respects with every exalted quality, cannot point to a long line of ancestry. Pride is of all sins the most hateful in the sight of God, and, of the proud, who is so mean, who so despicable as he that values himself on the merits of others?—And were they all so meritorious, these boasted ancestors? were they all Christians?—Remember, remember—if some of them have deserved praise, others have equally merited censure,—if there have been “stainless knights,” never yet was there a stainless family since Adam’s fall. “Where then is boasting?”—for we would not, I hope, glory in iniquity.

“Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!”

‘And, after all, what little reason has Europe to plume herself on ancestral antiquity! Not one of our most venerable pedigrees can vie with that of a Rajpoot of India or a Rechabite of the desert: nor is it but to our Christian birth that we owe a temporary superiority to the “dispersed of Judah” and the “outcasts of Israel,” whose fathers bent before the Ark of the Covenant when ours were nameless idolaters.

‘One word more.—Times are changed, and in many respects we are blessed with knowledge beyond our fathers, yet we must not on that account deem our hearts purer or our lives holier than theirs were. Nor, on the other hand, should we for a moment assent to the proposition, so often hazarded, that the virtues of chivalry are necessarily extinct with the system they adorned. Chivalry, in her purity, was a holy and lovely maiden, and many were the hearts refined and ennobled by her influence, yet she proclaims to us no one virtue that is not derived from and summed up in Christianity. The “Age of Chivalry” may be past—the knight may no more be seen issuing from the embattled portal-arch, on his barbed charger, his lance glittering in the sun, his banner streaming to the breeze—but the Spirit of Chivalry can never die; through every change of external circumstances, through faction and tumult, through trial and suffering, through good report and evil report, still that Spirit burns, like love, the brighter and the purer—still, even in the nineteenth century, lights up its holiest shrine, the heart of that champion of the widow, that father of the fatherless, that liegeman of his God, his king, and his country—the noble-hearted but lowly-minded Christian gentleman of England.’—*Preface*, p. xv.

Thus ends the preface to one of the very best specimens of Family History that our language affords. It is in great part a compilation;—the third and fourth volumes are chiefly occupied

by personal Narratives, left in MS. by Lindsays of the two last generations—and the older history of the race is largely interspersed with letters and documents now first disinterred, with quotations from the monastic and chivalric chronicles of Scotland, and with details extracted from the richly picturesque records of her criminal jurisprudence. But compilation, in the hands of Lord Lindsay, is a very different thing from what we commonly understand by that term. It is a work demanding delicate skill. With him nothing is compiled to save the trouble of composition—every fragment has been studiously chosen—and the whole are so dexterously arranged, and most of them so neatly inlaid upon his own narrative, that we have the charm of variety, without ceasing to lean on our guide or to feel the worth of his guidance.

Should Lord Lindsay ever think fit to give the public access to these collections, he may improve the earlier chapters in some respects by availing himself of the elaborate CASE recently prepared for his father the Earl of Balcarres, as claiming the honours of the elder Earldom of Crawford—the oldest Scottish earldom that has not merged in a dukedom or marquisate. The CASE bears the signature of Mr. Riddell—the first peerage lawyer of this age in Scotland—we believe it would not be too much to say, the first genealogical antiquary in Britain; and it is the masterpiece of his diligence and ingenuity. Whether it ought to satisfy the House of Lords, we are not so presumptuous as to express or even to form an opinion. But it will survive their lordships' (favourable or unfavourable) decision, as a monument of research and a mine of lore, not equalled since the days of Sir David Dalrymple;—and meantime it will not only enable Lord Lindsay to enlarge the number of his genealogical links, but supply several curious particulars to heighten the interest of his biographical sketches.

There is no doubt that the Lindsays were one of the many Norman families who settled in England under the Conqueror, and that they took their surname from an English fief—though it is not clear whether that fief was Lindesey in Essex or Lyndesey in Lincolnshire. Two brothers of the race, Walter and William, established themselves in Scotland early in the twelfth century; but though they both obtained great possessions, and founded powerful houses there, it is fully proved that during several subsequent generations they kept up a close connexion with their kinsmen of the same name that remained seated in England; and among those of the same name we must include the important house of *Limesay*—for that name is in sense identical and in sound all but so with Lindesay—both meaning the Isle of Limes—the tree having been pronounced and written *Line* or *Lime* indiscriminately

indiscriminately down to a much later period*—and the original arms of Lindsay and Limesay were exactly the same. Down to the commencement of the wars caused by Edward the First's artful ambition, the Anglo-Norman knights who contrived so rapidly to supplant almost all the aboriginal landholders of southern Scotland—nay, from whom the great majority of the remoter northern nobles are descended—continued in intimate relations with those of their blood in England. The same person in numerous cases held great fiefs in both kingdoms, and not seldom in the duchy of Normandy also. The Scotch and the English Lyndesays frequently intermarried under the earlier Norman reigns; and in the thirteenth century the senior Scotch branch, after having intermarried with the original Celtic royal house, ended in an heiress, who carried its estates into the illustrious French family of De Coucy; as representing which House of De Coucy, thus intermixed with the blood of Lindsay, that primæval Scotch royalty is at this day represented directly by the Duchess of Angoulême—of whom France was not worthy.

The *De Coucys* did not long hold their Lindsay estates in Scotland; but even from the time of that French alliance the headship of the Scotch Lindsays had vested in the line of Crawford; one of whom, marrying a daughter of King Robert I., was created Earl of Crawford on the same day when the ducal title was first introduced into Scotland in favour of two princes of the blood-royal, made Dukes of Rothsay and Albany. After the downfall of the first house of Douglas, that of Crawford was during many generations one of the most powerful in the Northern Kingdom; and its power was, in general, arrayed on the side of the crown, against the turbulent insubordination of the other haughty barons. The original domain of Crawford is close to Douglasdale in Lanarkshire; but ultimately the chief seat of the family's influence was to the northwards of the Forth, in Fife and Angus. Here the Crawford-Lindsays were the great bulwark and barrier between the southern Lowlands and the restless clans of the Highlands. In process of time we find upwards of one hundred junior houses of the name of Lindsay, all designated after their own landed possessions†—many of them ranking with the first class of the untitled gentry, and four of them cadets of such consequence that they ultimately acquired separate peerages (Lindsay of the Byres, Balcarres, Garnock, Spynie), all still acknowledging the Earls of Crawford for the chiefs of their name and race—'principes illustrissimi sanguinis et nominis de Lyndesay.'

* See *Tempest*, Act IV., where 'the glistening garments' brought in by Ariel are, by Prospero's command, 'hung on this line;' with a world of punning on *line* and *time*.

† *Append. to Lives of the Lindsays*, vol. i., p. 305—319.

There can exist not the shadow of a doubt that the Earldom of Crawford was originally constituted a male fief—to descend for ever to the nearest heir of the male blood: but it is equally certain, and will surprise no one at all conversant with Scotch history, that the dignity was nevertheless transferred on divers occasions in a most irregular manner. With the details of these strange cases we shall not weary our readers;—it must suffice to say that Lord Balcarres now claims the premier earldom, as representing the male blood of Crawford—and the only question is, not whether the claimant has proved his own descent clearly and incontrovertibly, but whether Mr. Riddell has succeeded in *extinguishing* every one of the other Crawford cadets, who, if now represented by a male heir, would be entitled to claim the main honours in preference to Lord Balcarres. Since the line of Edzell or Balcarres branched off, exactly four centuries have passed away. All subsequent cadets who spent their lives within the British dominions have been, we may venture to say, effectually disposed of. These are all clearly extinct or merged in females, as far as it is possible to trace them in these kingdoms. But various younger sons, as was the case with all Scotch families, took service generation after generation under foreign princes. ‘Patient of labour and prodigal of blood,’ we have many a glimpse of them in the wars of France, Spain, Germany, Sweden—in most cases we see them recorded as dying on the field of honour far from their native shores, and consigned to the dust by friends who apparently had no suspicion of their ever having married. Whatever industry and acumen could do has been done—but the rules of the House of Lords are proudly distinguished by the very extremest strictness as to evidence in cases of this nature, and, we repeat, it is not for us to anticipate its decision that every one expatriated ‘captain or colonel or knight in arms,’ between the ages of Quentin Durward and Baron Bradwardine, has been proved to have died a bachelor—or even that no more peaceful adventurer of more recent days has left behind him in some corner of the backwoods a Yankee Lindsay in possession, unsuspected even by himself, of claims prior to Lord Balcarres’s upon the honours of that pattern of chivalry the first Earl of Crawford.

In Lord Lindsay’s own pages we find recorded not a few circumstances that illustrate strongly the ‘ups and downs’ of a Scottish pedigree—the *Cent ans de Bannières*, *Cent ans de Civières*, of the French adage. For example, in treating of the once considerable family of Lindsay of Kirkforthar, he says—

‘The fortunes of a branch of this family, which sprang off about the end of the sixteenth century, might be cited as an illustration of King James’s argument in defence of Davy Ramsay’s gentility, in the “Fortunes

tunes of Nigel :"—Cadets of a cadet, the first two or three generations passed their obscure but useful lives as a joiner and a schoolmaster in the good town of St. Andrews; the son of the latter, after serving as an officer in Sir Robert Rich's regiment in Spain till the peace of Utrecht, settled in Edinburgh as an upholsterer, and rose step by step—not to wealth and consideration only, or personal respect, which had been due from the first to his integrity, his extensive knowledge, and general benevolence,—but to the dignities of dean of guild, lord provost of Edinburgh, and M.P. for that city—in which capacity he distinguished himself both by his spirited personal conduct during the Porteous riot, and by his able speech in his place in parliament against the bill for disfranchising Edinburgh, introduced in consequence of that riot. His patriotism introduced him into the field of literature, as the author of a valuable work entitled "*The Interest of Scotland considered*," &c.—and his general merits to an immediate alliance with the family of his chief-tain, Lord Crawford, in the person of his third wife, Lady Catherine Lindsay.—His son, Lieutenant-Colonel John Lindsay, (of the 33rd infantry,) was father of that distinguished officer the late Major-General Sir Patrick Lindsay, K.B., in whose person this respectable family has, I am sorry to say, become extinct.'—vol. i. p. 104.

But still more striking is the case of the very last claimant of the Crawford honours—one who assumed the title in 1808—who, as Lord Lindsay admits, was the male representative of Kirkcorthar—and therefore of the Lords Lindsay of the Byres:—

'The last of the direct male line was Charles Lindsay, sergeant in the Perthshire militia, who, on the death of George, twentieth earl of Crawford, assumed the title, as nearest heir-male of the Lindsays of the Byres, but died within a year afterwards.'—vol. i. p. 103.

The most remarkable thing in the whole history of the Crawford Earldom, however, is that it once (three hundred and nine years ago) came in a lawful manner into the full possession of the Edzell branch, and must have descended to the present claimant in unbroken and undisputed succession, but for an act of romantic generosity on which Lord Lindsay comments with modest brevity, Mr. Riddell with a glow of honest enthusiasm highly creditable to the laborious lawyer's feelings. The facts 'not easily,' as Mr. Riddell says, 'to be paralleled in Scotland, if elsewhere,' are shortly as follows. David the eighth Earl of Crawford, a man of high and honourable character, had one son, Alexander, known then and ever since branded in tradition as 'the Wicked Master of Crawford.' This profligate consummated a long career of infamy by making war upon his father. He at the head of a band of ruffians surprised the old Earl in one of his castles, 'laid violent hands on his person,' confined him in his own dungeon, and did not slay him only because he feared the legal consequences of murder, and expected

pected (for he was as ignorant as wicked) that a formal resignation of the estates might by and bye be extorted from the prisoner, and would be held valid in spite of any subsequent reclamation. 'David the Captive' was, however, delivered by a rising of his neighbours and clansmen, and the 'Wicked Master' was indicted and tried before the Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh in 1537, for the crime of parricide, of which, according to the Scotch Law, he had clearly been guilty, and which (even when the violence has not proceeded to the extremity of death) is punished under that law with Roman severity—the law of Rome being indeed part of the Common Law of Scotland. He was found guilty:—he had forfeited his life, and with that doom, the penalty of domestic Treason, the purity of his blood was gone: even should royal clemency spare his life, neither he nor any descendant of his body could thenceforth claim either lands or honours as sprung from the Earls of Crawford. But even this was not all:—the Master had had with him in his enterprise his own only son—and the stripling was accordingly tried and convicted on the same day with him and sundry adult accomplices. The king spared the lives of both the Master and the boy, but the rest of the sentence took full effect. The next male heir of the Crawford blood, being the direct ancestor of the family of Balcarres, was hereupon recognised by the King, by the Parliament, and by the Earl of Crawford, as next in succession to that earldom and all the dignities and territories entailed along with it. He, David Lindsay of Edzell, became in 1537 Master of Crawford, and on the death of David the Captive, in 1541, took possession of the title and estates without dispute or opposition. He was summoned to Parliament as the ninth Earl of Crawford, and lived and died in undisturbed possession of both the coronet and the fiefs. The law, and the crown, and the clan all acknowledged him. But feelings, with which all men of honour must still sympathise, prevented him from enjoying ease in this possession. He considered that though the son of 'the Wicked Master' had been present when the crime was perpetrated, his tender years must have made him a mere tool in the hands of his ferocious parent: and the legal substitute could not reconcile it to his conscience that his own progeny should, under such circumstances, supplant permanently the direct line of the chiefs of the Lindsay blood. He petitioned for and procured an Act of Parliament, by which he was enabled (though he was surrounded by a flourishing family of his own) to adopt the son of the Wicked Master as his own first-born son. The, as he supposed, repentant youth was thus rehabilitated in the eye of law; and on the death of his highminded kinsman, that youth accordingly re-entered on full possession, as David, tenth Earl

Earl of Crawford. The real eldest son of the generous adopter succeeded his father merely as Laird of Edzell. Who that reads this story will not at least wish that the direct representative of the *ninth* Earl of Crawford may be found entitled, after an interruption of three centuries, to take his place in the roll as twenty-first Earl of Crawford, and premier Earl of Scotland?

We may notice another earlier, and perhaps equally anomalous, incident in the history of the Crawford honours. David, the fifth Earl (uncle to David the Captive), was the chosen friend and steadfast champion of the unfortunate James III., who advanced him to the Dukedom of Montrose—a rank not then, nor for a long time afterwards, conceded to any in Scotland but princes of the Blood. The Duke of Montrose accompanied his sovereign in the insurrection of A.D. 1488, when the arms of the rebels, headed by the misguided heir of the Crown himself, prevailed, and the vanquished king was meanly murdered amidst the confusion of the route of Sauchieburn. The first parliament of James IV. rescinded all the later Acts and grants of his father; and among the rest the patent of the Lindsay dukedom. But James IV. soon repented of his rebellion against his father, and at the same time, probably, when he assumed that token of contrition, the iron belt, in which he fought and died at Flodden, he bestowed on the Earl of Crawford a new grant of the dukedom of Montrose, but this time only for life. Life-peerages were not very uncommon in Scotland; but we presume this is the only instance of a life-dukedom.

But we are afraid our readers would not approve of our lingering much longer among these antiquarian chapters. And there is the less temptation for doing so, as the more remote heroes in the Crawford pedigree had already found celebration in pages familiar to those who take much interest in the Scotland of their times. Wynton, the prior of Lochleven, lived in the midst of the Lindsay clansmen, and has recorded the chivalrous exploits of the founder of the earldom, in his liveliest strain—especially the famous duel with Lord Wells on London Bridge, in presence of the king and queen of England—a story which Holinshed also gives with curious detail. The Crawfords were in the early period closely allied with the Douglasses, first of the black and afterwards of the red branch, and they accordingly fill considerable space in the pages of Godscroft. Above all, the greatest of the Scotch chroniclers, ‘honest Pitscottie,’ was himself a Lindsay—and to him therefore all who list may turn for the brave deeds of his mediæval chiefs—‘Earl Beardie,’ ‘Walter the Tiger,’ and the rest. And finally, the Lindsays boast not only the most classical of the old Scotch annalists, but the greatest (with

(with one exception), and down almost to our fathers' time, the most popular of the old Scotch poets—

‘ Still is thy name of high account,
And still thy verse hath charms—
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lyon King-at-Arms !’

The generous gentleman who was succeeded as Earl of Crawford by the son of the Wicked Master, transmitted the estate of Edzell to his own eldest son (whose line ended in 1744);—and his second son, John, founded the house of Balcarres. He was eminent as a lawyer and a statesman; but we apprehend Lord Lindsay is mistaken in considering him to have figured in the outset as a clergyman. He is first introduced, indeed, as the holder of two ecclesiastical benefices in the Lindsay region, and the rectory of Menmuir at least he seems to have kept possession of during most of his life; but Mr. Riddell is of opinion that the gentleman held these benefices, which were in the gift of the family, entirely as a layman, and adduces several instances of similar licence in that age of confusion. The Rector of Menmuir became by and bye a Lord of Session, by the title of Lord Menmuir, which title corroborates Mr. Riddell's view of the nature of his rectorship. What is new to us in his illustration of this question, is the fact that the laymen who grasped in the first tumult not merely rectories, but abbeys and bishoprics to themselves, without the slightest dream of assuming any ecclesiastical duty or function, except the privilege of a seat in parliament, took in all legal documents the full and venerable style of ‘right reverend fathers in God’—an audacity from which a late royal and gallant Bishop of Osnaburgh would have shrunk.

From a Lord of Session this John Lindsay became Secretary of State, Lord Privy Seal, &c. &c. He acquired the lands of Balcarres, and would, no doubt, have been raised to the peerage, if he had not died suddenly ‘in the prime of his age,’ 1598. His son, Sir David, was created Lord Balcarres during Charles the First's visit to Scotland in 1633. In early life of retired habits, addicted to literature and *science*, especially it seems the search for the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vite*, he was called into activity by the revolutionary movements of his time, and was one of the colonels of regiments in Leslie's army at Dunselaw—but died shortly afterwards in his accustomed retirement. A letter of his to his eldest son Alexander, Master of Balcarres, when a young student at the University of St. Andrews, written shortly after a long vacation, is, says Lord Lindsay, ‘so characteristic of the parent, and comprises in so short a space all that one could wish

wish addressed to a son on such an occasion, that I make no apology for inserting it.' We offer no apology for quoting it. It is a good specimen of the Scotch language of 1630 :—

'ALEXANDER :—Let me remember you again of what your mother and I spake to you before your going there, for the long vacance and jolliness that ye have seen this lang time bygane makes me think that ye will have mister (need) to be halden in mind of your awin weal ; for I know what difficulty it is to one of your constitution and years to apply their mind to study after so long ane intermission. And, first of all, we recommend to you again the true fear of God your Maker, which is the beginning of all wisdom, and that, evening and morning, ye cease not to incall for His divine blessing to be upon you and all your enterprises ; —Secondly, that ye apply your mind to virtue, which cannot be acquired without learning, and, seeing ye are there for that end, redeem your time, and lose it not, and be not carried away with the innumerable conceits and follies incident to youth ; for the man is happy for ever that governs weel his youthhead, and spends that time weel above all the time of his life ; for youth is the tempest of life, wherein we are in most peril, and has maist mister of God, the great Pilot of the world, to save us. 'Therefore, as ye wald wish the blessing of God to be upon you, and the blessing of us your parents, remember and do what is both said and written to you. Also, forget not to carry yourself discreetly to all, and use maist the company that we tauld you of. Many wald be glad to have the happiness of guid direction of life, which ye want not, —and the fault will be in you and not in us, your parents, if ye mak not guid use of your golden time,—and ye may be doubly blamed, seeing God has indue'd you with ingyne and capacitie for learning, if ye apply it not the right way, being so kindly exhorted to it ; for the cost that is waired (spent) upon you, we will think all weel bestowit if ye mak yourself answerable to our desires,—which is, to spend your time weel, in learning to fear God aright, and to be a virtuous man, as I have said. —Last, forget not to keep your person always neat and cleanly, and your clothes or any things ye have, see they be not abused ; and press to be a guid manager, for things are very easily misguidid or lost, but not easily acquirit, and sloth and carelessness are the ways to want. I will expect a compt from you of your carriage shortly, and how ye have ta'en thir things to heart. God Almighty direct you and bless you !'—vol. i. pp. 213-215.

The youth thus counselled was the first *Earl* of Balcarres (1650)—the tried and faithful cavalier who opposed the arms of Cromwell in Scotland while any hope remained, and then escaping to the continent, had the chief management of the exiled king's Scotch affairs until his death, which took place late in 1659 at Breda. His body was brought over to Scotland, and consigned to the family vault at Balcarres at the very moment when the guns of Edinburgh Castle were announcing the Restoration of Charles II. We give a few lines from the ode on this gallant nobleman's death

death by Cowley, who had been well acquainted both with him and his amiable wife, a lady of the great house of Seton.

'Tis folly, all that can be said
By living mortals of the immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed.
'Tis as if we, who stay behind
In expectation of the wind,
Should pity those who passed this streight before,
And touch the universal shore.

* * * *

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To save his country, and restore his king;
And whilst the manly half of him, (which those
Who know not love to be the whole suppose,)
Performed all parts of virtue's vigorous life;
The beauteous half, his lovely wife,
Did all his labours and his cares divide,
Nor was a lame nor paralytic side.
In all the turns of human state,
And all the unjust attacks of fate,
She bore her share and portion still,
And would not suffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that such was he
Whom, in the storms of bad success,
And all that error calls unhappiness,
His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany!"

During the exile the two young sons of Cowley's friend had lived at Balcarres on a stipend of 10*l.* per annum allowed them by the usurping government. Their mother, after superintending the rest of their education, became the second wife of the unfortunate Argyle, who treated her children, and they him, as if they had been of his own blood. The scenes of Argyle's capture and escape in 1681, and then of his capture and execution in 1685, are therefore properly included in this work; for the Countess and her Lindsay daughters were by his side on both occasions. His escape in December, 1681, is thus told:—

'He was lying a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle in daily expectation of the order arriving for his execution, when woman's wit intervened to save him, and he owed his life to the affection of his favourite step-daughter, the sprightly Lady Sophia, who, about eight o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the 20th of December, 1681, effected his escape in the following manner, as related to Lady Anne Lindsay by her father, Earl James, Lady Sophia's nephew:—

"Having obtained permission to pay him a visit of one half-hour, she contrived to bring as her page a tall, awkward, country clown, with a fair wig procured for the occasion, who had apparently been engaged in
a fray,

a fray, having his head tied up. On entering, she made them immediately change clothes; they did so, and on the expiration of the half-hour, she, in a flood of tears, bade farewell to her supposed father, and walked out of the prison with the most perfect dignity, and with a slow pace. The sentinel at the draw-bridge, a sly Highlander, eyed her father hard, but her presence of mind did not desert her; she twitched her train of embroidery, carried in those days by the page, out of his hand, and dropping it in the mud, 'Varlet,' cried she, in a fury, dashing it across his face, 'take that—and that too,' adding a box on the ear, 'for knowing no better how to carry your lady's garment.' Her ill-treatment of him, and the dirt with which she had besmeared his face, so confounded the sentinel, that he let them pass the drawbridge unquestioned." Having passed through all the guards, attended by a gentleman from the castle, Lady Sophia entered her carriage, which was in waiting for her; "the earl," says a contemporary annalist, "steps up on the hinder part of the coach as her lackey, and, coming fore-gainst the weighhouse, slips off and shifts for himself."—vol. ii. pp. 26, 27.

Lord Lindsay inserts the four last letters that Argyle wrote. One to his son was written before he left the Castle on the day of his death—one to his wife in a chamber adjoining the scaffold—those to her two daughters some time on the same fatal day. We give that addressed to his former deliverer, Lady Sophia Lindsay:—

'MY DEAR LADY SOPHIA,—What shall I say in this great day of the Lord, wherein, in the midst of a cloud, I find a fair sunshine? I can wish no more for you, but that the Lord may comfort you and shine upon you as He doth upon me, and give you the same sense of His love in staying in the world as I have in going out of it. Adieu!

'ARGYLE.

'P.S. My blessing to dear Earl of Balcarres: the Lord touch his heart, and incline him to His fear!'

Colin, the next Earl of Balcarres who grew to man's estate, had a singularly chequered life. Appearing at the court of Charles II. at the age of *sixteen*, his father's services and sufferings, and his own singularly handsome person and address, procured him a gracious reception and the immediate command of a troop of horse—composed of 100 gentlemen who had (like himself) been much impoverished in consequence of the recent troubles, and who were too happy to serve for half-a-crown a day each under this brilliant captain. In the course of a few days he was confined by a dangerous fever, and while he lay ill there came *hourly* a messenger to inquire about him—from a young lady to whom he had never been introduced—but who had, it seemed, been present when he first kissed King Charles's hand. On his recovery he found that this attentive stranger was Mademoiselle de Nassau, daughter of the Count d'Auverquerque (a
natural

natural son of the House of Orange), and sister to Lady Arlington, wife of the English Prime Minister, in whose house she was staying on a visit. Earl Colin, of course, called to make his acknowledgments—and the day was speedily fixed for their marriage.

‘The Prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third, presented his fair kinswoman on this joyful occasion with a pair of magnificent emerald ear-rings. The day arrived, the noble party were assembled in the church, and the bride was at the altar; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared. The volatile Colin had forgotten the day of his marriage, and was discovered in his night-gown and slippers, quietly eating his breakfast.—Thus far the tale is told with a smile on the lip, but many a tear was shed at the conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his writing-case;—a friend in the company gave him one,—the ceremony went on, and, without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his fair young bride—it was a mourning ring, with the mort-head and crossed bones—on perceiving it at the close of the ceremony, she fainted away, and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind that, on recovering, she declared she should die within the year; and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled.

‘In a packet of old papers, crumbling to decay, I found the following billet, addressed by Lady Balcarres to her husband’s mother [the widowed Countess of Argyle] soon after her nuptials:—

“MADAME:—Je ne sais en quels termes vous rendre très humbles graces de la bonté que vous avez eu de m’écrire une lettre si obligeante. Je vous assure, Madame, que j’en ai la reconnaissance que je dois, et que Milord Balcarres n’aurait pu épouser une personne qui tacherait plus que je ferai, à chercher les occasions de mériter votre amitié, et à vous témoigner en toute sorte de rencontre avec combien de respect et de soumission je suis,

“Madame, votre très humble et obéissante fille et servante,

“MAURISQUE DE BALCARRES.”

‘It is a mere letter of compliment—for the correspondents had never, I believe, seen each other; but, finding it, as I did, buried among marriage-settlements and wills, in whose voluminous pages I found no other trace of *her* having lived, loved, and died,—it was with feelings of no common interest that I perused the only relic that time has spared of one who might have been our ancestress—the young and ill-fated Mauritia.’—vol. ii. pp. 2-4.

We must give some more of this Earl’s love passages. On poor Mauritia’s death he made a campaign at sea with the Duke of York, was with him in the well-fought battle of Solebay, and attracted much of his Royal Highness’s notice and confidence—circumstances of great import in his future career. Returning to London he saw and fancied Lady Jean Carnegie, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Northesk; and the king himself wrote to
her

her father in the strongest manner recommending the young widower. Lady Jean took offence at the king's interference, and refused to listen to Balcarres. Charles kindly bethought him of a certain English heiress, with 100,000*l.* (a prodigious fortune in those days), and again did everything to forward the Earl's success with this Miss De Foy, whose uncle and guardian was one of the grooms of the bed-chamber. The proposals were accepted—Earl Colin made a run to Scotland, to consult his own lawyer about the settlements—and behold, while there he happened to meet Lady Jean Carnegie at some country-house. She was more beautiful than ever—there was no king to interfere—and Cupid did his work unassisted—to the discomfiture of Miss De Foy, and also of the King. Balcarres durst not reappear in the south, until after six years he found himself once more a widower—when Charles received him with the old cordiality, observing, ‘Ods fish, they make fools of us all.’

Earl Colin was an Episcopalian and a Tory—he had no sympathy with his Presbyterian sisters of the Argyle persuasion. Though ever since his first marriage he had been distinguished by the House of Nassau, and particularly by William Prince of Orange, he never faltered in his attachment to James II. He prepared to join Dundee in his last ill-fated enterprise—but fortunately for himself was arrested, so that he escaped being present at Killlicrankie.

“After the battle,” says the accomplished editor of *Law's Memorials*, “where fell the last hope of James in the Viscount of Dundee, the ghost of that hero is said to have appeared about daybreak to his confidential friend Lord Balcarres, then confined to Edinburgh Castle. The spectre, drawing aside the curtain of the bed, looked very steadfastly upon the Earl, after which it moved towards the mantel-piece, remained there for some time in a leaning posture, and then walked out of the chamber without uttering one word. Lord Balcarres, in great surprise, though not suspecting that which he saw to be an apparition, called out repeatedly to his friend to stop, but received no answer, and subsequently learnt that at the very moment this shadow stood before him, Dundee had breathed his last near the field of Killlicrankie.” —vol. ii. pp. 60, 61.

Being presently liberated, Balcarres engaged in Skelmorley's plot, and on its failure he made the best of his way to France.

‘He landed at Hamburg, and from thence, on his road to France, “went,” says his grand daughter, “by Holland, that he might take the opportunity of paying a visit to the relations of the first Lady Balcarres. He appeared before them with that mitigated mildness of well-bred sorrow, which, after a lapse of fifteen or twenty years, and two or three wives in the interim, was not supposed to be very lively. They were all grown old, but the circumstances attending the whole remaining fresh in their

their minds from having less to think of than he had had, they presumed that he would have a melancholy pleasure in looking at the picture of his wife. He replied, "that her picture was unnecessary to recall features he never could forget—*there she was!*"—(looking at a painting well appointed as to frame, and honourably stationed over the chimney-piece)—"her manner—her air!"—The honest *trow* smiled; it was one of the *Four Seasons!*"—vol. ii. p. 65.

He continued abroad till about the time of James's death, when the poverty he was reduced to, and the imminent risk of irretrievable ruin to his estates, made him petition for leave to go home—which King William, out of regard for old acquaintance, made no difficulty to concede. Colin marrying a third wife, remained at Balcarres in quiet during the rest of William's reign and the whole of Queen Anne's—but 'the 1715' drew him forth again; and again, after Sheriffmuir, he had to return to the continent, narrowly saving his life, and forfeiting his estate. The intercession of his connexions, Argyle, Lauderdale, and Stair, procured him by and bye a remission—and he returned to marry a fourth wife, who made his old age serene.

Colin's second son and successor happening to have also married when an old man, a grandson and a grand-daughter of the favourite of Charles II. are still in the land of the living. The excellent Lord Bishop of Kildare (born 1760) and his sister Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Hardwicke (born 1763), children of James, sixth Earl of Balcarres, are both, in Feb. 1846, able to tell the strange story, that at their grandfather's marriage King Charles gave away the bride.

Earl Colin's grand-daughter characterizes him as 'one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his time, a man of letters, but fond of pleasure and pleasure's favourite.' And volatile as he had been in his youth, that Mr. Chambers calls him justly 'the elegant and learned Balcarres,' will be allowed by all who read his Memoir on Scotch affairs, presented to James II. at St. Germain's, and included by Sir Walter Scott in his edition of the Somers' Tracts.

Earl Colin's eldest son, Alexander, was not 'out in the fifteen,' but as both his father and his younger brother were, the Jacobite stigma remained on him too through life. He inherited a deeply embarrassed property, and died, unmarried, Captain in the Guards, his utmost promotion. To him succeeded his brother James, the fifth Earl already mentioned—whose character and history, in a high degree amiable and interesting, have been recorded with affectionate skill by one of his gifted children, Lady Anne Lindsay, by marriage Barnard—the authoress of '*Auld Robin Gray.*' His participation in the field of Sheriffmuir was never to be

be got over. He served the Hanoverian kings, first as a sailor and afterwards as a soldier, all through the vigour of his life—was a zealous, gallant, and skilful officer, and a gentleman of the most unspotted honour, on whose oath of allegiance, once given, the most perfect reliance ought to have been placed—but ‘he had drawn his sword for the Stuart,’ and was at last convinced, after a severe struggle of more than thirty years, that there was an immovable resolution never to allow him to rise to the rank even of a field-officer. His letters to his only sister, Lady Elizabeth, and hers to him, during these long weary years of hope deferred, are most affecting compositions—painting the deep simple earnestness of the domestic affections, so honourably characteristic of their country and family, with an effect which no ideal representations of poetry or romance could surpass.

Lord Balcarres distinguished himself at Dettingen under the eyes of George II.—and then sold out of the army—and, in the words of the authoress of *‘Auld Robin Gray,’*—

‘Tired out with fruitless service, with thwarted ambition, with vague hopes, he retired to the solitude of Balcarres; there, with a few trusty domestics who had accompanied his fortunes, the old library of books, which had made chemists and philosophers of all the moths in the castle, and a mind so replete with ideas as to fear nothing from vacancy, he quietly reposed himself.

‘Had the honest people, who composed his society, possessed discernment to know the treasure they acquired, they would have blessed the illiberality of George, who had refused him that rank which many years of faithful service well entitled him to.

‘The accomplished gentleman, the reasoning philosopher, the ardent soldier, the judicious farmer, and the warm partisan, my father argued on every thing, discussed everything, with fire and ability; but concluded every subject with the beauty and wrongs of the fair Mary Queen of Scots, and with the base union of the two crowns, which had left the peers of Scotland without parliament and without consequence.

‘These were topics of inexhaustible disapprobation. No guest escaped from his table without his sentiments being sounded, and, whether opposed or not, Lord Balcarres always ended in a passion, and was sorry for it till he sinned again. That which made his greatest difficulty was the old attachment of a Jacobite amidst the habits of a Whig; his blue and white as a seaman, his scarlet and yellow as a soldier, shut up his lips from abusing the reigning government, though the old Jacobite adage, “when war is at hand, though it were a shame to be on any side save one, it were more shame to be idle than to be on the worst side, though blacker than rebellion could make it,” had justified his conduct in all its line. Certain it is, that, while he fought over again the battles of George II. his eye kindled when the year *fifteen* was mentioned, with an expression that shewed his heart to be a faithful subject yet to the old Tory cause.

‘He

‘He had not long remained in this retirement before he found that there was something wanting which he could not define. “It is not good for man to be alone,” says the great Judge of all things. His neighbours, though well educated for country gentlemen, as most of the Scotch are, had no ammunition to bring into the field against such a man as my father. Past occurrences had left his fancy full of animated recollections, but they were the same day after day; some new source of satisfaction was wanting, and, willing to discover what it could be, he left Balcarres to drink the waters of Moffat at about fifty miles distant.

‘It was there that he met with Miss Dalrymple, and her charms made him soon forget every pursuit but that of love. She was fair, blooming, and lively; her beauty and embonpoint charmed my dear, tall, lean, majestic father. At sixty he began to love with the enthusiasm of twenty-five, but he loved in Miss Dalrymple not the woman she really was, but the woman he thought every female ought to be; and with this pattern of ideal excellence he invariably associated the remembrance of his favourite sister Lady Elizabeth, who, though dead, still continued his model of perfection; her picture was looked up to as the relic of a saint, and her gentleness, mildness, and indulgence so lived in his heart and fancy as indispensable to what was charming, that he never supposed it possible that Miss Dalrymple should not be equally tender, accomplished, and complying. His extreme deafness, perhaps, might have aided his mistake; he saw with the eyes of his heart, and listened with the ears of his imagination; but, though the excellent Miss Dalrymple had no resemblance in mind or manners to Lady Elizabeth, she had a set of sterling qualities more fitted to the situation into which my father wished to draw her. She had worth, honour, activity, good sense, good spirits, economy, justice, friendship, generosity—every thing but softness. Fortunate it was for him that this was wanting, for, had she possessed as much of feminine gentleness as she did of vivacity, she would not have been found by him at the waters of Moffat, with her heart free, and her hand unsolicited.

‘Lord Balcarres had now discovered what it was that he stood in need of; that it was the society of a charming princess to add to that of his books—a princess less unfortunate and more alive than our old friend Queen Mary. But though Miss Dalrymple respected and looked up to him, she was not disposed to pass the bounds of gratitude for his marked admiration of her. Lord Balcarres was almost sixty, and what was worse, the world reckoned him eighty! Though his aspect was noble, and his air and deportment shewed him at once a man of rank, yet there was no denying that a degree of singularity attended his appearance. To his large brigadier wig, which hung down with three tails, he generally added a few curls of his own application, which, I suspect, would not have been reckoned quite orthodox by the trade. His shoe, which resembled nothing so much as a little boat with a cabin at the end of it, was slashed with his penknife for the benefit of giving ease to his honest toes; here—there—he slashed it where he chose to slash, without an idea that the world or its fashions had the smallest right to smile at his shoe.

‘The

'The charms of his company and conversation carried with them a powerful attraction to the fair princesses whom he delighted to draw round him—for I ought to have mentioned that my father's passion for Queen Mary gave royalty to the sex, in order to account for a phrase I have often repeated, while his total want of knowledge of the world, in which he had never lived, might have laid him too open to the arts of those princesses, had not Providence directed his choice.

'This, however, was a character which could only be taken in the aggregate. Lord Balcarres had proposed—Miss Dalrymple had not courage to accept; she refused him—fully, frankly, finally, refused him. It hurt him deeply—he fell sick—his life was despaired of. Every man of sense may know that a fever is the best oratory a lover can use; a man of address would have fevered upon plan, but the fever of my simple-hearted father was as real as his disappointment. Though grieved, he had no resentment; he settled upon her the half of his estate—she learnt this from his man of business—he recovered, though slowly—and in one of those emotions of gratitude, so virtuous at the moment, but which sometimes hurry the heart beyond its calmer impulse—she married him.

'“She brought him,” says he—and this testimony it would be unjust to both to give in other than his own words—“an approved merit, with all the ornaments of beauty. She gave him a numerous offspring and all other blessings. Possessed of the rational and natural felicities so overlooked in this vain world, he became thankful to his Maker for his disappointments in the visionary aims that so disturb the minds of men.”’—vol. ii. pp. 140-145.

Earl James's correspondence is largely drawn upon by our author, his great grandson. He was himself the composer of *Memoirs of the Lindsays*—and these are laid under contribution in various chapters of this book. He also composed *Essays on agricultural subjects*; and indeed he is still held in great respect as the first scientific farmer in the county of Fife—now one of the most skilfully cultivated districts in Great Britain. In that region the following little anecdote is told of him. Walking one day in a field of turnips, on which he particularly prided himself, he surprised an old woman, a pensioner of the family, busily employed in filling a sack with his favourites. After heartily scolding her—to which she only replied by the silent eloquence of repeated curtsies—he was walking away, when the poor woman called after him, 'Eh, my lord, it's unco heavy! wad ye no be sae kind as help me on wi't?'—which he immediately did, and, with many thanks, she decamped.

'Earl James died, "old and satisfied with days," on the 20th February, 1768, and was buried in the chapel of Balcarres. Born during the struggles of Earl Colin and Dundee the year after the abdication of King James, he survived for above twenty years the last effort of the Stuarts to regain their hereditary kingdom. Chivalrous in thought, word, and deed, of

the most distinguished personal address and finished manners, he was one of the last representatives of the ancient nobility of Scotland, as they existed before the union. Branch after branch had been shorn away from his family, till, at the time when the marriage was contracted to which we owe our existence, he was the last of his race. With him, therefore, closes what we may consider as the ancient history of our family.'—vol. ii. p. 179.

A great deal of what is most delightful in the subsequent pages of Lord Lindsay's second volume is drawn from the papers of this good earl's daughter, the late Lady Anne Barnard—sketches written by her in old age of the family circle of her youth in Fife and in Edinburgh—and her correspondence, especially that with Sir Walter Scott, who, as our readers will recollect, was the first person that told the world who wrote 'Auld Robin Gray.' Of the sketches we cannot but give some further specimens—Sir Walter himself never drew Scotch portraits with more unaffected fidelity. Take this of Lady Anne's maternal grandmother, the ancient Lady Dalrymple of Caprington, who, as was much in accordance with the kindly habits of those days, spent her widowed years under her son-in-law's roof at Balcarres, and after his death settled in Edinburgh, where her house, in a *close* of the Canongate, was the usual town home subsequently of all her young descendants. Mrs. Murray Keith, the original of Mrs. Bethune Baliol in the 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' kept house with Lady Dalrymple. Lady Anne recollected her grandmother as 'a placid, quiet, pleasing old woman, whose indolence had benevolence in it, and whose sense was replete with indolence, as she was at all times of the party for letting things alone.'

'I now remember with a smile the different evolutions that grandmamma's daily fidgets had to perform, though, at the time, they plagued me a little. At ten, she came down stairs, always a little out of humour till she had had her breakfast. In her left hand were her mitts and her snuff-box, which contained a certain number of pinches; she stopped on the seventeenth spot of the carpet, and coughed three times; she then looked at the weather-glass, approached the tea-table, put her right hand in her pocket for the key of the tea-chest, and, not finding it there, sent me up stairs to look for it in her own room, charging me not to fall on the stairs. "Look," said she, "Annie! upon my little table—there you will find a pair of gloves, but the key is not there; after you have taken up the gloves, you will see yesterday's newspaper, but you will not find it below that, so you need not touch it; pass on from the newspaper to my black fan, beside it there lie three apples—(don't eat my apples, Annie! mark that!)—take up the letter that is beyond the apples, and there you will find"—"But is not that the key in your left hand over your little finger?"—"No, Annie, it cannot be so, for I always carry it on my right"—"That is, you intend to do so, my dear grandmamma, but you know

know you always carry it in your left."—"Well, well, child! I believe I do, but what then? is the tea made? put in one spoonful for every person, and one over—Annie, do you mark me?" Thus, every morning, grandmamma smelt three times at her apple, came down stairs testy, coughed on the seventeenth spot, lost her key, had it detected in her left hand, and, the morning's parade being over, till the evening's nap arrived (when she had a new set of manœuvres), she was a pleasing, entertaining, talkative, mild old woman. I should love her, for she loved me; I was her god-daughter, and her sworn friend."—"She was the mildest," adds Lady Anne, many years afterwards, "and most innocent of beings."—vol. ii. pp. 181-183.

The following anecdote of David Hume, whom Lady Dalrymple had known from a child, occurs in a letter of Lady Anne to her sister Margaret, from her grandmother's house in Edinburgh:—

"Our friend David Hume is a constant morning visitor of ours. My mother jested him lately on a circumstance which had a good deal of character in it. When we were very young girls, too young to remember the scene, there happened to be a good many clever people at Balcarres at Christmas, and as a gambol of the season they agreed to write each his own character, to give them to Hume, and make him shew them to my father, as extracts he had taken from the pope's library at Rome. He did:—my father said, 'I don't know who the rest of your fine fellows and charming princesses are, Hume; but if you had not told me where you got this character, I should have said it was that of my wife.' 'I was pleased,' said my mother, 'with my lord's answer; it shewed that at least I had been an honest woman.'

"Hume's character of himself," said she, "was well drawn and full of candour; he spoke of himself as he ought, but added what surprised us all, that, plain as his manners were, and apparently careless of attention, vanity was his predominant weakness. That vanity led him to publish his essays, which he grieved over, not that he had changed his opinions, but that he thought he had injured society by disseminating them."—"Do you remember the sequel of that affair?" said Hume; "Yes, I do," replied my mother, laughing, "you told me that, although I thought your character a sincere one, it was not so—there was a particular feature omitted, that we were still ignorant of, and that you would add it; like a fool, I gave you the MS., and you thrust it into the fire, adding 'Oh! what an idiot I had nearly proved myself to be, to leave such a document in the hands of a parcel of women!'

It was in this old lady's house that Sir Walter Scott, when a boy of six or seven, used to see Lady Anne Barnard—and in one of his letters to her, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, he says:

"I remember all the *locale* of Hyndford's Close perfectly, even to the Indian screen with Harlequin and Columbine, and the harpsichord, though I never had the pleasure to hear Lady Anne play on it. I suppose the Close, once too clean to soil the hem of your ladyship's garment,

is now a resort for the lowest mechanics—and so wears the world away. The authoress of "Robin Gray" cannot but remember the last verse of an old song, lamenting the changes "which fleeting time procureth;"

"For many a place stands in hard case
Where blythe folks kenned nae sorrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader Haughs,
And Scots wha lived on Yarrow."

It is, to be sure, more picturesque to lament the desolation of towers on hills and haughs, than the degradation of an Edinburgh Close, but I cannot help thinking on the simple and cosie retreats where worth and talent, and elegance to boot, were often nestled, and which now are the resort of misery, filth, poverty, and vice.

'I believe I must set as much modesty as near thirty years of the law have left me entirely aside, and plead guilty to being the little boy whom my aunt Jeanie's partiality may have mentioned to your ladyship, though I owed my studious disposition in no small degree to early lameness, which prevented my romping much with other boys, though, thank God! it has left me activity enough to take a great deal of exercise in the course of my life. Your ladyship's recollections, awakening my own, lead me naturally to reverse the telescope on my past life, and to see myself sitting at the further end of a long perspective of years gone by—a little spoiled chattering boy, whom every body was kind to, perhaps because they sympathised with his infirmities.'

Another of Lady Anne's portraits brings before us a most picturesque spinster, of whom also Sir Walter had preserved a lively recollection.

'I close this gallery of portraits with that of Sophy Johnstone, for many years a constant intimate of Balcarres, and one of the most extraordinary originals of a day when character seems to have been stamped with a bolder die, or at least to have opposed more resistance to attrition than it now does. "Her father," says Lady Anne, "was what was commonly called an odd dog; her mother that unencroaching sort of existence, so universally termed 'a good sort of woman.' One day after dinner, the squire, having a mind to reason over his bottle, turned the conversation on the 'folly of education.' The wife said, she had always understood it was a good thing for young people to know a little, to keep them out of harm's way. The husband said, education was all nonsense, for that a child who was left to nature had ten times more sense, and all that sort of thing, when it grew up, than those whose heads were filled full of grimcracks and learning out of books.

'Like Mrs. Shandy, she gave up the point, and, as he stoutly maintained his argument, they both agreed to make the experiment on the child she was ready to produce, and mutually swore an oath that it never should be taught any thing from the hour of its birth, or ever have its spirit broken by contradiction.

'This child proved to be Miss Sophy Johnstone. . . . I scarce think that any system of education could have made this woman one of the
fair

fair sex. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of being one. She learnt to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading which she greatly improved. She was a droll ingenious fellow; her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her favourites, secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her head-quarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was, deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited."

'It was for a beautiful old Scottish melody, sung by this amazonian dame, that Lady Anne, the eldest of the youthful tribe of Balcarres, wrote the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," in 1771.'

Lady Anne Barnard (to whom the reader of these volumes owes so much) survived till lately. Her favourite sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce, whose beauty inspired some of Sheridan's sweetest songs, died young. She also was a poetess, and some pleasing specimens of her verse are here printed in the same appendix with 'Auld Robin Gray.' We have already mentioned that one brother of theirs is still alive—the Bishop of Kildare—and also the third sister, Lady Hardwicke, the venerable mother of the Ladies Stuart de Rothsay, Mexborough, and Caledon. Their eldest brother Alexander, sixth Earl of Balcarres, served in the American war with distinction, and acquired much honour as Governor of Jamaica, especially by his conduct in the last Maroon insurrection. In later life he was one of the sixteen Scotch peers in the House of Lords, and highly esteemed in that as in every other situation and function of public or private life. Succeeding in right of his wife to the extensive estates of the ancient family of Haigh in Lancashire, the Earl fixed his residence in that quarter, and ultimately sold the paternal castle and domain of Balcarres to his younger brother Robert, whose descendant, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart. is one of the most promising of the young poets of our time. Earl Alexander died in 1825—and was succeeded by his son, the present peer. Three other brothers, Colin, James, and John, were officers in the army. Colin's papers have afforded Lord Lindsay a clear and well written narrative of the assault on Gibraltar in 1782. Both James and John were in the detachment of the unfortunate Colonel Baillie, surrounded and cut to pieces almost to a man by Hyder Ali at Conjeveram—and John, then a Captain, was one of those

those who shared with Sir David Baird the cruel three years' imprisonment by Tippoo Saib's orders in Seringapatam in 1780-1784. His journal of that terrible captivity is now printed, and one of the most interesting journals we ever read, portraying most unaffectedly the charming temper and imperturbable spirit of the writer. This gentleman married afterwards the youngest daughter of the Premier Lord North—so justly admired in society as Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

The third and fourth volumes are occupied with journals and narratives of foreign service and adventure by four of these distinguished brothers. We are sorry that we cannot indulge ourselves and our readers with many extracts—but must content ourselves with one or two from the 'Anecdotes of an Indian Life,' by the Hon. Robert Lindsay. This very able man, after spending some time in a mercantile house at Cadiz, accepted the appointment of writer in the East India Company's service—and we find him as having, when still very young, charge of the revenue and administration generally of the frontier district of Sylhet.

A transaction in the lime trade, which had material consequences, is thus narrated:—

'The only great staple and steady article of commerce, is *chunam*, or lime. In no part of Bengal, or even Hindostan, is the rock found so perfectly pure, or so free of alloy, as in this province, therefore Calcutta is chiefly supplied from hence. This branch immediately attracted my attention, and I was led to investigate how far the trade could be improved or extended. I found it had been hitherto occupied by Armenians, Greeks, and low Europeans, but to a trifling extent only, while I had so greatly the advantage over them, from the command of the currency, that it was evident the trade might soon centre with me; and it accordingly did so.

'The mountain from whence the lime is taken was not situated within our jurisdiction, but belonged to independent chieftains, inhabitants of the high range which separates our possessions from the Chinese frontier. My great object was to procure from these people a lease of the lime-rock, but they previously demanded an interview with me, to consult on the subject. A meeting was accordingly fixed at a place called Pondua, situated close under the hills, forming one of the most stupendous amphitheatres in the world. The mountain appears to rise abruptly from the watery plain, and is covered with the most beautiful foliage, and fruit-trees of every description peculiar to a tropical climate, which seem to grow spontaneously from the crevices of the lime-rock. A more romantic or more beautiful situation could not be found than the one then before me. The magnificent mountain, full in view, appeared to be divided with large perpendicular stripes of white, which, upon a nearer inspection, proved to be cataracts of no small magnitude, and the river, in which the boats anchored, was so pure that the trout and other fishes were seen playing about in every direction;

direction; above all, the air was delightful when contrasted with the close and pestilential atmosphere of the putrid plain below, so that I felt as if transplanted into one of the regions of Paradise. But the appearance of the inhabitants of this garden of Eden did not enable me to follow out the theory I could have wished to establish; it certainly deserved a different style of inhabitants from those wild-looking demons, then dancing on the banks before me.

'In order to pay due attention to the great man, they had come down from every part of the mountain, accompanied by their retainers, dressed in the garb of war, and, when thus accoutred, their appearance is most unquestionably martial, and by no means unlike our native Highlanders when dressed in the Gaelic costume. Many hundreds of this description were now before me. But my new friends, on this occasion, breathed nothing but peace and friendship; though still it was evident, from their complexion and the war-yell that occasionally escaped their lips, as well as the mode in which they handled their weapons, that their temperament was not dissimilar to that of other mountaineers; and the opinion I thus hastily formed I found corroborated in the sequel.

'We had a most sumptuous entertainment on the turf. Our viands, to be sure, were neither of the most costly or delicate nature; nor were the decorations of the table such as would suit the dandies of the present day. The repast consisted entirely of six or eight large hogs, barbecued whole, or rather roasted in an oven, according to the Otaheite fashion—a hole being dug in the ground, lined with plantain-leaves, and filled with hot stones—the hog placed therein—more hot stones laid on at the top, and the whole covered over with turf. The chiefs acted as carvers, their dirks being the only instrument used, and the large leaves of the plantain served for plates. The entertainment was universally admired, and abundance of fermented liquor closed the festivities of the day, it having been previously agreed that no business should be discussed till the following morning. We accordingly then met; and the arrangement between us terminated to our mutual satisfaction.'

The result was very important to Mr. Lindsay's fortunes. He accompanied his friends up a river broken with most dangerous rapids, and at last came in sight of the great lime-quarry in the mountains:—

'We now approached the *chunam* or lime-rock, washed by the rapid stream—a magnificent cataract was seen rolling over the adjoining precipice—the scenery altogether was truly sublime. The mountain was composed of the purest alabaster lime, and appeared, in quantity, equal to the supply of the whole world.'

During this excursion, he says:—

'I had the uncommon gratification of witnessing a caravan arrive from the interior of the mountain, bringing on their shoulders the produce of their hills, consisting of the coarsest silks from the confines of China, fruits of various kinds—but the great staple was iron, of excellent quality. In descending the mountain, the scene had much of stage effect, the tribes descending from rock to rock as represented in Oscar and Malvina.

Malvina. In the present instance the only descent was by steps cut out in the precipice. The burthens were carried by the women in baskets supported by a belt across the forehead, the men walking by their side, protecting them with their arms. The elderly women in general were ugly in the extreme, and of masculine appearance; their mouths and teeth are as black as ink from the inordinate use of the betel leaf mixed with lime. On the other hand, the young girls are both fair and handsome, not being allowed the use of betel-nut until after their marriage. In appearance they resemble very much the Malay. The strength of their arms and limbs, from constant muscular exercise in ascending and descending these mountains, loaded with heavy burthens, far exceeds our idea. I asked one of the girls to allow me to lift her burthen of iron—from its weight I could not accomplish it. This, I need not say, occasioned a laugh in the line of march to my prejudice.

‘I now took leave of my Cusseah friends and returned to Sylhet, having established the ground-work of the lime trade upon a firm and permanent footing, so as to ensure success. I appointed British agents at Calcutta and elsewhere, so as to relieve me of the laborious part of the duty. Fleets of boats now covered the rivers, and the trade increased so rapidly as to keep five or six hundred men in constant employ.’

Mr. Lindsay gives most amusing accounts of his intercourse with the native chiefs in his neighbourhood, and we must extract one scene of Oriental sport:—

‘The Jointah Rajah, of the Cusseah tribe, was my nearest frontier neighbour; he was by far the most powerful and the most civilized of the whole, holding large possessions, both on the mountain and the plain, about fifty miles distant. When a younger man, he had been misled by the false idea of his own power, and he had in consequence been the aggressor by entering the British territories in a hostile manner; a regiment of sepoys drove him back and convinced him of his insignificance, and of the wisdom of remaining perfectly quiet in time to come; and he was now endeavouring to convince me of his perfect attachment to our government.

‘The rajah proposed my giving him an interview in his own country, to partake of a *chasse* he had prepared for me; and, after arranging the preliminaries of meeting, the day was fixed. By mutual agreement we were to be accompanied by few attendants. It was during the season of the rains, the whole country being completely overflowed, and having the appearance of an extensive lake. I embarked on board a beautiful yacht of my own building, well manned, and armed with eighteen swivel-guns: and arrived at the place of rendezvous at the appointed hour, when, to my surprise, I saw advancing towards me a fleet of boats not fewer than fifty in number, with streamers flying, and fantastically dressed. As this was contrary to our agreement, I was not well pleased at the display, but betrayed no kind of alarm. With a fine breeze, all sail set, I steered through the middle of the fleet, and with my speaking trumpet hailed the rajah, and invited him into my boat.

‘He

‘He came accordingly, accompanied by his officers, and no sooner was he seated in the cabin than I could perceive his astonishment in finding himself enveloped in smoke in consequence of a royal salute from my Lilliputian artillery, which were well served upon the occasion; but he instantly recovered himself, and talked on indifferent subjects. I found him a handsome young man, with a good address. After examining the yacht and guns with attention, and particularly admiring the sailing of the boat, he requested me to accompany him to his barge to partake of the *shekar*, or hunting-party, previously prepared for our amusement. This proved of so uncommon a nature, and so seldom witnessed by Europeans, that it is worthy of description.

‘We rowed for some miles towards a rising ground, on which we landed; and were then carried on men’s shoulders (their regal mode of conveyance) to a temporary stage erected for the occasion.

‘On surveying the arena around us, I found that the enclosure was not less than thirty acres, surrounded by a stockade, and lined on the outside by the vassals of the rajah. They had previously driven the wild animals of the country to this place, being the highest ground in the plain, and encircled them. The sight was whimsically wild and magnificent; the concourse of people was immense, the whole population, both of the mountain and plain, having turned out on the occasion. The first thing that struck my observation upon entering the arena, was the singularity of the dresses worn by the different tribes of Cusseahs, or native Tartars, all dressed and armed agreeable to the custom of the country or mountain from whence they came. The inhabitants of the plain were also fancifully dressed; their garb, in many instances, was a mixture of both, their arms, in general, being those of the mountain, viz., a large shield over the right shoulder, protecting nearly the whole of the body, the mountain sword, a quiver suspended over the left shoulder, full of arrows, and a large bamboo bow.

‘The place into which we were introduced was a species of open balcony; on either side of my chair were placed those of the rajah, his prime minister, commander-in-chief, and officers of state, who all appeared to be native Cusseahs, or Tartars, dressed and armed in the hill costume. The rajah himself affected the dress of a man more civilized, and wore the Mogul arms. Upon my entering this apartment he embraced me, and, our *hookah-burdars* being in attendance, we took our seats, each with his hookah in his mouth. Each man now prepared his arms for the magnificent *chasse* about to begin.

‘Upon looking around me with attention I found that there were no fewer than 200 of the largest buffaloes enclosed—some hundreds of the large elk deer, a great variety of deer of a smaller description, and wild hogs innumerable. These animals were now galloping around us in quick succession, when the rajah, turning politely towards me, asked me to begin the *shekar* by taking the first shot. I was a bad marksman, and afraid to betray my want of skill in so public a manner; at first I declined the offer—the rajah insisted; I therefore raised my well-loaded rifle to my shoulder, and taking a good aim, to my own astonishment dropped a large buffalo dead upon the spot. There was immediately a
general

general about of admiration. I, on my part, put the pipe into my mouth, throwing out volumes of smoke with perfect indifference, as if the event was a matter of course. But no power could get the rajah to exhibit, from the apprehension of not being equally successful before his own people.

'On my left hand, sat his *luskhar* or prime minister; his quiver, I observed, only contained two arrows; "How comes it, my friend," said I, "that you come into the field with so few arrows in your quiver?" With a sarcastic smile, he replied, "If a man cannot do his business with two arrows, he is unfit for his trade;" at that moment he let fly a shaft and a deer dropped dead—he immediately had recourse to his pipe, and smoked profusely.

'The loud and hollow sound of the *nagarra*, or war-drum, and the discordant tones of the conch shell announced a new arrival. The folding-doors of the arena were thrown open, and ten male elephants with their riders were marshalled before us. If it is expected that I am to describe the gorgeous trappings and costly harness of these animals, or the sumptuous dress of the riders, disappointment must follow; my savage friends were little accustomed to stage effect or luxuries of any kind. The noble animal had not even a pad on his back; a rope round his body was his only harness; the rider was dressed nearly in the garb of nature, and the hook with which he guides the animal was his only weapon.

'A motion from the rajah's hand was the signal to advance. The buffaloes at this unexpected attack naturally turned their heads towards the elephants, and appeared as if drawn up in order of battle. The scene now became interesting in the extreme. The elephants continued to advance with a slow and majestic step, also in line, when, in an instant, the captain of the buffalo herd rushed forward with singular rapidity, and charged the elephants in the centre. Their line was immediately broken; they turned round and fled in all directions, many of them throwing their drivers, and breaking down the stockades—one solitary elephant excepted. This magnificent animal had been trained for the rajah's own use, and accustomed to the sport. The buffalo, in returning from his pursuit, attentively surveyed him as he stood at a distance, alone in the arena. He seemed for a few minutes uncertain whether to attack him or rejoin his herd. None who do not possess the talents of a Zoffany can describe the conflict that now took place. The elephant, the most unwieldy of the two, stood on the defensive, and his position was remarkable. In order to defend his proboscis he threw it over his head—his fore-leg advanced ready for a start—his tail in a horizontal line from his body—his eager eye steadily fixed on his antagonist. The buffalo, who had hitherto been tearing the ground with his feet, now rushed forward with velocity—the elephant, advancing with rapid strides at the same moment, received the buffalo upon his tusks and threw him into the air with the same facility an English bull would toss a dog—then drove his tusks through the body of the buffalo, and in that position carried him as easily as a baby, and laid him at the rajah's feet.

'The elephants that were routed were brought back to the charge, and some

some of them behaved well ; but we had much more reason to be pleased with the courage of the male buffaloes, who attacked in succession. I consider them the fiercest animals in the world ; for there is nothing they will not attack. I continued with the rajah two or three days, until the air became putrid with the dead carcasses ; I then bid him adieu, and returned to Sylhet.'—vol. iv. pp. 48-54.

This little bit of colloquy in the sporting line amuses us :—

'In the cold season we had shooting in perfection—peacocks, partridges, wild cocks and hens, and water-fowl in abundance ; but it was dangerous to shoot on foot, from the multiplicity of tigers and leopards that infested the woods. One day, while shooting with my Highland servant, John MacKay, he suddenly exclaimed, in his own broad accent, "Gude G—, Sir! what ca' ye that?" pointing at the same time to a huge animal in the path before him. "That, John, is a royal tiger!"—"Shall I tak a whack at him, sir?"—"No, John; 'let be for let be' is the surest plan."

The most usual method of catching a tiger in these parts is thus described :—

'Large traps, constructed of wood and turf, of an enormous size, not less than thirty-six feet long, with four doors successively opening from each other, are built in such places as the tigers frequent. The bait is a living bullock in the centre. The tiger may enter on either side ; on treading on a spring the two counter doors drop, and he is secured, while the bullock remains in perfect safety.

'A tube or cylinder of about twelve feet long and eighteen inches calibre (made of mats and fortified with rope or ground rattans, and secured at the further end by two sticks run across it) is now introduced ; and the tiger, being previously teased in the trap and abundantly anxious to escape, seeing this ray of daylight conveyed into his prison through the tube, gathers himself together and darts into it, in hopes of finding a passage at the opposite extremity, but is stopped by the cross-bars. A man stands by to drive in two other bars across the end by which he entered. No mouse was ever more inoffensive than this powerful animal now finds himself ; the whole space he has to move in is only eighteen inches calibre, which barely allows him to move, and I have repeatedly taken him by the whiskers with impunity.

'But his troubles are not at an end. He is now lifted upon a cart and conveyed to the town. The place chosen for his public *début* was generally an old mosque surrounded by a high wall, enclosing full half an acre of ground. In this enclosure a buffalo awaited his arrival, and stages were erected for spectators to see the sport. It signifies but little whether the buffalo is in his wild or domestic state ; they have in either case the same antipathy to the tiger, and attack him wherever they meet. In the present instance the buffalo was in his tame state, brought from his daily occupation in the field, and submissive to his driver. But the moment the tiger entered his character changed ; he foamed at the mouth with rage, and with fury attacked his opponent. The tiger put himself on the defensive, threw himself on his back, biting and

tearing

tearing the limbs of his antagonist, but the buffalo soon overpowered him and threw him in the air, tossing him from horn to horn with wonderful dexterity, until he was dead.

‘The leopard shows much more play when thrown into the enclosure with the buffalo; in an instant he is on the top of his back, and makes him completely furious; he then jumps from limb to limb, wounding him in every direction—but whenever the buffalo can hit him a fair blow he is done for.’

A rarer sport is that of the rhinoceros:—

‘He is of a morose, sulky disposition, and shuns the other beasts of the forest. During the rains, one of a very large size lost his way and took refuge in a thicket within a few miles of the town. The drums, as usual, beat to arms, and the whole population turned out. The situation was favourable—three small hillocks close to each other, covered with brushwood, and surrounded with water.

‘But to rouse him from his den was a business of no small difficulty. Finding himself surrounded, he lay close. We fired into the thicket and threw fireworks, without effect. At last we got a very long rope and tied a log of wood to the middle of it; we then passed the ends to the two opposite hillocks, holding the weight suspended over the place where the rhinoceros lay, and at a signal given, we dropped it directly upon the animal’s back. On this he made a furious charge on our centre, but we received him with a shower of iron balls, which compelled him to retrograde. We continued to fire at him, with no effect whatever, owing to the toughness of his coat of mail. I ordered one of my servants to aim at him between the folds under the neck, in a horizontal direction from the lower ground; upon which he at last fell. I had then an opportunity of examining his body, and found that (except the last) he had not sustained any injury from the many balls fired at him. And I was not a little pleased to extricate myself from the crowd; for the inhabitants from the adjoining villages, with a savage enthusiasm, had besmeared themselves with his blood, and were dancing around him with frantic wildness. Every part of the carcase possessed, in their opinion, charms for one disease or another, and was carried off piecemeal. It was with much difficulty that I secured the head and horn, which I brought home with me, and have now in my possession. I had also the curiosity to secure a collop, with which I made a very tolerable steak. Upon the first view we had of him, when charging us on the hill, he had all the appearance of a hog of enormous size. I never knew an instance of his coming in contact with the elephant or buffalo, but, from the powerful weapon on his nose, I think he would prove a formidable antagonist.”—vol. iv. pp. 108-112.

Shortly after his return from India in 1788, this gentleman acquired Balcarres, and married his cousin, a daughter of Sir Alexander Dick, of Prestonfield, Bart.; and Lady Anne Barnard visiting them in 1803, says:—

‘“The dear old nest shall have the precedence from my pen of all other abodes in my list of visits; dear—as being the nest where eleven brother

brother and sister chickens were hatched and fostered—chickens, who through life have never known once what it was to peck at each other ; all flew into the world together, and all return from time to time to the parent hamlet, where sits the valued mother on her bed of straw, meditating her flight to higher regions.

“ When Robert married his cousin Elizabeth, she was very pretty, and was so still, but that which was most pleasing in her was the innocence of her mind, guileless as one of her own babes, but with all the liberality of the great world. Robert had been lucky ; she had no fortune, but she made him happy—and is not that enough ? His own worth, his patriarchal care of every thing belonging to him, the prosperity that attended all his purchases, and the uninterrupted health his children enjoyed, give him altogether a happy lot, though it was not unchequered, for if Monday saw him rich, Tuesday perhaps dawned on him full of cares and crosses, which overnight he had forgotten ; a legion of blue devils would dance around him (I hope my readers have no acquaintance with such troops), and Robert continued on the brink of ruin for twenty-four hours perhaps, till a good ride set all to rights, and he waked an emperor next morning. In one respect he never varied, in his attentions to our good old mother, nearly eighty, enjoying every blessing still, but that of memory ; she sometimes remarked, with a smile, that she believed she was better without it.”

We conclude with an anecdote of Mrs. Robert Lindsay's brother, Sir Robert Keith Dick, of which Lord Lindsay may well say, that it ‘ possesses more than mere family interest.’ It also is given in the words of Lady Anne Barnard—and refers to the impeachment of the late Lord Melville in 1806 :—

“ Amidst the many cruel emotions that arose to Dundas, on an occasion when men were proved, I saw a pleasurable one flow from his eyes in a flood of tears which seemed to do him good. A young man—the younger brother of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Lindsay, was sent, when quite a boy, to the East Indies, by Lord Melville, as a writer ; his industry and abilities gave him a little early prosperity ; he heard of this attack on Dundas ; he venerated him ; he knew he was not a man of fortune ; he had made five thousand pounds or more, and in words the most affectionate and respectful, manly and kind, he remitted to him an order for the money, should he have occasion for it to assist in defraying the heavy expenses he must be put to.

“ It was a sweet letter, generous and principled, such as any one of that excellent family would write in similar circumstances. Dundas read it to me with an exultation of satisfaction, together with his reply.

“ I have never beheld a countenance but one,” said he, “ that did not feel this letter as it ought, when I read it, and that one was my daughter-in-law's, before she knew I had refused it.” “ I hope,” said she, “ that, while my purse is full, you never will receive aid from a stranger.” “ I knew she spoke as she felt ; to find two such people at such a moment, is it not worth a score of desertions ?” —vol. ii. p. 230.

We are very sensible that our selections can have afforded
but

but a very imperfect notion of the sterling worth of these four volumes. Our readers are well aware that Lord Lindsay exerts his distinguished talents on all occasions under the influence of deep religious feelings. He dwells accordingly at more length on the piety which has distinguished very many of his family, male and female, than on any of the secular triumphs and honours of his ancient lineage. But we have hardly felt ourselves entitled to extract passages which, however pleasing and instructive in themselves, seem to be more especially designed for the eyes and hearts of the rising generation of the Lindsays.

- ART. VI.—1. *Noticias de los Arquitectos y Arquitectura de España.* Por Juan Agustin Cean-Bermudez. 4 vols. Madrid, 1829.
2. *Sketches in Spain.* 2 vols. 1834.—*Spain and Spaniards.* By Captain Widdrington. 2 vols. London, 1844.
3. *Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details of the Alhambra.* 2 vols. folio. By Owen Jones. London, 1842.
4. *Handbook for Spain.* By Richard Ford. London, 1845.
5. *The Picturesque Antiquities of Spain.* By Nathaniel A. Wells. London, 1846.
6. *España Artística y Monumental.* Por Don Genaro Perez de Villa-amil. 3 vols. folio. Paris, 1846.

WHEN Wilkie, after his voyage of art-discovery into the Peninsula, called Spain the Timbuctoo of painting, he might well have added, and of architecture; for while the names of Morales, Velazquez, and Murillo are familiar among us as household gods, those of the Siloes, Berruguete, Hontañon, Valdelvira, Herrera, and others, have scarcely reached our distant hemisphere; nay, is not the reader already exclaiming, Who, forsooth, are these great unknown? What and where are the memorials of their genius?—And yet they were men worthy in every respect to take rank in the glorious company of the Brunneleschis, Bramantes, Buonarrotis, Palladios, and Wrens, whose universal fame posterity will never let die. Such, however, are the ‘things of Spain,’ whose wants, indeed, are blazoned abroad, but whose talents lie buried in a napkin. The incurious natives, indifferent as the Orientals who slumber under the porticoes of Palmyra, have neither cared to make known themselves their claim to the world’s admiration nor to encourage the stranger who would have done them justice. They have rather repelled the barbarian eye; and while Ionian Italy was luring into her embrace

embrace all lovers of the beautiful, hard and Spartan Iberia frowned forbiddingly upon the foreigner, and saw in his investigations nought save a prying into the nakedness of her land's defences, or a seeking for her lost and hidden treasures. Thus the stream of intelligent inquiry was turned aside by the Pyrenees—fit barrier of a country long supposed to be as deficient in roads and inns as superabounding in Goths, bandits, and inquisitors. Accordingly, while elsewhere every bone of antiquity has been picked bare, this pays de Cocagne for the architect—this land, overflowing with church and convent, and 'potted' for the ecclesiologist, has long remained unforaged; yet here, however larderless palace and *venta*, the table groans under an æsthetic banquet, untasted from the want of a bill of fare—and curiosity starves amid the broken meats of departed empires; for the very soil is deeply impressed with the seal of Roman, Moorish, Mediæval, and Cinque Cento magnificence.

The few Spaniards who previously to this century wrote on architectural antiquities, were either overlaid with the rubbish of pedantry and superstition, cowed by the inquisition, or devoid of critical judgment, and deficient in good taste and accuracy of detail. Compared to the researches of Winckelman, Muratori, Piranesi, Wood, and Stuart, the works of Florez, Risco, Masdeu, Ponz, and others, are more voluminous than valuable; and much less so were the notices which filtered into England through stay-at-home critics, who put forth as information their own preconceived prejudices, until—such is the lot of ill-fated Spain—these errors obtained a prescriptive authority, and the correcter statements of real travellers were set at nought because they unsettled settled conventionalities. Thus the other day that bulky and best public instructor the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' dismissed the architecture of the Peninsula in one fell swoop:—

'The Spaniards, less patriotic (!) than the French, have for their greatest works employed the architects of France and Italy, so that of course that country can boast of no peculiarity of style redounding to its own credit. The palace of the Escorial, being by a French architect (!), and abounding with the deformities of French and Italian schools, cannot be cited in favour of Spain.'

When Sir Oracle opens his lips let no dog bark; yet never were more incorrect conclusions drawn in bow-wow style from falser premises, since the best periods of Spanish architecture are stamped by an absence of French taint and the presence of distinctive features and racy nationality. Analogy might indeed have led to the expectation of such a *Borracha* in all who are acquainted with the art, literature, and other exponents of a people whose genius, like their blood, is the produce of the
Phœnician

Phœnician crossed by the Roman, of the Goth wedded to the Moor. Whenever the real Spanish architect has turned aside, it has been to a Norman, Teutonic, or Classical guide rather than to the antipathetic Gaul. The few strictly French buildings at Aranjuez and La Granja, the works of the intrusive Bourbons, are the exceptions which prove the rule.

In introducing to our readers the authors from whose pages we hope to extract a general view of this interesting subject, precedence must be given to Cean-Bermudez. He possessed qualities which are indeed rare in the Spaniard; to the sure eye and taste of the Italian connoisseur he united the patience and research of a German professor, the method and lucid order of a French classifier, and the honesty, good faith, and freedom from superstition of an English scholar. His notices were based on collections made by Eugenio de Llaguno; they are admirably arranged, enriched with notes and original documents, and furnished with careful indexes, which facilitate research through this mine of information. It enumerates no less than 1160 artists connected with Spanish architecture, whose works are pointed out in more than 400 different localities—a pretty tolerable list: the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*’ to the contrary notwithstanding.

Cean-Bermudez was soon followed by Captain Widdrington, who did not sit down in his study at home to depreciate objects which he had never seen, nor to dogmatise on subjects which he did not understand, but devoted many years to personal investigation, visiting every site, sketching and measuring every monument. His style portrays the author; while the language is unpretending, concise, and unadorned even to a fault, every page discovers good sense, observation, and earnestness, a love of the beautiful, and a single-hearted desire to obtain and impart correct information. His second publication details the results of a subsequent visit to the Peninsula after a ten years’ interval, and, like the former, must ever be reckoned among the classical works on Spain.

The magnificent folios of Mr. Owen Jones have ensured the degraded Alhambra from the further vandalism of foreign invaders and the fatal apathy of domestic tastelessness. This Aladdin palace of the Moor has revived as a phoenix in his brilliant engravings, which, like the edifice itself, must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Jones qualified himself for the task by a previous residence in Cairo, the modern Athens of the Arab; and although an artist as well as an architect, he never permitted his painter-eye to be seduced even by the Houri Alhambra, nor sacrificed truth of outline and elevation to the temptation of making an effective picture at the expense of accuracy,

accuracy, which extends alike to exterior elevation and interior decoration. His new style of printing in gold and colours on stone, although the names Lithochrysography and Lithocromatography are formidable, seems to have been invented to do justice to the gorgeous subject. The value is enhanced by his original analysis of the principles and practice of Moorish architects, together with a history of Granada, and Arabic translations by Don Pascual Gayangos: thus the pen of the scholar is combined with the pencil and graver of the artist, and, like the Graces, these sisters three are never so fascinating as when, linked in fond embrace, they support and illustrate each other.

Having in a recent number discussed the merits of the Handbook for Spain, we pass on to the elegant volume of Mr. Wells. Nursed on the beautiful bosom of the Wye in his paternal paradise of Piercefield, amid rock and fell, wood and water, feudal castle and holy ruins, he was well schooled by Chepstow Castle and Tintern Abbey for the towers of Toledo and cloisters of Seville, for the sunny meadows of the Guadalquivir and the lonely gorges of the Tagus. His subjects are faithfully delineated, and his running comment of description conveys the fresh and agreeable impressions which the scenes themselves could not fail to produce on a man of a cultivated mind; there is a daylight alike in his views as in his text. It is evident that he has lived familiarly with the people of Spain, and that his kindness of heart and good humour made his path one of peace, safety, and pleasantness; he saw the natives and their homes on the bright side, and drew them when sparkling in the cheerful light of their unclouded heaven—and they welcomed him as warmly; the Castilian heart expands like the flower to the sunshine of courteous manner, but contracts tremblingly sensitive to cold or rudeness. It is to be wished that Mr. Wells had somewhat more diverged from the rich but hacknied route of Burgos, Toledo, and Seville, which our sinpar Roberts, Villa-amil, and others have anticipated and almost exhausted. We cannot afford that an amateur so perfectly competent should devote his time and talents in doing what has already been done, and well done. The architectural field of Spain is wide, the harvest is plentiful, but the labourers are few; let Mr. Wells revisit the Peninsula with the first swallow, and shunning that beaten track which scarcely embraces a tithe of its marvels, present us at next merry Christmas with another volume to adorn our drawing-rooms and enrich our libraries; especially let him give us the Western Provinces, from Galicia down to Merida, returning by Avila to Oviedo. This delightful summer circuit includes the noblest Roman monuments, and presents an epitome of Gothic architecture from its

beginning to its end. The extraordinary incunabula lurk, *carent quia vate sacro*, amid the glens of the Asturias, the rocky cradle of the lion of Castile, or in the holy Thebais of the Vierzo, that hill-girt valley of Rasselas, which, says the Red Book, 'is all but unknown to the English tourist.' Its singular ecclesiastical details have only just been nibbled at by Southey.

'Here indeed,' continues Mr. Ford, 'is a fresh ground open to all who aspire in these threadbare days to book something new; here is scenery enough to fill a portfolio, and subjects enough for a quarto. How many flowers pine unbotanized, how many rocks harden ungeologized, what views are dying to be sketched, what trout to be caught and eaten, what valleys expand their bosoms longing to embrace the visitor, what virgin beauties hitherto unseen await the happy member of the Travellers' Club, who in ten days can exchange the bore of eternal Pall Mall for these untrodden sites; and then what an accession of dignity in thus discovering a *terra incognita*, and rivalling Mungo Park!'

Surely a district at once so piscatory and picturesque might rouse honest Izaak Walton and his rods from the grave, and must make every particular hair of Mr. Wells's brushes stand on end; so we bid him good speed and all success. He is too real a Spanish traveller to be deterred by the exaggerated nonsense with which cockney critics scare delicate writers in albums, and lady-bird tourists. He knows how safely and easily the Peninsula may now be visited; the steamers are regular, the roads good, the mails swift, the mules sure-footed; the *Posadas* are increased and the bandits diminished, inasmuch that some ingenuity must be evinced in getting starved or robbed; nor is a guide wanting, since our good friend Mr. Murray, the grand monarque of hand-books, has proclaimed from Albemarle Street, *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées*.

The '*España Monumental*,' now coming out in numbers at Paris, is a splendid publication, and worthy in many respects to be placed near the Alhambra of Owen Jones. It is the work of two nations, of Spain and France, peaceably united in an artistical family compact; it was conceived by Señor Villa-amil, one of the best modern painters of Madrid, and an imitator, at a respectful distance, of David Roberts, whose charming landscapes and architecture have long been to his continental colleagues at once a model and a stumbling-block. The ingenious French, unable to compete with his excellence, adopted the shorter process of piracy, and their '*Espagne Pictoresque*' glitters with his plumes, nor is one whisper given whence the splendours are stolen. This example and the money-profits were not lost on Spaniards, who, bankrupt and effete for originality, borrow all and everything, from gold bars down to copper plates. The projector, finding
that

that funds and engravers were equally scarce at Madrid, proceeded to Paris, where the advances were procured and first-rate printers and lithographers employed in giving form and substance to sketches and descriptions which were supplied by a band of Spanish fellow-labourers, artistical and literary. The former department has been better executed than the latter, an accident which will occur sometimes in the best regulated Books of Beauty.

The ability of the French engravers has improved on the drawing of Villa-amil, which is undecided in outline and woolly in colour, while the meagre text has quite a classical look—such is the magic of fine type and paper. Again, the subjects of the prints, although chosen from well-known localities, are in themselves so attractive, that custom cannot stale nor repetition destroy their interest. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the director should only have had eyes for the empire provinces and those towns which lie on the high road to the capital. ‘*Castilla Monumental*’ would have been a more correct title than ‘*España* ;’ but the illogical localism of Spaniards generally takes a part for the whole, and especially that part which is connected with self; and here in fact three-fourths of the Peninsula have been slurred over: no single specimen is given of the magnificent Roman monuments, in which Merida alone vies with the Eternal City herself, or of the Asturian *incunabula* of the ninth century; nor is one poor plate vouchsafed to the Alhambra, the magnet of Spain to all but Spaniards. The play of Hamlet is announced in the bills, but the part of the Prince is left out; and to complete this national trait, other men’s works are reproduced without the slightest acknowledgment of the loan, e. g., the view of the Giralda of Seville (vol. ii., 62), which is simply ‘conveyed,’ to use the delicate euphuism of Master Pistol, from Mr. Murray’s ‘*Illustrated Byron*.’ Señor Villa-amil has moreover taken equal liberties with the original drawings of by far his ablest contributor, Don Valentin Carderera. This Arragonese artist, the Dugdale and Old Mortality of the Peninsula, has employed years in wandering over sierra and plain, amid the ruins of foreign warfare and domestic reform, and has rescued with untiring pencil many a gem, which, as we are told, and truly (vol. i. 62), had every chance to perish ere the plate representing it could be published. The value of accurate records of brands thus saved from the fire has been diminished by the director, who, an artist more than an antiquarian, has often tampered with outline and relative positions, adding in one place and suppressing in another, until honest Carderera failed to recognise his children thus kidnapped and disfigured. That gentleman needed not to be an Arra-

gonese to resent this indiscriminate application by strange hands of the rules of subtraction and addition to his compositions:—a process unpalatable to painter and poet, whose genius (whether genius be or be not present) is irritable. He retired in disgust from the concern, and hence possibly the deficiency of new subjects; for few Spaniards travel in search of the picturesque—and still less a burgess of Madrid, whose terrestrial paradise is bounded by the mud walls that girdle the ‘only court on earth,’ which the envious angels in heaven are continually looking down on, and sketching—in the bird’s-eye style, of course.

The literary department is conducted by Don Patricio Escosura, an author as popular in Madrid, as unknown out of it. The text is bilingual—the sonorous Castilian runs side by side with the clinkant Parisian, in an *entente cordiale*, which, although now quite the mode, is very refreshing; the country of the editor is, however, announced by a breath of *Españolismo*, a soupçon of garlic, which all the perfumes and sewers of Lutetia can neither sweeten nor disguise. Every page evinces a passionate idolatry of Spain, the first of nations, and a fierce indignation against the envy, hatred, and jealousy of all foreigners, which coupled with their ‘proverbial ignorance’ on the things of Spain, goads them on to calumny and misrepresentation. All this Don Patricio professes to set to rights, and benighted Britishers are to be illuminated, as the wild Irishers were by his namesake, St. Patrick; but there the parallel ceases, for our peninsular apostle is but one more weed of an imposing soil which promises rather more than it performs. That his style should be flatulent, that every noun substantive should be escorted by nine epithets, as Apollo is by the Muses, was unavoidable when romantic Spain was the theme, and a Spaniard the performer. Again, letter-press contracted for by print publishers is an annual, not a perennial, and the composers, like those who do the *libretto* for the Opera, are privileged to take leave of common sense. The engravings are sold, but the text, as Claude said of the figures of his landscapes, is given gratis; nor must the purchaser blame any one save himself, if he reads a line, which nobody expects him to do. Our Don it would seem was a victim to one of the thousand and one revolutions which now-a-days are the only things of Spain that can be calculated on as certainties. Exiled on account of a somewhat too ardent aspiration for absolutism, he wrote and sighed at Paris over vandalized Spain, more æsthetically than Marius at Carthage. As he sat and wept by the waters of the Seine, his Iberian harp was tuned to a Gallic key, in delicate compliment to the sensitive honour of his ‘collaborateurs.’ Professing to write history, which he does not, and deploring as he
does

does throughout the desolation of his country's monuments, no note escapes to tell who were the architects of ruin. Buonaparte is not named except with fulsome adulation; nor are those who delivered hearths and altars from torch and ruin mentioned excepting with a sneer; but as the blood of bulls sootheth the old Castilian, so to abuse '*Los orgullosos Islenos*'—the proud Islanders—comforteth young France.

Gladly will the reader turn from false sentimentality and verbose rigmarole, to the living, sparkling, and thoroughly national contributions by Don Seraphin Calderon, who is to Escosura what Carderera was to Villa-amil. Many of these smack richly of the 'salt and cinnamon' of Andalusia, and carry us back to sunny Seville—*Zeviya de mi alma!* The 'Robbers in a Venta' (vol. i. 49); the 'Horse-fair at Mairena' (vol. i. 58); and the 'Gipsy Ball in Triana' (vol. i. 66), are written with equal zest, spirit, and truth. How 'brown' the colouring, unctuous as an olla; how idiomatic the local fancy-dialogue; how full of '*aire y meneo*' are the dramatic characters,—and oh! how flat, stale and unprofitable is the French translation.

Alas! why will not Spaniards, than whom none have a keener wit, tell us, like this worthy Calderon, all about themselves, their real homes and ways? Why will they most conceal what the world longs most to see sketched? Servile imitators of the foreigner whom they affect to despise, their so called better classes deny their fatherland, and renounce their brethren, both of which they seek to denationalize. They bore us with their second-rate copies of the long-tailed coats of London, and the common-place columns of the Bourse de Paris. They deluge us with all that we do not want to know, and withhold the attractive panorama which Spain presents in her dear own self, when her children, all tag, tassel, and filigree, dance under fig-tree and vine, while behind cluster Gothic ruins or Moorish arches—sights and scenes ravishing to all eyes save those of the *Español ilustrado*, whose enlightened vision, blind to all this nature, beauty, colour, light, form, and outline, is awake only to the degradation of poverty and decay; and while the humble classes rejoice in the compliment paid by the stranger, he half thinks such admiration an insult, and entreats you to inspect his *paletot*, or sketch the last spick-span academical abortion, to raise which some gem of ancient art has been levelled.

The architecture of the Peninsula, like her history, is naturally divided into distinct periods; first, that of the Phœnicians, Romans, and Goths, then that of the Moors and Spaniards. The genuine antiquarians, however, down to this century, following the example of their great historian, Mariana, invariably begin this
subject

subject with Tubal and the tower of Babel—nay this is itself a date far too recent for some old Castilians and modern Basques. If, say they, the sun at its creation shone first over Toledo (which is certain), the pre-existence of that city must be still more so, and it may fairly be assumed to have been built by those angels, who, according to Ferreras, were the pre-adamite settlers in Spain, and whose language, free from the corruption of other tongues, is still spoken in antediluvian purity in the Bilboes.* Be that as it may, and by whomsoever these Spanish Welchmen were taught their alphabet and architecture, they have never since produced either a book or a building which has reached mediocrity.

Assuredly the first benefactors of the Peninsula were the Phœnicians, those English of antiquity, who wafted everywhere on the white wings of their merchant fleets the blessings of commerce and civilization. Emphatically 'workers in timber,' the primitive meaning of an architect, they constructed the ships and ceilings of the wisest of kings, and all Europe to this day cannot compete with the gorgeous wood-carvings of Moro-Hispano art. The Phœnicians were welcomed by the natives of Tarshish—the south of Spain; men of peace not war, they settled on the coasts, and reared quays, factories, and temples. They were, however, ousted by the Carthaginians, who, when deprived of Sicily by the arms of Rome, turned exclusively to the Peninsula, and urged by a fierce spirit of conquest penetrated into the interior, where they erected cities, citadels, arsenals, and palaces, on which the simple Romans gazed with awe. All this strength and beauty has passed away like the fabric of a vision, scarcely a wreck has been left behind, save some colossal masonry at Tarragona, which still perplexes antiquarians. The very ruins of this remote period have disappeared, to which the sites at least of those hill forts that caught the military eye of Cæsar must be referred. But indeed some such castles are still perched on the eminences which guard the gorges and frontiers of southern Spain; they are decidedly Oriental in position, design, and construction, being built with a concrete rubble *tapia*, a sort of *cob*,† which originating doubtless with the children of Tyre has been continued down to the present time, on both sides of the straits of Gibraltar, and without any change.

The language and arts of Carthage perished under the iron heel of Rome. The business of this nation of soldiers was conquest and government; they left the despised sciences to

* See pp. 11, 44, Perochegui, *Origen de la Nacion Bascongada*, Madrid, 1760.

† The antiquity and process of this method have been detailed in a previous Number, 'Cob Walls,' *Quart. Rev.*, No. cxvi., p. 637.

the disarmed Grecian; with force and perfidy for their instruments, they passed the ploughshare over cities which dared to fight for their liberties, and seldom quenched flames save in the blood of resisting patriots. Pioneers of a new civilization, they effaced everything not of themselves, even to nationality; nor condescended to reconstruct except on the ruins of previous systems. Then, when all was levelled before them, they refounded throughout the length and breadth of the land purely Roman cities—the Italicas, Meridas, and Tarragonas—which seemed transported by their power from Italy to Spain, and whose character is so identical with their models in the mother-state, that no details are requisite. Many of their monuments still remain, although more have been used up as old stones by Spanish monks and mayors to build convents or repair roads. In their works of public utility the might, majesty, and dominion of Rome speak, as it were, from the piled heap under which she cannot be quite entombed; the aqueducts of Segovia, Merida, and Tarragona, which poured in rivers, the walls of Coria and Astorga, the bridges of Alcantara, Salamanca, and Merida yet exist;—while shattered temples, theatres, and tombs still loom, grey, ghastly, and large, like the skeletons of extinct mammoths, or the works of ages when there were giants on the earth. The Spanish peasant, as he creeps along his own mule-track, side by side with the Roman pavement on which he fears to tread, or looks up with stupid wonder on colossal arch and pile, deems these monuments, which surpass his limited means, to be ‘miracles,’ the works of supernatural architects; and marvellous indeed even to us are the ‘*milagros*’ of Merida, as they stand alone in the loneliness, the things of other men and ages, and the quintessence of the poetical and picturesque. Time has dealt gently with their decay, as with a lovely woman, in whose sere of the leaf the lines of former beauty linger; built for eternity, and awful from Dantesque simplicity, there they stand, bearing nought now but the nests of the stork and the weight of centuries; they are the standards which the Romans have left wherewith to measure their genius and greatness. By their works shall ye know them; and these tell their authors, although the names of their architects are not recorded, so much were even such gigantic erections mere things of course. Their characteristics are solidity and usefulness; no tinsel ornament mars their breadth and dignity; in them grandeur is the result of bulk, and beauty arises from form, fitness, and proportion rather than from any intention of the designer, whose whole soul, engrossed in his work, was never disturbed by any pitiful vanity of self-exhibition or exaltation. Almost the only period of rest and settled government which ill-fated Spain has
ever

ever enjoyed was during the succeeding three centuries that the Roman power was undisputed, when the Peninsula is seldom mentioned. And how much happiness is inferred by that silence, when the blood-boltered page of history was chiefly employed to register great calamities, war, battles, and the freaks of men, at which angels weep!

The arts which necessarily flourished during this repose were nipped by the irruption of the hordes of Germany, who warred however more against men than things; neither had they villainous saltpetre, the destroying slave of the real Vandals of our age. Alaric respected the Parthenon of Athens and the Colosseum of Rome, which remained perfect for centuries after the Gothic rule had passed away, and were mutilated by those who were pleased to stigmatise the Goth as a barbarian and destructive. The invaders of Spain were contented, having dispossessed their antagonists, to avail themselves of structures of private and public utility—and this utility tended to preservation more than did solidity of construction or beauty of elevation; their iconoclastic Christianity purified the temple of statues and idols, but did not demolish the ancient shells, which were converted to a new faith—and carefully repaired, as is evidenced by existing inscriptions. About the sixth century, when the theocracy was dominant, new churches were built, doubtless after a corrupted classical type, for purity in architecture had long passed away; and the Goths, stationary and without invention in art, neither obliterated nor elevated. Their buildings were rude, and their design bastard and irregular; equally wanting in respect to Roman masonry as grammar, they truncated columns as they did words, until they constructed an architecture and language of their own. Rome again, with whom their prelates, sole depositories of knowledge and power, were in close communication, naturally furnished ecclesiological example; and there too the mere fact of cobbling up the fragments of classical buildings to new purposes, and of thus decorating the birthday banquet of Christianity with the funeral bakemeats of paganism, must have kept these thieves of antiquity, however devoid of correct taste and sound principles of construction, within the pale of ancient architecture. The very ruins which furnished marbles suggested models; and the designs of buildings, mere creatures of occasion, were adapted to materials, not the materials to designs—although their original grace, intention, propriety, and symmetry were thereby sacrificed. But the Gothic impression must be looked for rather in the moral character of the Spaniards, their descendants, than in the husk of their dwellings; nor is the loss of their architecture to be much regretted, for sounder in morals than in science, the rude Goths came

came between the polished Roman and the Moor, between the superior ancient and Eastern civilizations—and were eclipsed by both;—for some few vestiges of their edifices are still to be traced at the convent of San Roman, built near Toro in 674, and in the walls of Toledo, erected in 674. Toledo indeed is a widowed capital of many dynasties; here the echo of the Goth is repeated amid Roman ruins, and the horseshoe of the infidel Moor supports the pointed fretwork of the Christian Spaniard.

The rule of the Goth, founded by the sword, succumbed under the scimeter of the Moslem; a disputed succession and a people divided against itself, the inveterate infirmities of Spain, opened to the descendants of the dispossessed Oriental the way to recover the Peninsula, and an element of Eastern civilization was again re-introduced; nor has its conflict with the Teutonic character ever known an end.

The Moors were the real and wholesale destroyers of the architecture of Romans and Goths; they revenged on the latter the ill-usage which the Carthaginians had met with from the former. They too were propagandists of a system of their own, to make way for which they levelled everything previously existing. Bringing to the darkling West the luxuries, arts, and sciences of the bright East, they had nothing to learn from the conquered; to them the Goth was no instructor as the Roman had been to him; they despised both their predecessors, with whose wants and works they had no sympathy, while they abhorred their religion as idolatrous and polytheistic; down went shrine and temple, altar and image. 'There was no city nor fair town,' says their chronicler Rasis, 'which they did not destroy, either from savage rage or fanaticism of their religion, foe to all others, and especially to Christianity.' With the relentless extermination of Orientals when opposed, they made 'heaps of fenced cities,' and used up ruins as quarries of materials out of which they reconstructed new towns or new sites; and to this day in Spain there is scarcely a city of pure Moorish foundation, near which the foundations of a former one may not be traced and recognised in the epithet *vieja*, ancient; *e. g.*, Ronda la Vieja, Antequera la Vieja. Our 'Old Sarum' illustrates this habitual practice of the Moor, with whom such change of locality was almost a necessity. The Romans, whose strength lay in infantry, and who were conscious of undisputed possession, selected for their Pax Augusta (Badajoz), their Cæsarea Augusta (Zaragoza), &c., sites favoured by fertile plains and navigable rivers. The Moors, a people of cavalry, were surrounded by a hostile population, as the Normans were by our Anglo-Saxons, and were moreover at variance amongst each other, for the Berber troops soon warred against their Arab leaders. Forced
thus

thus for self-security to choose places strong by nature, they fixed on almost accessible positions, on tongues of land walled in by steep rocks, and moated by deep rivers. These natural defences were strengthened by fortifications built with *tapia*—rubble, concrete—which however unscientific, according to modern notions, are indescribably romantic. The long lines of tower-guarded walls which fringe these strongholds—the Rondas, Alhamas, Cuencas, and Alarcons—seem to have been planned and placed by painters solely to make pictures. They again became the models of countless castles which crest commanding points, the guardian outworks of pass and border, and round which villages afterwards nestled for protection. The finest specimens of these ‘hill-forts’ are at Alcalá de Guadaira, Jaen, the Alhambra, Lorca, Malaga, Xativa, which in essentials resemble each other like sisters, for the fashions of the East change not, and one castle like one city certifies the other.

The exterior of Moorish edifices in general was plain, prison-like, and forbidding; the object was to keep out heat and enemies foreign and domestic, and to keep in women, and disarm the evil eye, the great bugbear of antiquity, the East, Andalusia, and Naples. The interior, all light, air, colour, and luxury, glittered like a spar inclosed in a rough pebble, and the door once opened ushered the Moor into a houri-peopled palace, which realised those gorgeous descriptions that seem to our good folks who live in brick and mortar, quiet drab and Baker-street, to be the fictions of Oriental poetry, or the fabric of Aladdin’s genii; yet such were the palatial fortresses, the Alcazares, the Alhambras of the Spanish Moors, and such on a minor scale were their private dwellings; many of which still exist at Seville, although dimmed by ages and neglect. The generic features are a court hidden from public gaze, but open to the blue sky, and surrounded with horseshoe-arched corridors, which rest on palm-like pillars of marble, whose spandrils are pierced in gossamer lacework; in the centre plays a fountain gladdening the air with freshness, the ear with music, the eye with dropping diamonds; on the walls around was lavished a surface of mosaic decoration, richer than shawls of Cashmere, wrought in porcelain and delicate plaster, and painted with variegated tints; above hung a roof of Phœnician-like carpentry, gilded and starred as a heaven; while the doors and windows admitted vistas of gardens of myrtles, roses, oranges, and pomegranates, in which fruit mingled with flower and colour vied with fragrance. The drawbacks of this poetry and picturesqueness were miserable bedrooms, an utter want of judicious kitchens, sculleries, offices, and other necessities of modern comfort and cleanliness.

The

The religious architecture of the Moor, of which the mosque of Cordova (still so called) offers an example unique in Europe, differed alike from that of the Pagan, the Christian, and even the Asiatic Mahomedan. It had neither the porticoes, the peristyles, nor the proportions of the first, nor the narrow aisles and aspiring loftiness of the second. It differed from those in Hindostan, Cairo, and Constantinople in the absence of pagodas and domes, and in want of external ornament. The mosque at Cordova was certainly the model of all the others in Spain, from being the metropolitan, and the substitute for holy Mecca. The exterior was simple, the plain walls being supported by square pilaster buttresses; but the mosaics of the interior rivalled those of Byzantium in richness and brilliancy; and there they sparkle unchanged after a lapse of ten centuries; the edifice, wherever the Spaniard has not meddled, being fresh as when first finished—so much more conservative is the dry air of Spain than are those who breathe it. The type was the Roman Basilica,* which probably was itself derived from the East: the shape is a wide quadrangle, whose low roof is supported by a forest of pillars, from whence the indicial horseshoe arches spring. An eye for symmetry and proportion was no quality of their architects. These columns, torn from earlier edifices, differed in diameter no less than material and capitals:—but the classical and Christian orders never entered into Moslem buildings without being shorn of their original meaning, fitness, and beauty: architecture, chaste and pure, seemed to shrink alike from the voluptuous harem as from the sense-subduing temple of the false prophet.

In hydraulic science and construction the Moors never had a rival; these children of the sun exercised a magic influence over water; they knew that this blood of the earth was the element of fertility and wealth, in zones where, under the combined action of heat and moisture, vegetable production is gigantic, where the orb of fire is never weary in creating life, or the impregnated soil of giving birth; they opened a vein-work of circulation with aqueducts, fountains, tanks, and appliances of irrigation, whose utility has partially rescued them from destruction. The *Vega* of Granada, and the *Huertas* of Alicante and Valencia, may be studied with advantage even by the directors of our draining and waterwork companies.

Enduring is the mark which Moorish intellect and science have

* We may refer our reader to a late Article in this Review (No. cl., March 1845) on the Chevalier Bunsen's admirable book, 'Die Basiliken des Christlichen Roms'—and the splendid Architectural Works of our accomplished and lamented friend, Mr. Gally Knight.

stamped on the Gotho-Spaniard, whose language, an unwilling witness, proves the greatness of obligations which pride would fain deny; his dictionary has scarcely a word that refers to those arts by which man is benefited and civilized, whose origin is not Arabic. As our nervous Anglo-Saxon has been refined by the chivalrous lordly terms of the Norman, so the 'Romance,' or corrupted Roman of the soldier Goth was enriched by the polished idiom of the Arab; his precious words of science and poetry glitter like fragments of antique marble, imbedded in the coarse rubble of a mediæval wall. The Visi-Goths took lessons from the vanquished Romans, as their descendants did from the subdued Moors, especially in decorative architecture, yet none have ever evinced greater ingratitude in destroying the models of their teachers; witness the degraded Alhambra, to whose fascination the Spaniard alone is blind. Familiarity has bred a contempt for monuments which he has disfigured, and to whose past beauty and present poetry he is utterly insensible; he cannot understand the all-absorbing concentrated devotion of the stranger pilgrim, who has hurried there to worship from the Don and Niagara; he is dead to the associations of interest and piety that are conjured up by these walls, which the Moor laboured to adorn and the Spaniard to defile; he resents this admiration, which at once infers a superiority over his own works, and condemns him of barbarism in having mutilated what he could not surpass: again a leaven of former hostility ferments deeply with this jealousy, and is soured by the pedantry of academicians who prate about Palladian principles, and see only in the gossamer filigree and horseshoe arch a want of solidity and a departure from strict laws of support. They avoid what others imitate. Thus, while the 'haughty Islanders' at Gibraltar were erecting a Protestant Church in a Moorish style, the Spaniard in Granada was building the civic shambles in choice Ionic. A friend of ours chanced to be present when the plans were discussed, and his suggestion of adopting an elevation in harmony with the tutelar Alhambra, was received with simultaneous shrugs of civil contempt, and a unanimous protest against the *Heresy*, which was seasoned with *ajos* and other expletives more energetic than decorous.

The earlier Spaniards, rude soldiers, were compelled to have recourse to Moorish artists and architects, just as the Normans were in Sicily, whose buildings at Palermo, Monreale, Cefalu, &c., were indebted to Saracenic designers. The exterior was frequently European, while the interior was Oriental; and in both the characteristics of the Romanesque-Norman and Arab styles appeared in conjunction. This fusion, which the Italians call the *Arabo-Tedesco*, is often termed by Spaniards the *Mos-arabic*,

arabic, whereby is implied an admixture of the Christian and Mahomedan; an amalgamation natural enough to Spain itself, the neutral ground and half-way house between Europe and Barbary. This composite, which prevailed down to the sixteenth century, may be traced alike in church and palace; and the blending of the pointed arch, ornate finial, and crocket-work of the Gothic, with the horseshoe scrolls and richly multiplied geometrical patterns of the Moorish ornament, is universal. Gothic belfries are set like crowns on Arab towers; and light Saracenic galleries added as a lace-fringe to the solid curtains of feudal castles: thus the arts were mingled, as blood was by intermarriages, and the produce, stamped with the distinctive features of both parents, constitutes one peculiarity in architecture, which is only to be met with in the Peninsula, as all who run may see, excepting those who do Spanish articles for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

The branch of our subject which we now approach, as it is spread over ten centuries, embraces many changes; and may be divided into the beginnings of the dispersed Goths: the round-arched Romanesque: the different stages of the pointed style: the revival or Cinque Cento: the Classical: and the decline, first into meretricious ornament, and then through the *Rococo* to the present academical and death. Thus Spanish architecture has followed the monarchy from its cradle, waxing strong with its growth, splendid in its manhood, and feeble with its decay. Spaniards, when writing on what we still call *Gothic* architecture, qualify that epithet, which is alike false in its historical as in its secondary and vituperative signification. Descendants of the mighty Goths, the prostrators of Rome, that name is looked up to by them as the fountain of honour, not disgrace. In Spain, as elsewhere, it cannot exactly be said by whom the pointed style was invented, or when it was first introduced; the form itself must long have been obvious, since it is perfectly produced by the lines which divide every one of the then common series of intersecting round arches, of which it is but a development; nor in all probability was its first adopter aware of the mighty capabilities which this germ contained, as the acorn does the oak. The Spaniards, assuming that it was first used in Germany, and by Charlemagne, term the pointed style, *Gothico Tedesco* and *Germanico*. Be its inventors who they may, it certainly did not originate with the Spanish Goths, whose existence had ceased some five centuries before its appearance; nor does it deserve the stigma which has been cast on it by classicists and academicians. This style, at once original and Christian—unadulterated by those associations of Jupiter and Juno, which infect the walls of every antique elevation—was
created

created for a new and purer religion: hence the rapidity with which it spread simultaneously over most of Christendom, attaining in Spain a glory which one day will be properly appreciated. There it creeps, not along the ground, like the horizontal line of the Pagan temple—nor the low-roofed mosque of the Moslem, of earth earthy, like their creed—but aspires on high, ascending with the prayers of those who worship within, to whom alone the privilege of looking up to heaven and a future has been vouchsafed. And how lovely is this Christian style in itself—how perfect in its own rules, orders, and proportions—how inexhaustible in its resources and varieties of combination—how full of meaning, intention, and capability—how significant its cruciform plan, its perpendicular spires—how rich in mystic symbols, being itself a symbol of the Infinite—how profound the religious awe—how innate the devotional sentiment, yet how true the artistic feeling and poetry—how boundless the scope in elevation, construction, and decoration, for individual mind and genius to work and expand itself, with which the limited and fixed classical system never could or can compete. There indeed the lust of the eye is gratified, but the Christian heart is not touched—nay, cloyed with sameness of sweets, it loathes the honeycomb.

The remnant of the Goths, who fled before the Moors into the Asturian caves, to temples not raised by hands, had to struggle for mere existence; their architectural progress was that of an army which first bivouacks, then runs up huts, and when the ground is cleared of foes, builds barracks and citadels. More than a hundred years elapsed before their earliest works were erected, which date from the ninth century, and are correctly called by Spaniards *Obras de los Godos*, works of the Goths, not Gothic works. Their founders, isolated in their hills, and having no communication with Moor, German, or Italian, built, to use the expressions of early records, with cob and brick, ‘de luto et latere,’ ‘de luto opere parvo.’ They wielded the sword and buckler, not the square and chisel; and wanting alike in model and material could only reproduce rude imitations of the style of their ancestors. Some specimens have escaped, protected from injudicious alterations by obscurity of site and poverty of clergy, like their contemporaries outside the walls of Rome. They occur chiefly near Oviedo and in the Vierzo, and have been accurately described by Captain Widdrington (‘Spain,’ vol. ii. 104)—and in the ‘Handbook’ (pp. 603, 701);—although entirely passed over and probably unknown by Messrs. Villaamil and Escosura, who pity the ‘proverbial ignorance’ of the foreigner. These beginnings, devoid of grace and small in size, are sometimes built like baths and crypts—with arched roofs, supported by low pillars with capitals of a bas-
tard

tard *Corinthian* : which was the favourite order of Roman and Goth, who both came into Greece and Spain, equally ignorant of art and devoid of taste and invention. Their architecture had no infancy ; and finding the science already so perfect that rivalry was precluded, they selected, like true barbarians, the most ornate, the finest of the orders, which, patronized by the dark ages, has thus obtained a long preference over its chaster sisters. The characteristics of this Spanish Romanesque or corrupted Roman manner, are the portico, useful in the damp Asturias, a massy masonry, the round arch, solid piers, and want of height.

The style in less than a couple of centuries was improved by a northern element, which was brought into Catalonia by the Normans, who aided the Christians against the Moors, and who settled in reconquered districts ; it soon spread into the Castiles, and particularly in the eleventh century, under Alonzo VI., whose wife was a French princess—whose primate was a monk of Cluny—whose son-in-law, Ramon, was a Burgundian and brother to Pope Calixtus II. Foreign creeds and fashions were the natural result ; and we find, in 1060, Petrus de Tamber, a German, rebuilding the Cathedral of Leon ; while in 1090 Ramon was employing, on his new works at Avila, Casandro a Roman, and Florin a Burgundian. Again, in 1118, the Norman prelate, Oldegar, commenced the stately cathedral of Tarragona, a city wrested from the infidel by his countryman, Robert Burdet, a ‘warrior,’ as his Norse name implies. About the same time, Geronimo, a native of Perigueux, and Bishop of the Cid, took peaceably, after his pugnacious patron’s decease, to church-building, and erected the castle-cathedrals of Zamora and Salamanca. Thus the Normans in Spain emulated their contemporary countrymen in France, England, Sicily, and Apulia. Their style was also propagated by the Templars, who, numerous and powerful in the Peninsula, maintained a close freemasonry with their tramontane brethren : the Collegiate Church at Toro, the Magdalen at Zamora, and the church at Mansanara, near Aviles, are fine specimens of Templar architecture. The prevailing characteristic is simple solidity. The masonry was too robust, too thick to require buttresses ; and as forays and invasions were then rife, the churches were built, like those in Syria, both for prayer and defence—hence the smallness of windows which weaken walls, and the size of towers, which offered refuge keeps. The windows are round-headed, and often divided by a single pillar, without mullions or transoms, and exactly the *Ajimez* of the Moors. Among ornaments, the chevron and billet-moulding occur frequently.

The transition from the round arch to the pointed one was gradual,

dual, and the two may be seen in juxtaposition in the nunnery of *Las Huelgas* near Burgos, which was founded in 1180 by Leonora, daughter of our Henry II., and wife of Alonzo VIII. This now degraded pile is an architectural encyclopædia, in which the horse-shoe arch intermingles with round and pointed ones, and Gothic crocket-work with Saracenic diapry. The windows now become wider and more elegant—the buttresses, finials, and external supports richer. Among the finest works by native architects of this period are the cathedrals at Santiago by Mateo, at Leon by Pedro Cebrian, at Lugo by Raymundo, at Avila by Garcia, and at Ciudad Rodrigo by Sanchez. These were the forerunners of the thirteenth century—the age of Spanish conquest, of saint-like kings, and church-builders, when the Gothic in its purest and most absolute style was fixed in Arragon and Valencia by Jayme I., and in the Castiles by St. Ferdinand, who thus kept pace with his cousins Henry III. of England, and St. Louis of France. The Moor was now hemmed into the nook of Granada; these pious crusaders were always attended by legions of priests, who prayed in the rear during the conflict, advancing when the fight was over, the first to share the spoil: then Christian churches arose on the ruins of mosques—then were commenced the cathedrals of Orense in 1219, of Burgos in 1221, of Toledo in 1226, of Omsa in 1232, and of Valencia in 1262.

The civil wars which ensued after the death of St. Ferdinand blighted these blossoms of piety, and filled the land with poverty and crime. Now castles were raised instead of convents—some of which yet remain, shorn, like aged oaks, of their leaves and branches. The Spaniards, who previously had made use of Moorish fortresses, now that they began to build for themselves, abandoned the oriental form and material, to adopt those of the Romans and Goths. Their castles were formed of substantial masonry, not tapia; were regular in plan, fringed with machicolations,* and guarded by barbicans and towers, on whose angles bartizans or smaller turrets were afterwards added. These lairs of a turbulent nobility were either dismantled in the fifteenth century by Ferdinand and Isabella, or blown up in our times by the French. Fine specimens of their ruins exist at Mota, near Medina del Campo; at Coca, between Valladolid and Segovia; at Saldaña and Alba de Tormes. With such is guarded the frontier line from Zafra to Toledo, near which are the grand castles of Orgaz, Guadamur, Montalban, and others, that have been described by Mr. Wells with the gusto of one educated between

* The Norman *Machicolis* were so called from *meches-couler*—the shower of firebrands and melted lead with which assailants were welcomed from them. The Spanish equivalents are equally playful, *matacanes*, *indroneras*—kill-dogs, robber-hides.

those

those of Chepstow and Goodrich. The Spaniards never excelled in the art of scientific fortification. Charles V. and Philip II. employed on their citadels the Calvis, Antonellis, and other Italians. Subsequently the Bourbons introduced the more perfect system of Vauban, and either raised or improved the magnificent defences at Barcelona, Alicante, Pamplona, Gerona, Figueras, and elsewhere.

The private dwellings of Spanish kings and nobles down to Charles V. were chiefly Moorish, and artisans of that nation were employed in most works of luxury and ornament. Few of the ancient capitals are without a royal palace. Of these the most interesting examples are the Alhambra, the Alcaiseria at Zaragoza, the Alcazares of Seville and Segovia; and of private houses, those of the Alba and the Casa de Pilatus at Seville.

The bridges built by the Moors were narrow, and high pitched in the arch, being destined more for horse and foot passengers than carriages; fine specimens exist near Martorell and at Toledo. The Spaniards here again, as in their castles, adopted a Roman model, of which such noble ones remain at Merida, Salamanca, and Alcantara. Among the best imitations is that thrown over the Ebro, near Logroño, in 1107, by Juan de Ortega; those over the Miño at Lugo and Orense; and others near the cities of Santiago and Zaragoza, the Mecca and Medina of the Peninsula: indeed the early bridges, roads, and hospitals, were chiefly constructed to facilitate the progress of pilgrims. In later times primates and prelates were true pontifices maximi: witness those grand works that span the Tagus at Talavera, and at the Puente del *Arzobispo*, which denotes its founder Archbishop Tenorio, as that lower down, *del Cardenal*, does its author Cardinal Carvajal. The subsequent ones were the work of the state. Thus Philip II. built those at Simancas, Badajoz, and Madrid; Charles III. that of Alcolea, near Cordova, which, like one at neighbouring Ronda, is superb, both in conception and execution.

To return to Gothic architecture: once established in Spain, it advanced as steadily as the classical had done, where the rude Tuscan preceded the chaste Doric and the elegant Ionic—and thence expanded into the beautiful Corinthian and ornate Composite. The fourteenth century—the age in England of our valorous Edward III. and of William of Wykeham—in the Peninsula was that of the gallant Alonzo XI. and Archbishop Tenorio. The most successful among native architects were Jayme Fabra, Juan Franck, Alonzo Martinez, and Juan Alfonso: the finest examples of this glorious period will be found in the exquisite Cathedral of Leon, the St. Ouen of the Peninsula—in the elegant ones of Palencia, 1321—and Oviedo, 1388—the solemn Seu and

Sa. Maria del Mar at Barcelona, 1328—the Seu of Zaragoza—and the convents of Lupiana, near Guadalajara, 1380—and Guadalupe, 1389. The *Transito*, or Jewish synagogue of Toledo, 1350, is without rival in the world, and presents a matchless ensemble of all that Hebrew and Gothic and Moorish art could do in juxtaposition.

The fifteenth century witnessed the full-blown development of the Spanish Gothic, which now luxuriated in storied windows richly dight, in high embowered roofs, in heraldic pomp, and in a lacework embroidery of decoration thrown over walls and ceilings. This—the period of our Waynfleet, Chichele, and Henry VII.—found more than a parallel in Juan II., the Mæcenas of the troubadour, in Ferdinand and Isabella, and their great cardinals, Mendoza and Ximenez: who, like their predecessors and successors in the primacy of Toledo, were among the noblest patrons of learning and art that any country or age has ever produced. Then arose those cathedrals and colleges whose founders may well smile from their graves upon the magnificence of moderns. These colossal and costly monuments, raised in days of poverty, shame the carpenters' Gothic of this iron age of money-changers and millocrats. Now the gift of half an acre for a site from one who owns half a county is trumpeted forth as munificent;—if anything really noble be done, it is treated as a sort of symptom of madness! In those times no wonder was excited when Christian men, or Christian women either, offered the fruits of self-denial on the altar. Very many, frugal at home like the older Romans, like them reserved their magnificence for the 'Palace of God.' Now private luxury and domestic decoration contrast with religious poverty in art and meanness in feeling; nay, the Gothic devotional sentiment has almost become too mysterious to be comprehended in 'modern contracts to be finished in eighteen months.' Centuries then elapsed during the erection of the temple; the completion was handed down from one generation to another as a sacred duty; the Church, built on a rock and like one, rose as if to endure for ever. Nor was expense of gold or thought ever grudged on this labour of love. The founders did not sit down to build a tower without mature consultation—nay, frequently, in cases of difficulty, juries of the most eminent architects were summoned to decide on plans which had been prepared by numerous competitors. Although one general principle pervades all the cathedrals of Spain, a difference is perceptible in the provinces, many of which were once independent kingdoms: the sister piles retain a family likeness, without being identically the same, insomuch that Spanish architecture has its provincialisms—like the dialects, manners, and costumes

costumes of the different parts of the Peninsula, which are so marked as to afford certain geographical tests.

Among the infinite specimens of this splendid fifteenth century may be distinguished the Gothic cathedral of Seville, begun in 1401, whose founder's project, of building 'one that should have no equal,' has been fully accomplished. Then follow the spires of Burgos cathedral, 1442; the convents of Miraflores, 1454; of the Parral at Segovia, 1459; of San Pablo, 1463, and San Gregorio, 1488, both at Valladolid; the convent of Oña, 1470; of San Esteban at Salamanca; of San Juan de los Reyes at Toledo, 1485; and the grand chapels of the Condestable at Burgos, of the Lunas at Toledo, and of the Catholic kings at Granada. These and others were built chiefly by Juan de Olotzaga, Henrique de Egas, Pedro Lopez, Gil de Hontañon, Martin de Gainza, Diego de Riaño, Guillermo Boffy, Diego de Siloe, Pedro de Gumiel, Pedro Blay, Juan de Arandia, and many others, who challenge competition with any tramontane competitors. Nor were distinguished aliens wanting to aid this glorious company. Mendoza summoned Egas from Brussels and Juan from Cologne; Ximenez brought another Juan from Brussels and Francisco from Antwerp; while both employed Moorish artisans for ceiling and surface decorations, and foreigners, chiefly Flemings, for painted glass—an art in which the Spaniard, a poor chemist, has never excelled. The names of those who wrought the grandest windows clearly denote their imported origin, *e.g.* Pedro *Frances*, Vasco de Troya, *Troyes*, Christobal *Aleman*, Alberto and Nicolas de *Olanda*, Arnao de *Flandres*, Jorge de *Borgoña*. The finest specimens range from 1418 to 1560, and are to be found in the cathedrals of Toledo, Seville, Leon, Burgos, and Barcelona. These windows are matchless in form and colour; their authors seem to have been inspired by the gorgeous patterns of Moorish ornament that they beheld in the harlequinades of porcelain diaper and wood-work, which glitter like bright enamels on the pages of an illuminated Koran. At mid-day the sun of Spain streams through emeralds and topazes, dazzling the sight, tinting sombre crocket and pier with rainbow hues, and rescuing from shadowy backgrounds tomb, statue, and screen, on which its life-conferring beam alights—

‘the rubied shrine,
And golden glow of sacerdotal pomp.’*

Yet never are these magical lanterns more impressive than just when the sun has set and night is coming on apace. Then, while the darkening aisles are shrouded, these transparent paintings

* Lord Robertson's 'Leaves,' p. 29.

shine doubly forth, enhanced by their black frames. Thus the 'last beam of day,' like the first ray of the morn, brings into the house of God a light which enlightens eye and heart, being hallowed by its translation through subjects of sacred writ. And well did this truly Christian invention, which was unknown to pagan art, become the Gothic cathedral; well did this handmaid of a new revelation chime in where all around re-echoed to the voice of revelation; where carved wood and stone, molten brass, painted canvas and tablet, addressed the mind of the illiterate through the faithful sight, and lessons were taught to those who, although unable to read, could see and feel.

The Spanish sepulchral architecture of this period is unrivalled. Much of it was raised by prince and prelate during their lives. They well knew that here, as in the East, the curtains of death and oblivion fall simultaneously; and much did the fine arts owe to this desire of Christian burial, and of some remembrance, some *non omnis moriar*. Thus chapels were erected in cathedrals, and convents were expressly endowed, at whose altars masses might be perpetually celebrated for the repose of the founder, whose ashes rested near. In the scanty population of those times no hygeian scruples disunited the dead from the living; no cemetery companies were needed, as now, when churchyards with a gorged maw vomit forth putridity and pestilence. The truly Christian tombs then erected are free from all pagan and classical alloy; the crowned monarch, the mitred prelate, the helmeted crusader—all lie stretched alike on the levelling bed of death—their business finished on earth. The clasped hands, now that sceptre, crozier, and sword are laid aside, are raised in prayer; everything breathes a sorrow mixed with hope, and confidence in a life to come. The inscriptions are simple—a name, a date, a brief ejaculation for mercy towards the departed soul. There is no blazoning forth of human titles and merits, which do but enhance the victory of death, who has cropt such garlands for his hollow brow. In after times these monuments partook of the Cinque Cento classical tastes; whose Roman togas and weeping genii were again succeeded by the degradation of the jack-boots and full-bottomed wigs of Louis XIV. Foreign violence and domestic vandalism have been let loose on many of these memorials; the dead have been disturbed and their ashes scattered with the marbles by which they were enclosed. The cathedrals and parish churches have escaped better than the convents. Those of Seville, Cuenca, Burgos, Sigüenza, and Toledo are magnificent tomb-houses. Indeed Miraflores near Burgos, the royal mausoleums at Toledo, Granada, Avila, and the Escorial, the private chapels of the Haros at Burgos, the Lunas at Toledo,

Toledo, the Girones at Osuna, are galleries in which portraits in stone realise history, individuals, and costume. In pomp of armorial sculpture and heraldic emblazoning, Spain, the land of the Hidalgo, of pride and pretension, may challenge even Germany. The custom of carving shields and crests over the *Casas solares*, or family manor-houses, tended to encourage this branch of art, which never was carried to such perfection as in the façade of the library at Salamanca, and in the chapels of San Juan de los Reyes, and de los Reyes Nuevos at Toledo.

The sixteenth century opened with new prospects, and a wider field for Spanish ambition, intellect, and enterprise. A war of seven centuries at home was concluded in 1492, by the capture of Granada, the last bulwark of the Moor. Naples conquered by the Great Captain was added to Castile; Flanders was acquired by the marriage of Philip and Juana, whose son, Charles V., was the great potentate of the age of Leo X., the critical moment of the restoration of ancient art and science. Then the spirit of the long departed Roman empire rose from its grave and ruins, and avenged itself over Goth and Christian, by whom its creed and literature had been denounced as Pagan; the victor genius of the eternal city ruled again, not indeed by brutal force as of yore, but by the moral influence of taste and knowledge. Rome was now the world's magnet, and the *renaissance* of antique models found a fitting cradle within her walls, where a lingering predilection for classical forms and a hatred of the rival Tramontane emperor, had long rendered every thing German and Gothic distasteful. The minds of men were now disturbed, and an awakened spirit of liberty overstept ancient landmarks. While the speculative Germans destroyed dogmas and graven images, the æsthetic Italians plunged into new idolatries of the beautiful. But art was thereby severed from the priesthood, and being no longer consecrated to the altar, by whose service alone its purest excellence can be obtained, it became profane and corrupt. Grace, form, and colour, were now substituted for serious simple sentiment, and reverence gave way to pleasure. Few now knelt and prayed in the temple with downcast look, but boldly raised the lustful eye to wonder and admire. Siren beauty seduced the pilgrim, and then when the pontiff himself succumbed to the fair sin, the severe majesty of insulted religion avenged itself in the iconoclastic shrine-smashing Reformation. The revival of the Cinque Cento arabesque was all but the resurrection of Paganism: it cast, like a head of Janus, one eye before and one behind, for the symbols of Bacchus and Venus disputed with those of Christ and the Virgin in the very holy of holies. The abuse of indulgences to raise money wherewith to gratify the mania for
classical

classical edification was the spark by which the mine was fired, whose explosion shattered St. Peter's itself; but the night of dark ages was past, and a new light and spirit moved over the earth. To question and adorn was the contagious epidemic which spread over Europe; art and taste became a popular necessity, a want of the many, and not as now the fancied luxury of the few, which pines a forced exotic in the gilded conservatories of Mammon. Then its subtle refining influence pervaded temple, palace, and cottage, and breathed a grace over even implements of death. Cuirass and cannon were chased by Georgio da Ghisi; spoon and salt-cellar were modelled by Cellini; plates and salvers as well as tapestry-hangings were designed by Raphael, horn-books and costumes by Julio Romano. This, the bright period of Leo X. and Charles V., when Italy and Spain were adorned with creations of genius, was most dark and fatal to fine art in Germany and England. There, while the chisel in the Peninsula was busy on forms of beauty, the pick-axe was energetic in destruction. Spain at that moment held the balance of power in the old world in one hand, and the gold of the new world in the other, and her rulers both from principle and policy stood forth as foes to the Reformation, in which they beheld not only reform but revolution. Clinging to civil and religious despotism, they armed themselves as champions of the Vatican, whose policy has ever been to enslave mankind. Hence while Spain adopted the classical style, because prevalent in Rome, and to an extent which makes it a distinctive architectural feature, second only to the Moorish, it was spurned in England, precisely because savouring of its authors. Our reformation not only swept away religious edifices of former construction, but prevented the erection of new ones; nor was any compensation offered even by the Holbeins and Johns of Padua, and other architects of domestic residences, since the habits of a damp cold climate are opposed to the Oriental and Spanish court-yard, the open colonnade, staircase, and vast saloons, of which the Peninsula presents such unrivalled examples.

The twilight which preceded this new style was as short and beautiful as that which ushers in the rising sun of Castile. It was marked by a fusion of the Gothic in all its florid maturity with the delicate arabesque that Raphael had disinterred from the baths of Titus, and which found a kindred soil in semi-Arab Spain. Thus the glorious end of the Gothic rivalled its brilliant youth, when it intermingled its crockets and pinnacles with Moorish forms and ornaments. Gothic architecture was not destined to know corruption, like the classical. Worthy of its Christian prerogative it died the death of a martyr full of hope; it had progressed

progressed steadily in power and beauty, and now set in one blaze of radiance, giving way to a successor full of pomp and promise.

The princely heir to such departed greatness came recommended to the Spaniard by many ties and sympathies:—Roman in birth, chivalrous and ostentatious in character, he was welcomed by a people whose boast was implicit adherence to the Vatican, and whose besetting sin is external display. Hence the rapidity with which the *arabesque* spread over the Peninsula, and the variety of phrases by which it is known. It was first called the *Græco-Romano*, from being a revival of the practice of those nations, and because the earliest Spanish work on the subject was entitled ‘*Medidas del Romano*.’ This now rare volume was first published at Toledo, in 1526, by Diego de Sagredo, and contains engraved admeasurements, working plans and details taken from the edifices of classical antiquity, with rules and extracts from Vitruvius. Another and most appropriate term is *La Arquitectura Plateresca*, the silversmith’s style—since the minute chasings and infinite ornaments recalled the elaborate works of the D’Arphes and other artists in plate, the Cellinis, in whom Spain, the mistress of the mines of Peru, was pre-eminent; and when we behold the rich chisellings of this period, lavished over marble façade and spandril, and sparkling under a gilding sun or frosting moon, the effect is that of a plateau set out for the banquets of Olympus. This plateresque arabesque is also known in Spain as the style of *Berruguete*, by whom it was carried to unexampled perfection, and who has stamped the manner and epoch with his own name and impress. He was born in old Castile in 1480, and died at Toledo in 1561; in youth he studied at Florence under Michael Angelo, and, like his master, was at once a painter, sculptor, and architect; he was unequalled in sepulchral monuments and altar-screens, those *Retablos* or reredosses for which Spain is so distinguished. The other most eminent artists of this fascinating school are Gaspar de Tordesillas, Xamete, Riaño, Diego de Siloe, Daniel Forment, Felipe de Vigarny, Villalpando, Christobal de Andino, Celma, Martin de Gainza, and the *families* of Covarrubias, Valdelvira, and Ruiz.

There is scarcely a cathedral city in Spain which does not abound in memorials of this period, when prelate and prince vied in erecting monuments, which now appear disproportionate; such is the present poverty and ‘silence, the worst symptom a town can have.’ In Spain, as in the East, the time-honoured and well-selected capitals of older kings have shrivelled away—the source of their life having been cut off by the change of residence of a despot, to whose vanity, caprice and convenience they were sacrificed. The finest specimens of the *Græco-Romano* style exist

exist at Toledo in the *Sa. Cruz*, *Sa. Juan de la Penitencia*, the quire and chapel de los *Reyes Nuevos* in the cathedral; in the cathedral and chapter-houses at Seville; in the colleges of Cuenca and El *Arzobispo* at Salamanca; in the chapel of *San Ildefonso*; at *Alcalá de Henares*; in the altar-screens of the cathedrals of Huesca and Zaragoza; in those neglected museums, those hitherto unworked mines of art, the cathedrals of Cuenca and Sigüenza; in the cloisters of Guadalupe, Oña, Huerta, *San Gregorio* at Valladolid, and Lupiana near Guadalajara.

The plateresque mansions are equally numerous; and it must be confessed that these gay arabesques and warlike Roman decorations are better suited to the court-yards and banqueting halls of chivalrous magnificence than to the cloister and refectory of the monk, or the altar and tomb of the Christian priest. The *Cæsars*, cupids, satyrs, tritons, and battle-axes mingle incongruously with the cowls, ropes, and racks of martyrs, with the crosier and cross, emblems of peace and religion. Among the richest examples of these lay edifices may be cited the *Casa del Ayuntamiento* at Seville; the mansions of Monterey and Almarza at Salamanca—the Duke's lodged in the latter one—the archbishop's palace at *Alcalá de Henares*; the houses of Vargas at Toledo; of the Cobos at Ubeda; of Caraza at Seville; of Zaporta at Zaragoza; of Salicofras at Valencia; of Dusai at Barcelona. They indeed abound everywhere, sadly abandoned, by tasteless absentee proprietors, to the cobwebs of the unjust stewards, who creep like mean insects into the vacant shell of a nobler animal; on them too, however, the vials of foreign wrath have been poured out to the dregs, when armed hordes bemired them as barracks.

The arabesque style, too brilliant to be long-lived, arose a fashion, and passed away like a meteor. It died with Charles V., whose Spanish chivalry was mingled with a Flemish, German, and Italian element. Philip II., his successor, an old Castilian to the backbone, serious and bigoted in creed, pure and refined in taste, soon pruned an art which bordered on meretriciousness and paganism. The builder of the old colourless Escorial took refuge in the chaste Doric, the favourite order of his great architect Herrera, who, like his contemporary Palladio, gave his name to his style and fixed an epoch. While the Italian revelled in the beautiful Corinthian, the Spaniard courted a Spartan simplicity: his cathedral at Valladolid (1585), and still more his masterpiece, the chapel of the Escorial (1563), are unrivalled triumphs of majestic breadth, unadorned solemnity, and architectural proportion. Appointed by Philip the minister of public works, the plans of every building were first submitted to his approval;

approval; with him, and his pupils the Mora's, the architecture of Spain came to a close, as did her greatness. The clay-footed Colossus never rallied after the defeat of the invincible Armada; although so long as the grim old man lived, and boasted that from the foot of his mountain he made himself obeyed with a slip of paper in the new world and the old one, a dread habitual to Europe survived the reality of strength, as the firmament is dyed with crimson after the sun has set. The age of his feeble priest-ridden heir, Philip III., was that of our pedant James I., when orders piled above orders, as in the Schools at Oxford, denoted, like the Septizonia of Rome, a decay of art. Matters grew even worse under Philip IV., a careless voluptuary; whose son Charles II., impotent in body, imbecile in intellect, and fit ruler of an *effete* dynasty, handed over the sceptre of Castile to the Bourbon. His was the age of our Charles II., when taste was vile and morals corrupt; when the golden bribes and gilded *Rococo* of Louis XIV. tyrannised over England and Spain: when Italy with her Guarini's and Borromini's, Naples with her *guglias* and gaudy extravagancies, furnished a new infection of conceit and the absurd—'le dégoût du beau amène le gout du singulier:' and Spain, sated with Herrera, turned to prey on foreign garbage. Then licence succeeded to rule, and everything became a lie; the age was one of gold in metal, but of lead in art, and never was religion more crusted over with tinsel ceremonials, or more stripped of realities; never was the temple more prostituted by Pagan, than by bunglers who, calling themselves artists, made up with barbaric ornament their want of sentiment and design.

The terms by which Spaniards denounce this degraded style are derived from José Churriguera of Salamanca, who, with Pedro de Ribera, is an heresiarch no less hateful to the Roman classicist of the Peninsula than Luther is to their Roman Catholics. The master, as is usual in heresies, was outheroed by his disciples, Narciso Tomé, Geronimo Barbas, Simon Gavilan, and others—no *raggionam de loro*. They peopled churches with abortions, which, once their priests' pride, like bigotry, is now their disgrace. From these at least England was saved by her Protestantism, where Wren, a late reflection of Herrera, was imitating, if he could not rival, his classical style. The Churriguierists were cursed with a depraved *invention*, which seldom succeeds in an art so fixed as is architecture. Stone and iron, wood and solid substances were now tortured, in defiance of material and propriety, into sculptured pictures of spirits of the air, sunbeams, and ethereal transparencies; forests of Sorian pine were carved into fricassees of flying angels, and daubed with gold-leaf. Madrid, although deficient in fine Roman, Moorish, Gothic, and Cinque

Cento art, is rich in this Rococo, which came well devised for a fungus town that sprouted out of the decay of the older capitals. A pet specimen is the façade of the hospital de San Fernando at Madrid, erected by Ribera in 1726, which certainly entitles both inventor and admirer to an admission into Bedlam. Another gem is the *Trasparente* in the Toledan Cathedral, constructed by Tomé, in 1723, and then considered the eighth wonder of the world.

As the court set the fashion, scarcely an edifice in Spain escaped these harpies, who were worthily succeeded by Royal Academicians. These, with their chairs, chains, and centralisation, were the inventions of Philip V., who came, according to Cean-Bermudez, himself an R.A., to crush ignorance and false taste with a strong arm. He created an artistical Inquisition, which watched over architectural heresies, and whose approval was requisite before any new edifice could be erected. Thus the intellect of the nation was fettered by conventionalities, and every opening closed against private judgment and individual mind. Coldly correct and classically dull, these retrospective censors endeavoured to resuscitate an alien artificial style, which neither affected the Spaniard at large by associations with the past, nor by intrinsic excellence, nor by conformance with existing wants, creed, and social habits; hence the soulless, savourless piles of commonplace, the feeble veneerings of the ideas of other ages and men, that weigh upon the Peninsula, and bear the mark of the beast. The apostles of this learned eclectic mediocrity was Ventura Rodriguez, the Mengs of brick and mortar. To him, the 'restorer of Spanish art,' succeeded Juan de Villa-nueva, who fixed, says his friend Cean-Bermudez, 'its most brilliant epoch.' Few, however, who glance at the heavy *Museo* of Madrid will agree in this eulogium. 'Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.' If these bores in building be right, then your Berruguete, your Herrera was a blockhead—'rien, pas même académicien.'

These pedants not only prevented the restoration of the Gothic and national styles, as occurred with us, where Anglo-Saxon energy has shaken off the foreign incubus as the lion does a reptile from his mane, but encouraged the mutilation of many of the grandest works of better men and periods. Churches and cathedrals, wherever the clergy were rich and tasteless, were remodelled and 'beautified.' Grecian façades were stuck on to Gothic fronts, until insides and outsides were alike shorn of unity and propriety—witness the incongruities which disfigure the ancient cathedrals of Lugo, Pamplona, Gerona, Badajoz, Valencia.

The first modern building in Spain is the royal palace at Madrid, which was erected for Philip V. by Sachetti, an architect
of

of Turin. It is altogether Italian in its merits and demerits, and as perfectly un-Spanish as are the two summer residences of the Bourbon: that at La Granja being the work of Juvara, a Sicilian—the other at Aranjuez done by Bonavia, a Lombard. Philip V. presided at both, and there is no mistake in their ultra-French character.

It results from what we have shown, that the best period of Spanish architecture proper began with the thirteenth century and closed with the sixteenth. During that interval the economical condition of the country was favourable to costly works, in which the moral and ornamental principle prevailed over the utilitarian; power and wealth were centered in the hands of the few, who were enabled to raise great works out of their *surplus*—the sole source, says the pithy proverb, of such undertakings, *obra de lo que sobra*—since, where property is subdivided among middling classes, a provision for absolute necessities consumes a limited income. Then building for base lucre and profit was scorned by rich kings, prelates, and princes, who erected palaces and cathedrals, but permitted no ‘unhandsome’ cotton-mill to come betwixt the wind and their nobility. Thus the primates of Toledo ennobled their single province with more fine art than all the twenty-nine and more United States can club together. Nor has Spain, since church and state have been republicanized and impoverished, raised anything that will survive. Her institutions of old, and their erections have been pulled down; her age of cathedrals has passed away, but that of railways has not commenced, except on paper. The Peninsula is now strewn with ruins, the fruits of a double visitation, when the toe of the Spanish liberal trod on the heel of the Gallic invader. The religious zeal of our reformation and puritanic outbreak has indeed in like manner twice ravaged England, but the blows were dealt at intervals. Time again, the great healer, has mantled our scars with ivy and shed a poetry and picturesqueness over the ruins. In Spain, the raw wounds gape, bleeding in the hideousness of recent murder. Again, these atrocities were perpetrated in England before the days of revived archæological taste, and were done by enemies of Rome and of all that Rome had approved, during a fierce struggle of rival faiths;—whereas in Spain, destruction has been active when elsewhere restoration was busy, and the foul deeds were done by those who called themselves Roman Catholics as well as the leaders of European civilization.

That battle however must be deadly where none survive, and it must be confessed that the supply of spiritual architecture in Spain was extravagantly disproportionate to the scanty population. Thus, previously to the war of independence, a city such as
Seville

Seville possessed more than 140 churches; the number of convents and nunneries in most large towns averaged from 40 to 50; while other monasteries were scattered all over the land, wherever sunny vine-slopes or rich plains and pasture suited cowed retirement, and attracted ascetic and mendicant devotion. They, with their good and bad, their fine arts and rank superstitions, are gone, and it is to the cathedrals, the collegiate and parish churches, that the student of Spanish architecture must chiefly turn; of the former some 80 yet remain, the latter must be counted by ten thousands.

These metropolitan cathedrals offer a mother's example and model to the daughter parish-churches. They do not lie dead and idle as tombs. The door of these houses of God is open, as his ear and mercy to all and always. There is no tariff of fees hung up to scare the poor; native and stranger, Romanist and Protestant, enter alike, free as the air and light of heaven; hearty and wide is the portal's welcome which invites the saint and repels not the sinner. Here, when the sudden still voice is heard, the warning may be realized at once; to day, now, and in the place where prayer is offered up the best. There is no risk of sanding life with good intentions: no need of putting off to a more convenient season, when greedy vergers, the tax-gatherers of

‘Uxorious Canons and prolific Deans,’

will creep out of their spider-holes and unlock—the price of admittance having been first paid—their spiked gratings. None here deny a gratuitous glance to rich man or pauper, whether coming to bow down in penitence, or to elevate the mind with the glory and magnificence of religious architecture. So says the ‘Spanish Red Book,’—and we hope the new Dean of Westminster will read its sermon in full, on some drizzling day when he can steal a moment from his Album Græcum.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Observations on the Present State of our National Defences.* By the Lord Viscount Ranelagh. London. 1845.
 2. *Warrant of 13th December, 1845.* Published by authority of the Queen.
 3. *Hart's Quarterly Army-List.*

WE would fain hope that, in spite of sundry appearances to the contrary, the peace of the Christian world is not on the point of being disturbed. All the energies of all the governments and nations in Europe seem to be directed to nobler purposes than war. They are rivals now in the race of civilization, each striving

striving to take the lead in the adoption of measures which shall diffuse knowledge and open up the channels of commerce; and if here and there a little clashing of interests or of apparent interests occur, they are all wise enough to submit their grievances to a better arbitration than that of the sword. In America, likewise, notwithstanding the insane insolence of the rabble, and the unwise language of the government, we hope and believe that the most influential classes of the nation are too sagacious, and too virtuous also, not to be the friends of equity and of peace.

Meanwhile, in this month of February, 1846, the note of military preparation rings throughout the United Kingdoms with a sharper tone than it has emitted for many a long day. Our arsenals, dockyards, foundries, powder-mills, are all alive with workmen. The great naval stations from the Medway to the Tamar present such scenes as only the men of a passing generation have witnessed. Along the course of the Channel, harbours of refuge are marked out for construction, such as shall afford shelter to our shipping against the attempts of an enemy, not less than against the elements. And for the better defence of these, as well as for the general protection of the coasting trade, guard-frigates, propellable by steam, are constructed out of razéd 74-gun ships; to put which in a state of efficiency the most strenuous exertions are made. As to our sea-going fleet, it is a match for the navies of all the rest of the world put together. Not to speak of such floating castles as the *Queen*, the *Formidable*, and the *St. Vincent*, it appears to us that to our steam-navy alone, nothing either afloat or along the sea-board of any country under heaven could offer successful resistance. Moreover, that we may be in some sort secure at home, as well as capable of annoying our enemies abroad, large numbers of hands are employed in the strengthening of our old coast defences and the construction of new ones. Portsmouth and Plymouth present a more formidable front to the sea than ever they did. The lines which are to cover the dockyard at Sheerness and the arsenal at Woolwich are marked out; and, in addition to the corps of armed pensioners—10,000 strong—which has of late sprung up, and of which the importance is incalculable, a reinforcement of 9000 men to the regular army has been determined upon. And last, though not least, the militia is about to be resuscitated.

What can be the meaning of all this? Are we deceived in the hope which we have ventured to express as to the peaceable temper of the world; and, being on the eve of a war, are we making such preparations as shall hinder it from becoming a little one? A stranger arriving among us from some remote country would naturally suppose so; and, in spite of the good faith which cha-

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acterizes the dealings of our government with foreign powers, it is possible that the timid or the jealous among our allies, if any such there be, may entertain a similar suspicion. But we beg to assure both parties that they are mistaken. England is not at this moment taking a single step which common prudence and a just regard to her own safety does not require. She is merely adapting her means to the circumstances of the times on which she has fallen. She is striving to keep pace with the progress of the age, and taking due account, and no more, of the necessities which the altered state of the world imposes upon her. England, being (among other things) a great commercial country, is averse to war, the great enemy of the trade of Nations. Her colonial empire is too weighty for her strength already; she cannot, therefore, harbour the slightest desire to extend it. But what she possesses she feels that it is her duty to keep; and, above all, it is necessary that she should be in a condition to defend herself effectually from any sudden blow, should it be struck at her vitals.

A moment's thought will convince every unprejudiced inquirer that up almost to the present moment the English government has not sufficiently attended to these matters. While science was achieving over nature triumphs which even now may be, and probably are, but the forerunners of greater triumphs still, our rulers seem to have considered that our insular position and the acknowledged superiority of our fleets continued to secure to us the same exemption from attack, both at home and abroad, that we used to enjoy during the late war. It never appears to have occurred to them till of late, that the sea on which our fathers depended has ceased to form an impassable ditch round the island of Great Britain itself; and that for enemies who may make up their minds to a sudden attempt on our detached military posts in either hemisphere, it constitutes, in point of fact, a safe and easy way by which to approach them. What would have become of Malta, for example, a few years ago, had the quarrel between Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers deepened but a little? There was a critical time when the harbour of Valetta could not show so much as a sloop of war within its anchorage. The guns upon the ramparts, besides being of small calibre, had become, through age and the effect of weather, well nigh unserviceable; of artillerymen there were scarce sufficient in the place to fire a double salute; and the infantry of the garrison consisted of a single weak battalion. What would have happened had the French fleet from the Dardanelles suddenly steered—as was expected by both parties—in a hostile spirit thither? Indeed, what would have taken place in England itself, had the 20,000 men, whom the
French

French are known to have kept in hand, embarked suddenly in the fleet of steamboats which lay at Cherbourg, and passed over to the coast of Hampshire? We happen to know that at the moment when this bold stroke was meditated, the sole representative of England's gallant navy in Portsmouth and at Spithead was the *Victory*; and we need not stop to add, that neither the glories which surround that time-honoured name, nor the handful of troops which lay behind the lines, could have hindered the entire destruction of our most important dockyard, or interposed any serious hindrance to the march of its destroyers upon London.

The military preparations which England is now making are but the unavoidable results of circumstances. We have already felt, and do not desire to have the truth more practically demonstrated to us, that the application of steam to the purposes of locomotion has entirely changed our position as a military power. Not only are we liable to sudden descents, for to these we were always more or less exposed, though we rarely suffered from them, but a dark night or a Channel fog would enable an enterprising enemy, circumstances otherwise favouring him, to throw thirty, forty, even a hundred thousand men upon our shores, without our having any means to prevent it. For it is not now as it used to be a quarter of a century ago, that the manœuvre to concentrate an army on the opposite coast would put the English government sufficiently on its guard, and afford time to counterwork the project of an invasion. France will soon be as much intersected by railways as England. Her capital is already connected by them with some of her frontier towns, at least in part, and will soon be entirely connected with all; and railways, as Sir Willoughby Gordon can vouch, are quite as available for troops and the munitions of war as for peaceable citizens and their merchandise. An operation, therefore, which in former times it required a fortnight to accomplish, will soon be brought within the compass of a few hours; and the effects of this change, as they must bear upon us, supposing a rupture to take place, there needs very little foresight to discover.

To carry 40,000 men across the narrow seas, supposing that no more serious obstacles than nature offers stood in the way, would be the easiest thing in the world. From Brest to Falmouth twelve hours steaming carries us.* Dunkirk is scarce seven hours from the mouth of the Thames; Cherbourg is about the

* The expense to which our neighbours have gone, and the care which they have taken, to fortify and improve the harbours at Brest and Cherbourg, are well known to all intelligent travellers. Both stations may now bid defiance to insult; and either is capacious enough to shelter a steam-fleet of tonnage sufficient to carry a hundred thousand men anywhere.

same from Spithead. From Boulogne and Calais to the open shore between Ramsgate and Walmer you may pass in three hours; from Dieppe to Brighton in six. Suppose, then, that some change should occur in the feelings of our neighbours towards us. Suppose Lord Palmerston to embellish once more the Foreign Office; or the present wise and dexterous King of the French to die; or the war party in France to gain the ascendant; or any one of the thousand accidents to occur which, without blame being attributable anywhere, may excite the jealousy or wound the pride of a sensitive people—suppose some mishap of this sort to befall, and France to get into a sudden fury, is there, among all our readers, one individual so innocent as to suppose that she would bully and bluster, as the Americans do, for a year without striking? No such thing. Our friends in Paris are as well aware as we, that the only chance which France has of success in war with England she must seek at the beginning. Accordingly, let warlike counsels once prevail in the Tuileries, and the first intimation which we receive of impending hostilities will come, if we be off our guard, in the shape of a report that a French army has landed. We may have our suspicions awakened before the storm burst; and our cruisers may be directed to keep a good look-out, and to observe, as far as they are permitted, all that is going on in the harbours on the other side of the Channel; but even if they ascertain that there is a mighty bustle there, and that steam-vessels of all sorts and sizes are collecting, will it be competent to us so much as to remonstrate? The French are but adopting the same precautions which we adopt ourselves. They are getting their traders, and it may be their steam-frigates also, into places of safety, and may well take offence if we presume to question the propriety of their doing so. Neither have we the means, supposing the moral right to be with us, of hindering them from doing what they will with their own, by the establishment of a blockade. Nothing will be found to have been more entirely altered by steam than the system of blockades on the European coasts. A sudden storm will disperse your blockading squadron, whether it consist of steamers or of sailing vessels; and before it can come together again, every boat from all the harbours along the shore has put to sea. Some of them you may fall in with in the course even of a three hours' voyage, but others will escape; and if the attempt be made under cover of night, the chances are that *all* will escape. Besides, our neighbours, having made up their minds for a brush, will scarcely choose for the moment of telling us so a period when the British fleet happens to be assembled in force either in our own ports or in front of theirs.

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On the contrary, they will do all that art can do to cajole us, till the calls of service in other parts of the world shall have carried our navy to a distance, and then rush into action with a celerity which admits of no cogitation over plans of defence as yet immature.

It is known in Paris that, on such a day last week, a powerful British squadron sailed from Spithead for New York. Another squadron had departed previously for the Gulf of Mexico—a third for the coast of China—a fourth for the Mediterranean. In a moment secret orders are despatched to all the steam ships in all the harbours in the Channel to have their crews on board, and their steam up. Platforms are at hand; and the vessels are all so arranged that the communications between them may be direct and easy. Finally, the hour of high-tide, or whatever else may afford the best facilities, is calculated; and punctual to a moment, by the mere laying on of additional carriages on each line, there come pouring from Paris, and all the military stations intermediate between Paris and the coast, as many troops as it may be judged expedient to compromise. We use this term rather than the milder word ‘risk,’ because compromised, to a certainty, the invading army would be, whether it mustered ten, or twenty, or fifty thousand bayonets. John Bull, though frightened at first (as well he might be if the Government were to leave him in his present state), would soon set his blood boiling, and woe be to the strangers, however numerous or well commanded, against whom he may bring his undisciplined might. But who can endure to think of the extent of damage that might be wrought at the opening of the campaign; and who that knows the French character—the enthusiasm, the devoted gallantry of her troops—will hesitate to believe that there are forty thousand men, twice told, in her standing army of three or four hundred thousand, who would esteem it an honour and a privilege to burn Portsmouth and Chatham and Sheerness, even if they were assured that in their blood the flames which they had kindled would be extinguished?

It is because both the executive and the legislature are alive to the importance of these truths, that the one has proposed and the other readily consented to the military preparations which are going on in all quarters. We recognise the necessity of placing ourselves towards other nations in the same relative position of preparedness, and therefore of security, which we have long occupied.

Among the various arrangements agreed upon, there are two of which we are anxious to speak—not in the main because of the resources in men which they may place, if well managed, at the disposal of the Government—but because we consider the increase of the standing army, and still more the revision of the militia

laws, as presenting a fit occasion for taking a general survey of the condition of the British soldier, as regards his moral condition and the care that is bestowed upon his necessary comforts while the inhabitant of a peaceful barrack. How far either the one of these arrangements or the other, or both, will render us competent to meet a European war, should it come suddenly, must depend upon circumstances, which are not yet made public. For example, if the militia, whether balloted for or by any other means enrolled, are not to be embodied at all; or, being embodied, are to be kept out for the eight-and-twenty days' training, provided for by the old law, and no more; then we must take the liberty of observing, that the addition of nine or ten thousand men to the regular army will do very little good. We want forty thousand at the least—we positively cannot do with a smaller number—in order to put the army in a becoming state of efficiency even for home service. Our troops are so harassed by the severity of the home duty, and the pressure of colonial service is so great and so incessant, that the physical strength of the men cannot much longer sustain it. Doubtless, you may lighten these burthens considerably by reinforcing the army to the extent proposed, or even with less. But if you desire to remedy a defect in our military system, the evil consequences of which will never become apparent to the uninstructed till they are felt, you must go far beyond the measure which it has been proposed to adopt. Look round you and observe how we are destroying the military efficiency of the best appointed, best drilled army in the world, by our manner of using it. Our soldiers are so disseminated, our corps so broken up, that if any of them ever felt the force of the most important principle in military science—we mean a sense of mutual dependance—they must all be in danger of forgetting it. We cannot keep so much as regiments in hand. We occupy large towns and manufacturing districts with detachments of companies. As to working brigades, far more divisions together, that, except at a very few of our principal garrisons, is out of the question. Now it might just as reasonably be expected of a stone-mason, who has all his life long been employed in building barns, and stables, and garden-walls, that he shall be able to design and execute a structure on the scale of the new Houses of Parliament, as of an officer who has never witnessed military operations on a greater scale than in the manœuvring of a squadron, or a company, or a battalion, that he shall be fit to direct the movements of a great army, should it be intrusted to him. We repeat, then, that if we are to have nothing more than a trifling increase to the standing army of nine thousand men—however useful these may prove in accelerating or rendering more regular our colonial
reliefs,

reliefs, they will, with reference to the necessary improvement of *our military system*, accomplish nothing.

It is impossible to shut our eyes to the truth, that the period is approaching when the first law of nature—the law of self-defence, which is as operative upon nations as upon individuals—will compel our government to disregard, and therefore to eradicate, the dislike to military service, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the character of the people of England. The theory of the law, as it has stood for centuries, is excellent. The law holds that every British subject, unless he be incapacitated by bodily or mental infirmity, or is employed in the service of the altar or of the throne, or in the education of youth, is liable to be called out, and armed and employed in the defence of the realm, should foreign or domestic enemies threaten it: and we deceive ourselves if we imagine that the progress of events may not bring us, and that shortly too, to deal with the law as with more than a theory. The world is happily at peace; but let a gun be fired in anger, either in Europe or in America, and the necessity of embodying, and keeping permanently under arms, a portion at least of the youth of the country becomes apparent. Now we do not pretend to see behind the curtain, neither would we be understood as speaking any other opinion than our own, but it does strike us that a more convenient season than the present for putting into order the machine with which we may by and by be obliged to work could not be conceived. The whole civilized world knows that we meditate a revision of the militia laws. Most people, both here and elsewhere, expect that a ballot will ultimately take place; and we defy any human being to guess at the number of serviceable men whom it is likely to set forth as available. Probaby we shall not overrate the military population of England and Scotland, considered apart from Ireland, at a million of men. Now a million of soldiers we could never require under any circumstances; indeed, with our huge Debt upon us, we could hardly maintain them; but a hundred and twenty thousand names are surely not too many for a country like this to have on its muster-roll, as those of persons on whom, when the need arises, the Government may call. At the same time, considering that we have a regular army, and that, though inadequate in point of numbers, it is composed of excellent materials, he must be very greedy of military parade indeed who should desire, the peace of the world being unbroken, to withdraw one hundred and twenty thousand civilians from their ordinary occupations. For our own share we want only a third part of this number; but we do want to render them useful while we have them.

Without stopping to inquire how far it might be advisable to

interfere with ancient county arrangements, by treating the militia as a national rather than a local force, our opinion is that we shall do well if we divide the hundred and twenty-thousand men, whom we assume the ballot to have given us, into three classes—one of which may be called out for permanent though not severe service, while the other two are kept in reserve. The immediate consequence of this would be: first, the general ballot, next a drawing of lots among those chosen by ballot. John, James, and Thomas are all drawn in the village of Puddledock for the militia—they are stout fellows and equally good-humoured, but they are not all wanted; they therefore put their hands simultaneously into the constable's hat and draw fresh papers. That of John is inscribed number 1, that of James number 2, that of Thomas number 3. John is the favoured youth whom his country requires to serve her; and he slings his bundle over his shoulder and sets off for the general rendezvous. He is in excellent spirits, however, for he has only three years to serve, and his service as a militia-man will not carry him beyond the limits of Great Britain and Ireland, and the islands adjacent. Meanwhile, James and Thomas go back to the plough or the loom; and both are ready, in the event of anything happening, such as John's removal out of the active battalion, to move onwards. That which may happen does happen; John likes soldiering, and extends the limits of his service, or else he dies, as all men must some day or another; whereupon James takes up the musket and fills his place, while Thomas moves from class 3 to class 2. As to class 3, that can never exhaust itself, because a ballot takes place every year, whereby it is kept complete.

With respect, again, to the manner of officering these militia battalions, there can, we conceive, be but one opinion. Let nothing be done to sever the friendly connexion that subsists in our towns and country places between the higher and humbler ranks of society. Choose, therefore, the officers for your dormant battalions exclusively from among country gentlemen, and gentlemen in business and in professions; for it is not to be overlooked that classes 2 and 3, though undisturbed from year's end to year's end, are, as far as regards the enrolment of their names, as much regimented as class 1. At the same time make these gentlemen aware that, except in the event of war, they need not be afraid of being interfered with; and the more to convince them of this, give them their parchment commissions, but let no pay accompany the gift. The consequence will be that they, like the privates, will pursue their ordinary occupations without taking the trouble to provide even swords—unless indeed with an eye to Her Majesty's Levee. Meanwhile, for many excellent reasons, and
among

among the rest as a measure of economy, choose at least a moiety of the officers that are to be put over your active battalions from the half-pay list. Your colonels it may be well to select from the class of society which mainly supplies them at present. Noblemen and gentlemen of large stake in the country do best at the head of militia regiments; but all the majors (and one major for each battalion is sufficient) had better be brought in from the line, as well as the adjutants, and one half, at least, both of the captains and the subalterns. Of course you must look to the same source, or else to the pension-list, for your non-commissioned officers and drummers in the first instance; for it is manifest that your battalions will be brought into a serviceable state by persons familiar with the routine of drill, in half the time that would be necessary if you were to commit a body of raw recruits to the care of officers and non-commissioned officers as uninstructed in military matters as themselves.

It is not, however, exclusively to considerations such as these, that, in the view which we have ventured to take of so important a subject, we would be understood as looking. Doubtless a militia force, raised, officered, and kept up on some such plan as this, would prove of incalculable value as an army of reserve, while the facilities which it would afford of practising our regular troops in the operations, which war, when it comes, will force upon them, cannot be too much commended. But it would do the state good service in other ways than these. Every military man knows, that the system by which the British army is at present recruited answers its intended purpose very imperfectly, and is both morally and financially bad. We cannot get men as fast as we want them. There is scarcely a regiment in the service which can boast at this moment of having its establishment complete; and, though the standard has lately been lowered, and there is a talk of lowering it still further, we do not believe that the machine will be found to work much more cleverly. Perhaps we ought not, as good citizens, to lament this. It affords complete proof of the general prosperity of the country, of the competition that there is, not for labour, but for labourers; and, as a necessary result, of the high rate of wages which labourers receive. But, looking to what may come, and what must be guarded against in our intercourse with foreign nations, the circumstance is startling. Besides, the recruits which we do get, as they seldom come to us from the more respectable portions of the poorer classes, so they cost the country a larger amount per man than Mr. Hume has ever, we suspect, taken the trouble to calculate. What with the pay of an extensive recruiting staff, the rewards to officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates for successful

successful recruiting, bounties on enlistment, fees on attestation, and so forth, the fact, we suspect, is that each tatterdemalion who struts past the Horse Guards, with a bunch of ribbons stuck in his crownless hat, has been the means of absorbing, ere he takes a musket in his hand, as much public money as would maintain an agricultural labourer and his family, at the current rate of wages in the best managed parish, a quarter of a year. And then consider by what process it is that this expensive prize is won. Recruiting for the army, as it is now conducted, begins in falsehood, continues in intemperance, and ends in remorse. The cleverest recruiting sergeant is he who possesses the readiest knack of deceiving the unwary at the outset, and keeping him from the power of thought by liquor, or otherwise, till the work is done—and he awakes to find that he has become a soldier for life. Do we blame individuals for this?—certainly not, except in a degree. The fault lies in the system, which again has its origin in the excessive regard for the freedom of the subject, with which our Constitution is imbued, and which, unless some very urgent cause arise, the law will not allow the sovereign to interfere with. The question then is, ‘cannot some better method of recruiting be devised?’ and believing that it can, we point to a militia, organized as we propose to organize it, and say ‘There is your proper nursery for the line.’ Moreover, ours is no idle guess originating in mere theory. We have the experience of the past to appeal to; and, remembering how entirely towards the close of the late war, the regular army was recruited from militia regiments, we feel that we are justified in counting upon similar results, provided proper steps be taken to ensure them. For it is a fact, which every man cognizant in military matters will vouch for, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, distaste to the service is evinced by young men only while they are undergoing their apprenticeship. Drill is then incessant, and the restraints of military discipline upon those heretofore unaccustomed to it, press severely. But after the one has been surmounted, and the other comes to be understood, there is a charm in the roving and careless life which they lead, which soon attaches the young men to their profession. And, inasmuch as our militia-man must of necessity undergo the same process of drill and military restraint with his comrade of the line, we venture to predict, that however disgusted he may be at the outset, he will become, ere the expiration of his second year’s service, so much in love with the red coat and brown bess, that the difficulty will be to hinder him from going over prematurely to the regular army, not in prevailing upon him to take this step at all. A very little encouragement, namely, a small bounty, some trifling advantage

vantage of pay, such as the late warrant offers, with the assurance of a pension in old age, will get as many volunteers from the militia as the line will require; and for keeping up the militia to its recognised strength our plan has provided by the annual ballot and the transfer by degrees of the men belonging to the lowest into the highest class among the battalions of reserve.

It is not worth while to pursue this part of our subject farther, or to set forth in detail the considerations which lead us to conclude that the privileges which are conceded to rank and station in other countries ought not to be denied to them in this. In France, where the conscription law is very rigid, no objection is offered to the providing of substitutes by persons drawn, if they can find them; and we do not see why to gentlemen of large fortune, to professional men, and persons engaged in trade, the same facilities should not be afforded here. Militia clubs and mutual assurance companies, as they are called, stand, to be sure, open to objection. They impose a heavy and a constant drain upon the resources of the poor men who subscribe to them, and they would, if they were carried too far, defeat or hamper the purpose for which the militia-law exists. But if the wealthy tradesman, or manufacturer, or the professional man, or the country gentleman, prefer paying any sum, from ten to a hundred pounds, to a poor neighbour, in order that the latter may serve while he abides at home—the state sustains no damage, while the individual hired to take his place in the ranks is by so much the better off. Neither need we pause to explain that the means of remedying an injustice, which we believe to be more apparent than real, in the working and issues of the ballot-system, are at hand. The income-tax makes the government pretty well acquainted with the extent of the pecuniary means of each of the Queen's subjects. And we see no reason why a money-scale should not be made out, so that the wealthy shall pay a fine,* if drawn, over and above providing his substitute, while the poor give all that they have to give, their personal service. Finally, in order to obviate objections on the score of the sufferings imposed on families by taking away the husband from his wife, and the father from his children, we would, in times of peace, fix the military age between the years of eighteen and twenty-five. Few men marry, fewer still can have large families, under twenty-five years of age; and of young men under twenty-one we venture to say that a ballot would give in this country a hundred and fifty thousand at the least. If the drain upon the treasury in maintaining forty thousand militia be considerable, the money which is

* The produce of such fines, or the interest accruing from it, might be applied to the support of the wives and families of men drawn and actually serving.

expended in the payment, clothing, and feeding of this description of troops—all abides in the country and gives a great impulse to trade. But we need not dwell longer upon these matters. If the militia be embodied by ballot, or beat of drum, or in any other way, the government is surely bound to render the mode of their existence as comfortable as shall be consistent with the due preservation of discipline. And if no such embodiment take place, surely the line need not on that account be overlooked.

We have no great faith in the judgments of those who believe that, so long as the present system of recruiting continues, it will be possible to fill up the vacancies that occur in our regular regiments from a better description of young men than now supply them. In a country where labour is both abundant and largely remunerated, and personal independence is prized almost beyond its legitimate value, it is vain to expect that, except here and there as it were by accident, any except the idle or the dissolute will enlist. Moreover, as if it were expressly desired to throw every conceivable impediment in the way of enlisting, there is not an arrangement under the crown, having for its end the preservation of the public peace, or the advancement of the public convenience, which does not interfere with the efficiency of the recruiting officer and his party. Elsewhere, in France, in Germany, and indeed all over Europe, the police, whether civic or rural, is composed of men who have served, for a period more or less extended, in the regular army. In England not only is this rule unknown, but the nature of our service, and the prejudices which operate in regard to it, render such an arrangement impossible. It seems never to have occurred to the authorities at the Horse Guards or the War Office that one of the most effective bounties which they could offer to recruits, would be the assurance that, if they conducted themselves well for ten or twelve years, they should be engaged by the General Post-Office as letter-carriers, or transferred to the metropolitan police, or to the Peelers, as they are called in Ireland, or to any other force of the same description, in which the selection of the men rests with the crown. On the contrary, the most vigorous and best-conducted young men in the country are locked up by the Post-Master-General, Mr. Mayne, and Colonel Macgregor; and so well are they provided for, that a thousand tunes on the key-bugle, or even on the bag-pipe, will never lure them away from their comfortable lodgings or their not less comfortable berths in Scotland Yard or the Liberties. We cannot, in short, bring ourselves to credit that, except by some marked and radical change of system, we shall ever succeed in getting the ranks of the regular army filled by men of a better sort. But it does
not

not therefore follow that we are not to take some pains in the moral discipline of our recruits after we get them.

A vast majority of our soldiers join their regiments under nineteen years of age. What is to prevent our taking these lads in hand, and not only drilling them till they become smart and active soldiers, but educating and otherwise training them, so that they shall turn out good members of society—intelligent, well-behaved, and capable, when they return home, of giving a tone to the manners of the village or the street? They come to us at the very period of life when the moral and intellectual natures of men are the most susceptible of cultivation. They feel, as soon as they cross the barrack-gate, that they have entered upon a new state of existence. They are docile as children—anxious, for the most part, to please—afraid of giving offence—eager to get into the good graces of their superiors. Why is not advantage taken of these circumstances to communicate to them such knowledge as shall enlarge their minds, confirm their better principles, and induce in them such habits and tastes as may by degrees render them proof against the temptations to which the nature of their calling exposes them? Because the military mind in this country has not kept pace with the civil mind, nor with the military mind of France, nor with that even of Prussia. For while we, in civil life, and our neighbours in military life, seem to be alive to the truth that, *ceteris paribus*, a man who can read and write and find gratification in a search after knowledge, is a better man than a mere animal—in the military circles of merry England the mind of the private soldier is hardly accounted of at all, and the consequence is, that with the best system of squad drill and battalion parade manœuvre, ours is perhaps, as regards its infantry and cavalry, the least intelligent army in the world. Moreover another result attends this lack of regard to the soldier's education, that in our handful of troops there is a greater amount of crime, originating chiefly in intemperance, than in the largest of the continental armies—we had almost said than in any two of them put together. Why should this state of things continue? Are our men universally unteachable—mere things of flesh and blood, and destitute of minds? Surely not. There is as much natural intelligence among the soldiers of England as among those of any nation under the sun: and where common care is taken to work upon it, it proves quite as susceptible of culture.

The British army may be divided, in the aggregate, into two descriptions of force, one of which is known as the army of the line, the other as the scientific corps. For our present purpose, it will suffice to include under the former of these heads all our
regiments

regiments of horse and foot, whether they be ranked in the army-list as guards, or numbered regiments, or colonial corps. The scientific corps comprises the Royal Regiment of Artillery—which is composed of a horse brigade and nine battalions of foot—and the regiment of Royal Sappers and Miners, officered by gentlemen of the Royal Engineers. It would be difficult to conceive a more striking contrast than is presented in the comparative intelligence of these bodies. Of their relative efficiency in parade and review movements we do not desire to speak. If our infantry and cavalry excel in these, our artillery, it will be admitted, come in no respect behind them; and the sappers, in their own peculiar departments, defy competition. We are looking beyond operations which, however interesting to behold, do not require any super-excellence of head either to direct or to perform. How stand our scientific corps in regard to intelligence and correct behaviour? We answer, that nothing in all the world can surpass them. As regards general intelligence, it is greater and more universally diffused among these corps than in any equal number of persons belonging to the same station of life, seek for them in what part of England you may. And if we descend to individuals, we can assure the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, that any day he may choose to visit the Arsenal at Woolwich, he will find among the privates of either of these noble corps, men from whose conversation even he may gather valuable information. The non-commissioned officers and privates of the regiments of Sappers and Royal Artillery constitute, we may venture to assert, the most respectable body of men in the British army. Exceptions of course occur, and on the score of morals they are more numerous than could be wished; but there, not less than with reference to intellect, the rule is in the men's favour. Some of them are deeply read in the mathematics. The plans and models executed by others would do no discredit to the Academy. Yet these men are taken from the self-same classes which supply our infantry and cavalry with recruits. Why should there be so marked a difference between them?

The day that a recruit joins either the artillery or the sappers, he is not only sent to drill, but to school. If he can neither read nor write when enlisted, he begins with the alphabet; and is kept at his book till he has mastered it. He is then led on, partly by the direction of his commanding officer, partly by the force of the example which his comrades set him, to reach at one branch of higher education after another, till in the end he becomes such as we have described him to be—not only a first-rate soldier, but a well informed and intelligent man, who has too much honest pride in himself to sink into the condition of a blackguard.

Look

Look now to the youth who has cast in his lot with one of our regiments of the line. He is picked up, say at Guildford or Norwich. He is kept in a state of more than half intoxication, for perhaps three days successively; he is then marched or shipped, as the case may be, to London, and examined and passed at the general rendezvous in Westminster. He proceeds thence to Canterbury, or Chatham, or the Isle of Wight; and being clothed in comfortable dark grey trowsers, and a shell jacket, his professional education begins. In what does it consist? For three, four, or five hours every day, he practises the goose-step, his facings, and his wheelings. By and bye he marches in slow and quick time, forms division, sub-division, and so forth. The firelock is then put into his hands, which he learns to toss about and to wield with all imaginable facility;—and finally he is paraded with the battalion, and moves with precision and celerity as a portion of the mass. Is this all? Does our recruit's military education carry him no farther? No, this is not quite all. He is taught how to walk and stand as a sentry; to salute officers according to their respective ranks, and challenge persons who may approach his post, whether they come as friends or as intruders—and then he is indeed a perfect soldier. Whether he can read or write—whether there be any mind in him at all—or any power of exercising it; whether he be of vicious or virtuous tastes—sober or drunken—nobody, so long as he contrives not to get reported to his officers, thinks of inquiring. A machine he is, or rather a minute fragment of a machine—which is assumed to be perfect, because it twists and turns on a level surface with marvellous exactitude; and a machine he may remain to the end of his existence, for aught that any human being connected with or set over him seems to care.

We appeal to every commanding officer in the army, and to the heads of departments at the Horse Guards, whether the difficulty at this moment of finding good non-commissioned officers in all the regiments of the line be not excessive. Men enough there are in each who can read, and write, and keep accounts; but these will be found, in almost all instances, to have enlisted comparatively late in life; and to have taken the step because they were damaged in other matters, as well as in their circumstances. They may be sufficiently educated, in the ordinary sense of the term, to act even as pay-sergeants, or orderly-room clerks; but they almost always turn out to be such fellows that no dependence whatever can be placed upon them. Meanwhile many an ingenuous and well-disposed youth is permitted to stiffen into manhood, with a mind as little cultivated as it was when he first put on the uniform, while his tastes, for the sheer lack of some
better

better excitement, are continually deteriorating. And yet there is not a regiment in the service which has not its regimental school, and its regimental schoolmaster paid and rated as a sergeant. What do they accomplish?

Nothing, or next to nothing: for this obvious reason, that the same obstacle which stands in the way of supplying our corps with efficient non-commissioned officers, renders it impossible to find in the ranks men competent, except in very rare instances, to execute the functions of a schoolmaster. If you get a man of character enough for the purpose, the chances are that his intellectual acquirements are defective. If you get a scholar, he either turns out a drunkard, or being wanted in the paymaster's office or the adjutant's orderly-room, he is taken away, and the school is left to shift for itself. Besides, not one of them all—not the best read, and most willing among them, understands, as he ought to do, the art of teaching. He may train his pupils to write tolerable hands, and to say the multiplication table, and to read with correctness a chapter of the New Testament; but to bring their minds as well as their members into working condition, is not in him; because he has never himself been taught how to teach. Accordingly, the attendance of adults in our regimental schools is for the most part wretchedly meagre; and forasmuch as they go to school at all only that they may become eligible for the rank of corporal and sergeant, their attention is devoted exclusively to writing and to accounts, in which some of them make considerable progress. Reading they cultivate to such a slender extent, that it is never either edifying or satisfactory to examine them; and as to any thing beyond the mere spelling of words, they hardly seem to imagine that, by them at least, it is attainable.

Regimental schools began in our service about the year 1812, or a little earlier. They were the result of the stir which was made by Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster to introduce to general notice what each of these solemn bores claimed as his own system of instruction; and were designed for the benefit, not of the soldiers, young or old, but of the children of the married men who might be permitted to carry their families about with them. We do not imagine that in those days the idea of teaching our adults to read was ever entertained in the army; at least, the only book of school regulations which ever came out under the authority of the commander-in-chief takes no notice at all of any such contingency. And in truth, the book of which we speak is a curiosity in its way. It seems to have been printed in 1811. It was compiled by Dr. Dakins, then chaplain to the household brigade, out of the larger and well-known treatise of Bell; and is strong
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in the assurances, which were then commonly given, that nobody desired, by over-education, to revolutionize the world. It copies, as might be expected, all the quackery, as well as the really good points of Dr. Bell's plan. The monitory system, with its outward show of bustle, and its inward lack of usefulness, is of course adopted; and the shorter Catechism, with Ostervald's abridgment of the Holy Scriptures, limit the progress which the scholars are expected to make in philosophy, human and divine. We are not aware that Dr. Dakins's book, to which the Duke of York gave the impress of his sanction, has ever been superseded; and we are therefore bound to believe that, though very little known anywhere, it continues in point of fact to be the school regulation book of the British army to this day.*

Meanwhile the same benevolent and illustrious prince, who took such pains to educate the boys and girls that followed their fathers' regiments, founded at Chelsea a noble institution, where should be provided, for soldiers' orphans, as well as for the sons and daughters of men serving abroad, a place of shelter, as well as of instruction up to a certain number. A similar asylum, though on a more limited scale, grew up under similar auspices at Southampton, where, not longer ago than a year or two, it died a natural death. And at Kilmainham, near Dublin, a third struck root. They were all, as was fitting, placed under the superintendence of military officers. Each had its chaplain and a full complement of teachers and nurses for the training and proper treatment of the inmates; and except that they have ceased to afford shelter to girls, the two that still survive—though with numbers materially reduced—survive on their primitive model. We will confine our attention, for the sake of perspicuity, to one; and Chelsea is nearer at hand than Kilmainham.

The Royal Military Asylum, or Duke of York's School, at Chelsea, was built to accommodate twelve hundred children; and the staff was calculated on a liberal scale, so as to deal fairly by this number. The number has been gradually reduced since the peace to three hundred, but the staff remains just as the Duke of York arranged it. We find no fault with this. Every functionary within that huge pile has from the first, and to the utmost extent of his ability, done his duty. Three successive commandants; two adjutants, of whom the second (Captain Siborne, an honoured name) is now in office,—surgeon, assistant-surgeon,

* Half-yearly reports of the condition of regimental schools are sent in regularly to the Adjutant-General's Office. They are uniformly, we understand, *coulour de rose*, and answer, among other questions, this, 'Is the school of the regiment conducted according to regulation?' What is the regulation? Is it Dr. Dakins's distillation of Dr. Bell?

dispenser,

dispenser, comptroller, steward, matron, and we know not how many more—all deserve the praise which they have received. As to the chaplain, it is impossible to speak too warmly of him. He still abides at his post—the father of the institution, and regarded as such by many a broken-down pensioner, who first learned from him how to worship God, and rightly to understand what was due to himself and to his neighbour. Why the Government should have left Mr. Clarke throughout so many years in a place of extreme labour and very inadequate remuneration, we do not know: but this we do know, that it has been through no fault of the Commissioners, who have repeatedly recommended him to the Crown for preferment. Still, while we admit all this, and desire especially to testify to the diligence with which the children have from the first been grounded by Mr. Clarke in the doctrines of their faith, we must add that, looking at the Asylum as a place of education, it is not now what it should be. The School is conducted in 1846 on precisely the same plan which came into operation in 1810. No attempt whatever has been made to keep pace with the spirit of the age, either in the manner of conveying instruction, or in the amount of instruction communicated. On the contrary, as the teachers continue to be selected from among discharged non-commissioned officers of the army—who know nothing themselves except how to read and write and do the first four rules of arithmetic—it is manifest, that beyond the power of mechanically performing similar feats they can hardly pretend to carry their pupils. History, geography, etymology, grammar, are like the occult sciences to the students in the Duke of York's School. They read, but neither understand correctly the meanings of the words, nor retain any satisfactory recollection of the purport of their lessons. As to geometry, algebra, mental arithmetic, and so forth, such things have for them no existence; while the intelligence which is stirred in proportion as minds are trained to reflect, and from a comparison of ideas to draw inferences for themselves, lies with them throughout their whole course dormant. We have already stated that in one department, and it is a most important one, the education of these orphans is well attended to; but in all other respects, we regret to say, that the school of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, is very far indeed behind the point at which, considering the progress which education is making everywhere else, it ought by this time to have arrived.

Time was when the school of which we are constrained to speak thus lightly, was regarded as a model for imitation by all the national schools in the empire. It was Dr. Bell's pet institution, which he used to visit continually, and into which he managed to
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infuse a large measure of his own spirit. Indeed, to such perfection was the art of teaching supposed to be there carried, that thither from all the regiments in the service non-commissioned officers were sent, in order that they might acquire a thorough knowledge of the business of a schoolmaster, and be in a condition to open with effect the schools that were about to be formed in their respective corps. Now whatever we may think of the nature of the lore thus communicated, there cannot be two opinions respecting the wisdom of the method adopted to convey it. Forty years ago the world had begun to understand, what it now knows much more perfectly, that men are seldom born schoolmasters any more than they are born shipbuilders; that teaching is a great art which requires study and method to compass, and that method is the result of training, without which there may be a plethora of knowledge, yet no faculty at all of communicating. The Duke of York did, therefore, a wise thing when he sent his candidates for the office of schoolmaster to study the art at the institution where it was assumed to be best understood; and the consequence was that of the excellency of regimental schools, as compared with village schools—then principally kept by dames—we never in the early part of the present century heard enough.

The army thirty or forty years ago had thus the start, in some sort, of the rest of the community. Of adults, indeed—that is, of the soldiers themselves—no account was taken; but their children were introduced into schools where they certainly learned more than they could have done had their fathers remained at home. The progress of events has reversed this order of things. The schools connected with the army—from that at Chelsea, to the school of the last regiment which has returned in a disorganized state from the East—are miserably behind. All the schools of all well-regulated parishes in the kingdom have passed them by; and, what is worse, continue to render the interval between them every day wider. How is this? Because, up to the present moment, the attention of the proper authorities has not been drawn to the subject. There can be no disposition—there is none—on the part of the Horse Guards or the War Office to sanction such an order of things: and that both the Government and the House of Commons take an interest in the mental culture of the soldier, is proved by the readiness with which grants sought for such an object by the one, are voted by the other. Moreover, when we thus speak of regimental schools, we beg to be understood as keeping our eye upon some admirable exceptions. The schools of the regiments of the Guards—particularly of the Blues and of the Grenadier and Coldstream regiments—are as well managed as, under existing circumstances, they could be; yet the school-

masters

masters in the Guards, though in a far more favourable position than their brother functionaries of the Line, have serious inconveniences to contend against. Not a barrack, even in London, has its school-house regularly set apart; and in point of furniture and general equipment all are wanting. In like manner we could name half-a-dozen Line regiments, or more, in which, thanks to the zeal and good sense of individual officers, the most has been made of a bad system.* But these are the exceptions to the rule, for nothing can be conceived more defective, both in theory and practice, than the regimental school system of the British army. Whatever education is bestowed in one of these (and heaven knows it is for the most part little enough) goes to the soldiers' children, not to the soldiers themselves. The latter, it is true, may avail themselves of the schoolmaster's services if they please, but there is no constraint put upon them, nor any great moral influence used for the purpose of leading them to the path of knowledge. Now we consider this to be impolitic, if it be not positively unjust: for there is no living man to whom a good education seems to hold out the prospect of greater advantage than to a soldier.

Every one who has taken the trouble to inquire into the fate of our soldiers after they have retired upon their pensions, knows that there is the most striking difference between the positions of the few who quit the ranks in some degree educated, and those of the many. Both classes, from their habits in the service, are averse to hard work:—both—whatever their moral characters may be—are willing to add something to their incomes. For the discharged man soon discovers that it is one thing to be paid at the rate of a shilling a day, with a home and many other necessities provided, and quite another to depend absolutely upon this pittance, or upon less. The uneducated soldier, however, can find no opening. He lacks strength for daily labour, and skill and ingenuity for anything else. He therefore establishes himself in some miserable lodging, and, with a wife, and it may be a family, alternately commits excesses, and starves upon what the government may allow him. If he turn to anything at all, it is to that

* It may seem invidious to draw distinctions, but common justice requires that we should specify the school of the Second Battalion, Royal Regiment, which Major Bennett has formed. That excellent man and officer, whose behaviour on a late occasion when the wing of his regiment which he commanded suffered shipwreck, is generally known and appreciated, has taken infinite pains with the school; and the consequence is, that it is spoken of, wherever the battalion goes, as a model. The master he got from the corps of Sappers, and he has gone to considerable personal expense in aiding him. But is it fair or just to throw such a burthen on individual officers? We may likewise mention Col. Mountain's school in the 28th, and Col. Munnins's in the 69th regiments—they are both admirable,

which

which stands at the very bottom of the scale of industrial occupation—hand-loom weaving—for we take no account on the present occasion of tailors and shoemakers, they being, in every sense of the word, educated men.

The educated soldier, on the contrary, the pensioner who can read and write and keep accounts, seldom fails, provided his character be good, of finding respectable employment. Observe how many pensioners—men who have retired from the regular army—are employed as policemen on railways, or superintendents of such police, or as light porters, or as headmen in mills and factories. For such situations all the habits of his professional existence peculiarly qualify the soldier. He is trained to be faithful, and knows that duty, be it what it may, ought never to be performed carelessly. What a respectable member of society he becomes, and how comfortable is his home and the condition of its inmates. Now if we looked no further than this; if we took into account only the good that we are working for the men themselves, after their country shall have taken all that it wants out of them, does it not become our duty to educate our soldiers, at least so far as that they shall not, as soon as they quit their colours, degenerate into the nuisances which society too often finds them? Surely this is so. But there are better reasons still for the view of the subject which we are taking.

The warrant of December last offers many and powerful inducements to the soldier of the line to conduct himself properly. It is a humane, and therefore a politic enactment; and the assurance which it holds forth of a desire on the part of Government to encourage men in the ranks to aspire after the attainment of commissions cannot be too much commended. Seeing that the average of promotions from the ranks is already about one per regiment in every four years, it is surely not too much to expect that when the value of the new warrant comes to be understood, it will increase very considerably. But does not the Secretary-at-War perceive—we write it with all respect and good feeling towards one who has the soldiers' interests deeply at heart—that to tell men how willing you are to pay for their outfit as soon as they work their way to commissions—is idle, unless you at the same time furnish them with the means of becoming qualified to hold commissions? Mr. Sidney Herbert must see that the only way to raise the tone of the army, and to improve the condition of its members both morally and physically, is to educate the army. We are confident that the right honourable gentleman does not require to be reminded of these truths by us or by any one, after the pains which he

took with the Naval School at Greenwich, and the reformatory which he wrought in that most interesting establishment.

The first suggestion which we beg respectfully to offer is, that all recruits joining their regiments subsequently to some date hereafter to be determined upon, shall be required, by authority, to attend school. With the habits in this respect of men already enlisted, it may not perhaps be judicious or even just to interfere; you took them into the service on no understanding of the sort—and if they take it into their heads to complain, you might find it difficult, in a court of equity or conscience, to rebut the complaint. Even with them, however—at least with the younger portion of them—a sensible man at the head of a regiment might exercise a strong moral influence; and surely the recruits may be ordered to school without hesitation. That they will go if the commanding officer desires it, and cheerfully too, we entertain not the shadow of a doubt; indeed we know that among the artillery one of the strongest inducements which recruiting corporals hold out to young men whom they are anxious to enlist is, that they will find a capital school at head-quarters. Fix your school-hours for adults at any period of the day that may be most convenient. There is no positive necessity for having the soldiers taught only in the evening. You may, if it so please you, and we own that, to our judgment, the arrangement would be a wise one, make the education of the soldier your first care, and give up only such hours as he may not require to the children. But however this may be, our notion is that all recruits, from the day that they join, should be sent to school. The culture of the mind will thus keep pace with the training of the body; and though at the outset the hours of drill be by this arrangement somewhat diminished, we are confident that at the end of six months matters will have found their level. Every officer or non-commissioned officer who has had anything to do with recruits knows that the young man of a comparatively cultivated understanding is far more easily trained than an unlettered cub.

It is manifest, however, that before we can begin to act upon this principle—before we can endeavour to make his regiment or his dépôt a place of intellectual as well physical discipline to the young soldier—we must have at the head of every regimental school in the service a master not only well educated, but regularly trained, and competent from his position as well as by his moral influence in the corps to form in some sort the tastes and characters of the men placed under him. In France this matter is liberally and satisfactorily arranged. There the schoolmaster holds the rank of lieutenant, and every conscript comes under his charge

charge as he arrives at head-quarters; and the consequence is, that many a youth who quitted his *arrondissement* wholly illiterate, returns, after the term of his service has expired, a well educated man. We do not think that it is necessary, or even desirable, to give any such rank in our service to the regimental schoolmaster. But something more than is now awarded him he clearly deserves, if you mean to render him what he can easily be made, one of the most influential members of the corps. The schoolmaster-sergeant will not be raised above his just level if you rank him with the sergeant-major and quarter-master-sergeant, giving him pay, and quarters, and allowances commensurate. And when this is done, then the question may be reconsidered, whether, after his attendance at school shall have been rendered compulsory, it will be fair to make the soldier pay, as he now does, for his education.

To raise the pay and allowances of the present generation of schoolmaster-sergeants would, however, be a mere waste of generosity. Not one out of twenty is fit for his place, and the twentieth, though competent to teach imperfectly all that he himself knows, does not know enough to undertake the sort of task which we have in contemplation for him. We must, therefore, before a single step is taken to fit up school-rooms, or to better the condition of schoolmasters, provide ourselves with men qualified to undertake the office, and this is only to be done by providing for the army a college, or normal school, at which young men may be educated for the express purpose of passing out of the seminary to take charge of the schools of regiments. Will there be any difficulty in managing this? None whatever. There is not so much as the hindrance to be got rid of which stands in the way of many other improvements in our social system. There is no lack of funds. The Secretary at War and Paymaster General have at their disposal an enormous accumulation of unclaimed prize-money, which, as it belongs to the army, having been by the army acquired, can be applied to no other purpose than the advantage, in some way or another, of the service. And that any higher boon could be conferred upon the army than the engrafting upon its admirable system of squad and battalion drill a system of mental culture equally effective, we do not think that the most desperate martinet will argue.*

Strong in this important assurance, we look further ahead in a hopeful spirit, and satisfy ourselves that in order to work out our scheme we must have a material building, good professors, and a

* The unclaimed prize-money belongs, by act of parliament, to Chelsea Hospital. But to engraft on Chelsea Hospital both our new normal school and our military asylum would not be a task of much difficulty.

children's school, close at hand, in which our pupil teachers may practise the lessons which they learn. Two at least of these requirements are supplied at once by the Chelsea Military Asylum. Here is an edifice constructed for the accommodation of 1200 children: it contains only 300; so that two-thirds, if not three-fourths, of the pile stand empty. What is to hinder a portion of this vacant space from being converted into the sort of college that we want—care being taken so to fence it off from the boys' wing, that except at school hours, when the authorities are by, there shall be no communication between the pupils of the higher and those of the lower academy? And as to a practising school, what better could be thought of than that which already exists, and into which the very atmosphere of our training institutions will infuse a new spirit? Or supposing objections to arise to this arrangement—of which one presents itself immediately in the leasehold and fast expiring tenure on which the asylum is held—why not take a portion of the hundred thousand pounds that are available, and build therewith a college of our own; planting it on government ground—say on a portion of that which is attached to the Royal Hospital—and so keeping it within reach of the school of practice, and under the general control of the Commissioners of that establishment? There is no necessity to create a very expensive seminary. A competent principal and sub-principal—a training-master with an adequate staff of assistants, would suffice to educate, not only the young men placed immediately under them, but the boys in the Duke of York's School likewise. Say that you determine to take no more than thirty pupil teachers into the seminary at a time. The extent of building required for these, and for their instructors and governors, would not be great: but when you are about an operation of the sort, would it not be wise to go a little further? The lease of the ground on which the present Asylum stands is wearing out. In sixty years' time or less, the whole will be at the orders of the Earl of Cadogan. Why not anticipate the day of doom by bringing the children at once under the roof of your own edifice—which you may fit up both externally and internally on the most approved models, and render capable, in case of need, of any degree of extension? Of course our suggestions in regard to these matters imply, that the existing officers of the Royal Military Asylum shall not be sent adrift: they may die out by degrees, or be pensioned off liberally—as perhaps some of them might have been, on the reduction in the establishment, without any great hurt to the public service. As to the Asylum itself, probably the best plan would be to make a barrack of it for the rest of the lease.

lease. Barracks are sorely needed, especially in the neighbourhood of the metropolis; and here is one ready found to our hands.

Having provided buildings, principal, professors, and a commandant (for we should place our military college, in matters of discipline, under military control), the next step will be to find students. We do not anticipate the smallest difficulty here. Hold out adequate inducements in the shape of pay and station—and plenty of intelligent young men, pupils perhaps in Mr. Jackson's seminary at Battersea, or at some other like it, will enter the service cheerfully. But if not, all that need be done is to select from the regiment of sappers thirty well-conducted men, and to take them at once into your seminary. They will set the machine a-going capitably, and in a year at the most be fit to work each a machine of his own in the regiment to which he may be sent; while care is taken at the college to bring forward successors from another source—which will prove exhaustless.

Children are taken into the Royal Military Asylum at five, and are sent away at fourteen years of age. Now from five to eight boys learn comparatively little; and under such teachers as superintend them in the Asylum they learn nothing. We would therefore suggest, first, that all the respectable but ignorant sergeants who now play at school-keeping in the Asylum be pensioned off; and next, that the age of admission for pupils be raised from five to eight, and that of removal in ordinary cases to sixteen. You will thus have only eight years to work upon instead of nine, but they will be good years, good as regards both the comparative maturity and pliability of the boy's mind, and better still as bringing him nearer to manhood ere he is pushed into the world. Nor ought any mistaken notions of humanity to interfere with this improvement. A child of eight is a heavier burthen to his mother, if she struggles to support him, than a child of five; but the truth is, that soldiers' widows very seldom do support their children by their own exertions. When you receive the orphan into the Asylum, you are therefore saving, not the mother, but the union; and as you profess to act for the child's sake, it is surely better to remove him from the union at an age when he has become able to benefit by the advantages which you place within his reach, than in infancy.

Here then we have the under-school put upon a proper footing; the boys ranging from eight to sixteen years of age, the masters chosen from among a class of persons who know how to teach. Keep at work, by all means, the industrial classes, which constitute the best feature in the present system of education at the Asylum. Do not, however, over-estimate their importance; do
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not sacrifice either to trade or to music time which may be more profitably employed in the cultivation of the mind. And be sure that you train your lads, as much as possible, to look to the army as their future profession. If you act thus, you will send off from year to year a little batch of well-instructed and well-behaved young men to your corps; and you will do more. Let the principal keep his eye upon the quickest and most intelligent lads in the school; and when each arrives at his sixteenth year, let him be transferred, if willing, to the Normal School, and there trained to become a regimental schoolmaster. There are absolutely no limits to the knowledge which these youths may acquire, or to the degree of proficiency in imparting it to which you may bring them. And as a constant succession must be kept up, so long as a military Asylum survives at all, you can never be at a loss where to seek for educated young men to undertake the charge of regimental schools whenever commanding officers may apply for them.

Without stopping for the present to inquire into the details of the education desirable in regimental schools, there is one point which we would take the liberty of urging. Let no one be frightened by the notion that in educating the private soldier you render him of necessity a discontented and troublesome fellow. The over-educated man who enlists, that is to say, the broken-down gentleman, or shopman or attorney's clerk, is, in a countless majority of cases, a pest. Being educated *out of the army*, he comes *into the army* with the worst of his civilian humours exasperated; and quarrels, and wrangles, and disputes with everybody, establishing for himself the sort of character which the military dialect styles that of a 'lawyer.' But the case is different with the recruit. Whatever education he may receive he receives *in the army*, and both the matter and the manner of conveying it tend more and more to attach him to the service, and to render him grateful and submissive to his superiors. Apart from the acquisition of the arts of reading and writing, consider the multitude of operations which a soldier, in front of an enemy, will be called upon to perform, and of which the practice in peaceable times cannot fail both to interest and amuse him. How many men in our regiments of infantry and cavalry could tie up a fascine, if you were to set him to it, or make a gabion, or lay a platform, or push a sap, or construct a stockade or a breastwork, or use his intrenching tools in a workman-like manner, or hut himself commodiously? As to escalading or fortifying a house, or breaking loop-holes through a wall, or defending a rampart, we doubt whether there be a dozen men in the army—always excepting those that have really seen war, and the men of the scientific

scientific corps—who know anything at all about these matters. Might it not be worth while to include a light course of training in such subjects within the military education of our recruits? and will anybody contend that at its close the young man would be either less fit for the active business of his calling, or more inclined to give trouble to his officers?

Again, the institution of garrison libraries, for the avowed purpose of improving the tastes of the soldiers and furnishing them with recreation and instruction combined, imposes upon us the necessity of fitting them to take advantage of the boon. If out of eight hundred or a thousand men only three hundred or fewer can read, the library must effect in a very imperfect degree the purpose for which it has been established. And if it further happen that even these three hundred men relish no works of a higher order than trashy novels and half-indecent narratives, it may be questioned whether the libraries in point of fact do more harm or good. Our garrison libraries contain many excellent works—some of them indeed far above the mark of the present race of readers—but these, to which we would fain guide the soldiers, must be wasted, till by a change of system in our regimental schools we educate our young men up to them.

But while we thus endeavour to cultivate the intellects of our soldiers, and by a well-ordered chaplain's department to nourish among them a reverence for religion, let us not forget that the connexion between men's physical and moral conditions is very intimate, and that you cannot take a more judicious step preparatory to the elevation of the latter than by improving the former, where it seems to require and is susceptible of improvement at your hands. Now as far as regards his pay, his feeding, his clothing, and his military equipment, the British soldier has no just ground of complaint. The first is ample; the second wholesome and abundant; the third not perhaps so becoming, at least in the infantry, as it might be made, but warm, and otherwise sufficient; the fourth, cumbrous beyond all question, but effective. We wish that we could say as much of his housing—and of all the different arrangements in connexion with it; but we cannot.

The outward appearance of a barrack, as it has existed in this country for many years, must be familiar to all our readers. A high wall, into which is let a gateway, and possibly, if the station be an important one, a postern also, intervenes between the road or the street and the barrack-square; which, whether it be surrounded on three sides by houses, or contain only a single row fronting the main entrance, is fenced about, and gravelled or laid down in grass; so that it may be fit for the recruits to drill and
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the regiment to parade. There is nothing repulsive in this ; but the reverse : neither will the external appearance of the men's quarters disgust you ; for the house is built of brick, and the roof is slated. But come forward and observe how the interior is laid out. That mass of building on which you are gazing contains three rows of dormitories, and nothing else. There is not a day-room in it ; and the kitchens, or cooking-places, besides that they stand a good way apart, are supplied with no conveniences whatever beyond boilers and grates thrust beneath them. The walls, originally white-washed, are very dingy—so are the ceilings. The brick-flooring on the ground story is in ruts ; the wooden staircases are by no means in a good state of repair, and the boards are stained with grease. Come up this flight of steps and enter the apartment on the right of the landing-place : it is a sort of saloon, wherein iron bedsteads are arranged in two rows, each row having the heads of the beds to the wall. They are all rolled up at this moment, and the bedding of each is folded ; but at night they are let down—and then—while the lateral space between each pair does not exceed a foot and a half,—from foot to foot there may be an interval of perhaps an ell. There are shelves, as you must notice, running longitudinally over the head of each row, whereon the men place their knapsacks and caps ; and the firelocks are arranged in racks against the wall, having pouches, bayonets, and belts slung beside them.

The room in which we stand is the home of twelve men. Here they eat, sleep, and dress—as far as any of them can be said to dress under cover—and here sometimes they cook also. Here likewise, in bad weather, the washing of their linen takes place ; and as the soldier's *kit* is not very extensive, the operation is going on continually. Their cooking, whether it be performed over the fire yonder, or in the sort of shed or outhouse which is dignified by the title of the 'men's mess-kitchen,' they themselves take it by turns to execute. So it is also in regard to the cleaning and sweeping of the chamber, which first takes place at an early hour in the morning, and is afterwards repeated at the termination of each meal. Now as the whole of the inmates, except the fatigue party, must turn out in order to let the process go on, and as they have no place to retire to, let the weather be as inclement as it may, much inconvenience, leading to worse things, is continually occasioned. Take the first turn out—that which occurs early in the morning—and see to what it leads.

There is not in the soldiers' apartment a jug, a basin, a foot-tub, or any other convenience, of which civilized men generally make use. There is not, in any barrack which we happen to have visited, a bath-house or lavatory under cover. The men, however,

however, must wash their faces, hands, and feet ere inspected—wherefore away they rush in a body to the pump, as soon as the bugle sounds. It may rain, snow, hail, blow; but there, in the open air, they must make their toilets; and when that job is completed, it very seldom happens that the sleeping-room is in a fit state to receive them back. What are they to do?—Stand and shiver, and get their garments and shirts wet through, and lay the foundation of catarrhs, and, it may be, fevers?—for remember they have just jumped out of bed, and that even in the depth of winter the soldiers' rooms are generally overheated. They cannot do this. Therefore they move off one by one to the only place of shelter that stands open for them, and begin the day with paying a visit to the canteen. Now the canteen is a public-house—and soldiers are no more proof against temptation than other men; and there is an awkwardness in sitting or standing in a tap-room without calling for something; and so some through established custom, others because their comrades set the example, call for their glasses of gin. A single glass of gin, even when taken upon an empty stomach, may not make a man drunk, but it gives a false excitement to his system, which requires, as soon as the counteraction begins, to be stimulated again; and this leads of course to a habit of tippling; if indeed it do not bring its victim muddled to guard or parade, and so transfer him from the ranks to the black-hole, and from the black-hole to the provost prison. Can anything be worse than this? Yes: another and a more fatal result often follows. If the man pass muster at guard-parade, he is just as likely as not to go on drinking as soon as the immediate danger of detection seems to be past; and, at all events, whether on duty or not, there are ten chances to one that he who thus begins each day degenerates by degrees into a drunkard. But a drunken soldier is a ruined man. There is not only an end to all his chances of good-conduct-stripes, and so forth, but he is sure to commit crimes, sooner or later, that involve terrible consequences; and his entire degradation, when it comes, the looker-on will be able to trace back to the first drop of gin in the canteen.

But we have not yet done with the soldier's home—for it is the home of more than the soldier. Into that same chamber, the non-commissioned officer—often a respectable man—or the well-behaved and therefore favoured private, conducts his newly-married wife, and informs her that she must sleep in one of these iron bedsteads, without so much as a curtain interposed between her and the strange men that occupy beds on either side of her. What shall we say of the outrage which is thus offered to the
wife's

wife's delicacy, if she have any; or the effect that must be produced upon her moral nature, while she is forced to overhear the ribald talk of a dozen rough young bachelors? * What shall we say of the state of her feelings till she have become utterly hardened, while a dozen men, every night and every morning, are stripping and dressing in her very presence? Or shall we ask what the husband feels when his duty comes for guard, and he is forced to leave his wife alone in such a place? But worse remains behind. Will the reader believe that here also, when her days are numbered, the poor wretch brings into the world her husband's child? Yet so it is; for there is a rule in the service—never, we believe, deviated from—that regimental hospitals shall be used exclusively by soldiers; and hence the soldier's wife, if she be too delicate to submit to nature's great law in a crowd, must seek retirement, provided she can afford to pay for it, outside the barrack-gates. Now we know that it is the policy—a wise policy too—of those in high places to discourage as much as possible the marriage of soldiers. A soldier encumbered with a wife and family almost always loses zeal; and if he marry without the permission of the commanding officer, he loses flesh also. Whenever you see a miserable half-starved looking creature in the ranks, you may put him down as one of the unfortunates whose wives are not recognised in the corps. But a certain number of women the rules of the service do provide for; and they are eminently useful both in camp and in quarters. Why not (having admitted them into barracks) afford to them at least decent accommodation there? We are not now pleading for the universal adoption of what are called married quarters. It generally happens that the best man in the room—the non-commissioned officer, for example—is the married man; and discipline requires that he should sleep where the others do, that he may be ready for all emergencies; but it would not much interfere with the capabilities of the apartment if a double portion of space were assigned to him, and his bed surrounded by a light wooden screen, so as to ensure to his wife some degree of privacy. And surely the removal of the woman at the season of her accouchement to the regimental hospital, even if the practice involve the fitting up of some small ward apart from the rest, is not too much to ask for her.

It will not do, however, to limit our improvement of the men's quarters to this—important as we consider the step to be. They

* We remember a verse in a Highland mess-song :—

'Frae wa' to wa', in double raw,

Like herrings on a plate—

The lass that ligs among the loons,

My troth, she'll no be blate.'

must be furnished universally with lavatories, where the men may wash and dress with comfort and under cover.* Day-rooms must be added, where the men may eat their meals, and be at liberty to sit down as often as they feel inclined to rest, without going into company. Better kitchens must be built, as well as laundries, where the men's linen shall be well washed and got up, and the whole edifice cleansed both in its interior and exterior more frequently. That the government is beginning to see these matters in their true light is proved by the increased care which they bestow upon the construction of the new barracks that are here and there in progress. But we must not overlook the barracks that already exist, because the only effect of making the soldier feel what comfort is in one of these improved places, which are few, will be to render him doubly discontented with the inconveniences and discomforts of the old, which are many. And above all, and before all, there must be a universal remodelling of canteens. It is not fair—it is morally as well as politically wrong—to plant a gin-shop in every military station, and to imprison and otherwise punish the men for making too free with liquor; for it is a mere delusion to speak of canteens, constituted as they are, as safety-valves. We have no right to assume that our soldiers must be drunken; and we are without excuse so long as, believing this propensity to be in them, we do not adopt every conceivable expedient with a view to overcome it.

Nobody in his senses will object to the existence of canteens. They are often, in places far removed from towns and villages, of serious use to the soldier; for there he purchases his tea, his coffee, his butter, his milk, with all the other little comforts which his surplus pay may bring within his reach, but which are not supplied directly by the quartermaster and pay-sergeant of his company. Let the canteens remain—only let the licence to sell spirits be everywhere withdrawn from them. Even beer had better be excluded; but anything stronger than beer ought at once and for ever to be abolished. Moreover, arrange the canteens somewhat differently. Fit up in each a tidy coffee-room, wherein coffee and tea alone shall be sold, and supply it, under the supervision of the commanding officer, with well-selected newspapers, the

* Compare the state of the model-prison at Pentonville, in these respects, with the very best barrack in the British empire: in the former every convenience is afforded to the criminal undergoing his sentence of solitary confinement; in the latter—but that we have described above. However, one more observation we feel called upon to make. Why is it that to the rooms of our young men in college at Oxford and Cambridge proper accommodations are not added? Really society has got beyond the usages which still prevail at the best of these places, and we doubt whether, in the shifts to which students are often driven, the seeds of diseases that afterwards carry them off are not sown.

'Saturday Magazine,' 'Chambers's Journal,' and such like; do all that you can to encourage your men to repair thither when the day's business is ended, that they may smoke their pipes and associate like rational beings. And here, if he be such as we hope some day to find him, the regimental schoolmaster will prove to the full as useful as in his school-room. If he be able to deliver a popular set of lectures on chemistry, or mechanics, or any other science which speaks to men's understanding through their sight as well as through the sense of hearing, he may, and doubtless will, find ready auditors; and we venture to prophesy that as soon as he does so, provost-prisons and barrack-cells will become marvellously thinned.

And now, before we lay aside the pen, it may not be amiss if we take some notice of the extent to which the intellects of the officers of our army are cultivated, and the care which is taken to qualify them, by education and otherwise, for rank and station in their profession. That the custom in our service of purchasing promotion is open to many objections, cannot, we are afraid, be disputed. It often appears—under existing circumstances, perhaps, it more than appears—to render the length of a man's purse the grand criterion by which to try his fitness for military command; and whenever a disaster occurs in the presence of an enemy, there are not wanting multitudes who attribute the calamity, whatever it may be, to the working of this practice. There are, on the other hand, sundry reasons for maintaining the practice, into which we cannot at present enter, but to which no man who duly considers the structure of our society and polity can deny very great importance. Passing over these, one pithy practical question is this:—Can the practice be got rid of without at the same time putting an entire stop to promotion; or if not exactly stopping promotion, without rendering it so tardy that his physical powers must fail ere any man can expect to attain to the command even of a regiment? We do believe, with all respect for Colonel Mitchell, that the thing cannot be got rid of: at the same time we are sure that much may be done, and ought to be done, to modify it, and remove from it its most objectionable feature. And this conviction it is that leads to the very brief inquiry which we now propose concerning the sort of training which gentlemen ought to undergo preparatory, not alone to their introduction into the military service, but to their advancement in the same.

We are not upon the whole friendly to what is called a professional education, as preparatory to the first commission. Say that on an average our youth get their ensigncies and cornetcies about eighteen. Our notion is, that they will find enough to do, provided they make themselves tolerably well acquainted,

acquainted, before they arrive at this time of life, with the French and German languages, in addition to their own, particularly if such acquaintance be grounded, as it ought to be, upon a knowledge of Latin, and, if possible, of Greek. History also, and geography, the elements of mathematics, and the principles of constitutional and colonial law, ought to be familiar to them; so ought arithmetic, in which, indeed, their progress should be considerable; and if to their other accomplishments drawing be added, it will be better. The great points, however, are the languages, arithmetic, mathematics, and constitutional history. Without being able to speak and write both French and German, an officer in the field must always be more or less at the mercy of others, for these are European languages. Without a competent knowledge of the rules of arithmetic he will never be able to keep his own accounts or those of his company. Without being grounded in the elements of geometry he can neither calculate very closely on any subject, nor act in any case as an engineer. Without knowing what the laws allow and disallow, both at home and in our foreign possessions, he may at some critical moment commit himself fatally, and is disqualified from aspiring to one of the few prizes that are offered to him in his calling—we mean a colonial government. Moreover, unless they have their minds turned towards these pursuits in early life, comparatively few, either military men or civilians, take to them kindly in after years. And therefore, in preference to giving him such a smattering of military science as the cadet picks up during a residence from fourteen to sixteen or seventeen years of age at Sandhurst, we recommend all parents who may propose to send a son into the army, to prepare him for his future position by bestowing upon him the best general education which this country and their means can afford. It may stand him in good stead sooner than, while acquiring his information, he imagines: it is sure to tell in the long run, both socially and professionally. For the youngest ensign, during times of disturbance, may be called upon to act as a magistrate as well as a soldier at home; and is not overweening in his ambition if he aspire one day or another to represent his sovereign abroad.

The young man having his mind thus far stored, and his faculties sharpened by habits of study, is informed that a commission is ready to be bestowed upon him, by purchase or otherwise, as the case may be, provided he succeed in passing a moderate examination before a board of officers, or others appointed for the purpose. He appears before the board—answers the questions that are propounded to him, is gazetted, and joins his regiment, where he is put, as is fitting, to the same course of drill through
which

which the recruit must pass. Beyond this, moreover, he is taught how to command a squad, a section, a company, and finally a battalion. Daily attendance in the orderly-room is exacted of him, and he is required to pay, and keep his company's accounts. In a word, a thorough insight is given him into the whole internal economy, as it is called, of the regiment : and with guard and orderly duty he is rendered familiar. We are much afraid that even this is not, according to the ordinary practice of corps, required of all young officers in our service ; it constitutes, nevertheless, but a portion of the training which we desire to impose upon them. Why should not his regiment be to the English subaltern what it is in the service of France and Prussia, and Austria—a school as well as a home? Why should not facilities be afforded him there of improving his acquaintance with modern languages, and rendering himself skilled in tactics, military drawing, surveying, field and permanent fortification? Why should you give a single step of promotion to any officer, be he ever so wealthy, unless he can pass a respectable examination in all these different subjects? And as we advance higher, from a lieutenancy to a company, and from a company to a majority, we should raise continually the standard of our merit. Is it just or fair—we put the policy of the arrangement out of the question—to push men on to situations where the lives of their fellow-creatures and their country's interest must be committed to their discretion—without taking any pains to ascertain that they are not grossly disqualified for the charge? Surely it is not ; and if young men cannot be brought to see this, if they are either too indolent or too wilful to submit to the very slight mental drudgery which is here required of them, the sooner they retire from the service the better. There are plenty of spirits as gallant as theirs, and minds more tractable, among the higher and middle classes to supply their place ; and neither the army, nor the nation which expects its army to be of some use, will ever miss them.

Two preliminary arrangements are manifestly necessary, if we desire to act upon some such principle as this : first, that a course of study—including a list of books on each subject—shall be made out for the guidance of our young officers ; and next, that every regiment in the service shall be provided with a superintendent of military instruction, whose duty it shall be to afford as much assistance as may be required to the students when they apply to him, as well as to lecture, at certain hours, to the young officers in his own room, pretty much as the tutor of one of our colleges in Oxford or Cambridge lectures to the undergraduates. There can be no difficulty whatever in settling the former of these points. The Duke of Wellington, Sir George Murray, Sir Howard Douglas,

Douglas, Sir Charles Napier, Major-General William Napier, and Major-General Brown, the Deputy Adjutant-General, will easily, if required, make such a selection from standard works on strategy, castrametation, military history, and the science and art of war, as shall at least stimulate the curiosity of young men to search farther; and as the best works of the sort extant appear to be the productions of authors who write in French and in German, the officer's knowledge of these necessary languages will be advanced by the same processes which advance his acquaintance with the theory of his profession. Neither ought it to be a puzzle where we are to lay our hands upon competent regimental military instructors. There is attached to each corps in our army a functionary, who, under existing circumstances, seems to be as useful as a fifth wheel to a coach—we mean the second major. Make him your military instructor. Possibly you may find many second-majors in the service at this moment who possess neither the degree of knowledge, nor the habits of thought which would fit them for the undertaking. So much the worse for the British army. But inform them generally of your purpose—throw open to them the senior department at Sandhurst, and give to such as may prefer it, leave to study at Berlin, or any other continental military college; and at the end of two years the majority will return to their regiments, fully qualified for the duties which you have determined to impose upon them. Such as cannot manage this in two years are manifestly of a capacity so dull that they never ought to rise above their present rank in the service. Give them a broad hint that they had better retire; and you will find plenty of captains both able and willing to fill up the vacancies.

Besides books, and a director of studies, there will be needed stations, here and there, to which, in the order of home reliefs, regiments shall be marched for the purpose of practising on the ground attached to the barracks the lessons which they have learned elsewhere. Here the soldiers may work at the construction and attack of fortified places—the officers directing, and the Military Instructor superintending the whole. Here sketches may be made of the surrounding country, and reports as to its military capabilities regularly sent in; while to complete the course, ten or twelve thousand men ought to be assembled every autumn in a camp of instruction, and manœuvred, infantry, cavalry, and artillery together, for ten or twelve days at the least. We know that it is objected to arrangements of this sort, that the farmers and country gentlemen of England will oppose them; because there is risk of damage to the fences and plantations. Some shortsighted squires and farmers may have nourished such narrow

notions

notions a few years ago, but we cannot credit that, being aware of the revolutions which steam is every day working, any of these patriotic classes will hesitate in these days to incur occasional inconvenience and even a little damage, rather than that the troops of England shall lack the means of mastering the great principles of their art. Moreover, are not the royal forests open to us—Windsor, Epping, the New Forest—and may we not count on having access to many waste places in Yorkshire, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland? Give us the men, and the officers to command them, and the tents, and the baggage-wagons, and the ammunition, and the commissariat, and we will find you a score of fields of operation in each of the three great divisions of the empire. And what is more, we will undertake to say, that at the end of a few seasons the whole military character of the people will be changed, and the Duke will find among our officers considerably above the half-dozen of whom he, with considerable hesitation, admits that if you were to put 70,000 men into Hyde Park, possibly *they* might know how to get them out again.

We are not so innocent as to anticipate that these suggestions shall escape censure. There is a *vis inertiae*, a disinclination to change, inherent in most public men, which leads them to persevere in error often after it has been pointed out to them, and to defend the course which they find it convenient to take by very plausible arguments. In the present instance, for example, it will probably be said, that all these novelties are uncalled for; that the British army is, both in its discipline and in the materials of which it is composed, precisely what it ever was; and that having triumphed in the late war, it needs but an opportunity of putting forth its strength to triumph in another. To a certain extent we admit the justice of this reasoning. The materials of which the British army is composed are excellent, and so are the precision and steadiness of regiments under arms; but was not this equally the case in 1793? And yet what followed? We are so dazzled by the successes of the last six years in the war of the French Revolution, that we entirely overlook the fifteen of disaster and disgrace which preceded them. We are old enough to recollect the time when British commanders—(though nobody questioned their honour or gallantry, and, heaven knows, the pluck of their soldiers could never be doubted)—were considered the very worst in Europe; and we cannot say that there is anything in the annals of the campaigns of '94, '95, '96, and '99 which goes far to cleanse them of the stain. Moreover, neither Maida nor Egypt shook this general belief, at least to any good purpose; for the one was a rash and aimless undertaking.

taking, and the other brilliant rather because of the valour of the troops than the science or skill displayed by their leaders. Undoubtedly the days of Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo were glorious days to the British arms. But who achieved these glories? Armies trained both to the theory and practice of war in the best of all schools, the field of action, and led on by one of those master-spirits which appear in the world only once in a century or two. But this master-spirit we cannot hope to find in trim for work during very many more years; nay, even now it may be doubted whether there is animal vigour enough left in that once iron frame to sustain the wear and tear of a tough campaign. And what are we to do when he is gone? In the history of past ages is it anywhere recorded that great nations have depended for their success in war, or their power to command peace, upon individuals? Doubtless giants arise from time to time, who over-ride all difficulties—work miracles, so to speak, and set the world in a blaze. Such were Nimrod, Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, long ago; such were Timour, Gengis Khan, Charles the Twelfth, Marlborough, and Frederick; and such, in our own day, were Napoleon and the Duke—of whom one happily still lives to command the reverence of a grateful country. But it was the military system of Rome, not the genius of Scipio or Cæsar, which secured for her throughout centuries the sceptre of the world; and the example is of eternal application—whether we look to states animated with a Roman ambition, or to those which merely desire to hold and keep an independent and honourable place in the community of nations.

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 7. *The Oregon Territory : Claims thereto of England and America considered, its Condition and Prospects.* By Alexander Simpson, Esq., a late British resident there. London, 1846. Pp. 60.
 8. *The Oregon Question determined by the Rules of International Law.* By Edward S. Wallace, Esq., Barrister-at-law. Bombay. Pp. 39. London, 1846.
 9. *The Oregon Question as it stands.* By M. B. Sampson. Pp. 15. London, 1846.
 10. *The Oregon Question examined in respect to Facts and the Law of Nations.* By Travers Twiss, D.C.L., F.R.S., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, and Advocate in Doctors' Commons. Pp. 391. Longman and Co., London, 1846.
 11. *The Oregon Territory ; a Geographical and Physical Account of that Country and its Inhabitants, and with Outlines of its History and Discovery.* By the Rev. C. G. Nicolay, of King's College, and Member of the Royal Geographical Society of London. 1846.

THE first impression, we believe, of any rational and tolerably impartial man, after wading through the protracted discussions and voluminous publications on what is called the Oregon Question, must be that of wonder at the wild chaos of contradictory facts and the tedious labyrinth of inconsistent arguments in which the claims of the United States have been enveloped, and of regret as well as surprise at finding so many statesmen of eminent ability and of the most respectable character exercising their misapplied ingenuity in support of so unreasonable a case. In fairness, however, to American statesmen, we must recollect that their situation is very peculiar. The political dependence in which their constitution places every public man, from the highest to the lowest, must have a tendency to render them habitually and implicitly subservient

subservient to the impulses of popular opinion or popular caprice, which, in a more deliberative and *freer* form of government, it would be the office of men of their talents and station to control. Any citizen who aspires to serve his country in a public capacity must adopt as the main article of his creed, '*Vox populi vox Dei.*' He can hardly venture with impunity to have an opinion of his own; and he that differs from his constituent power—be it President or People—falls into political annihilation.

If it were not for this inexorable despotism of democracy, the Oregon question could never have grown to its present shape and size, nor could we have any apprehension that the peace of the world was in danger from a cause so obviously inadequate and a pretension so manifestly unjust. We do not say this by way of reproach, or in any irritating spirit; on the contrary, we mean it as an apology for not receiving with the confidence and treating with the respect due to their personal talents and characters, the opinions, and—what is perhaps a very different thing—the statements and arguments to which those gentlemen have allied themselves.

We will even go a step further. We admit that the idea of peopling the whole continent—from the Isthmus to the Polar Sea—with the Anglo-American race, and uniting those vast countries into one great and homologous federation, is a magnificent idea, and one that excusably inflames the pride and patriotism of an American, even to the extent of obscuring his reason and blunting his sense of justice. *We* ourselves have contemplated as inevitable that glorious spread of the race and the language; and Mr. Coleridge, in the passage of his '*Table Talk*' which Mr. Greenhow has chosen as the very significant motto of his book, said:—

'The possible destiny of the United States of America, as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living *under the laws of Alfred*, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception.'—*Coleridge's Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 150.

But neither Mr. Coleridge nor ourselves ever imagined the accomplishment of this 'august conception' after the fashion in favour of which Mr. Greenhow, with his usual *ingenuity*, quotes his authority; for Mr. Coleridge had said just before—

'The more the Americans extend their borders into the Indians' lands the weaker will the national cohesion be. But I look upon the States as splendid masses to be used by and bye in the composition of two or three great governments.'—*Ib.* p. 100.

We, on our part, contemplated no other means than the legitimate

mate progress of mankind—the natural increase of population—the development and gradual emancipation of colonies—the activity of trade—the protective influence of peace—and generally the extension of civilisation and Christianity. Neither Mr. Coleridge nor we ever thought of such means as were employed in Texas—or attempted in Canada—or are now menaced in Oregon. These are modes of carrying out the ‘august conception’ which good faith and good feeling equally repudiate. England has reluctantly acquiesced in the annexation of Texas, because the peculiar circumstances of that case gave *her* no direct or special right of interference distinct from that of the other nations of the world. But this question of Oregon is one which immediately and deeply and exclusively affects our own honour and interests, and from which *we cannot recede*.

We are glad, however, to be able to persuade ourselves, that there is a solution of the difficulty consistent with the original claims, and consequently with the interest and honour of both parties; no other can, we readily acknowledge, have any chance of success.

By a singular coincidence, and one, we hope, of happy omen, after we had written the greater part of this article, and, in this place, explained *our* proposition, we received (28th February) through the American journals the account of a motion proposed in Congress by Mr. Dargan, of Alabama, which so nearly approaches to what we had proposed, that we gladly adopt it as expressing, with a more weighty authority, our own preconceived opinion:—

‘That the differences existing between the Government of the United States and the Government of Great Britain, in relation to the Oregon territory, are still the subject of honourable negotiation and compromise, and should be so adjusted.

‘That the line separating the British provinces of Canada from the United States should be extended due west to the coast south of Fraser’s river, and thence through the centre of the Straits of Fuca to the Pacific Ocean, giving to the United States that portion of the territory south, and to the Government of Great Britain that portion of the territory north of said line.’

This proposition narrows the question to its true issue; and on it, or something like it, the case, as we shall show, must be ultimately, and may be honourably, decided. All that has hitherto passed is really and for any practical purpose obsolete: and the whole *Oregoniad* is in this nutshell. But as we have heretofore given our attention to several parts of this subject, and as we find our authority frequently quoted by the United States’ advocates—sometimes adopting and sometimes impugning it—we think that

our

our readers will expect from us something of an historical view of this curious and, by the introduction of collateral details, complicated case. We shall endeavour to state the facts with brevity, and to condense the argument to its conclusive bearings; but we protest at the outset at being supposed to abandon either claims or arguments which, for the sake of compression, we may refrain from producing. Those who may wish for the fuller details which, however interesting they may once have been, seem now merged in the great issue at which we are arrived, will find them best stated on the part of the United States by the elaborate productions of Mr. Greenhow, who has long been officially charged by that Government with the duty of collecting and publishing all the materials of their case, which he has done in a variety of forms, and with more of art and diligence, we must say, than of candour or accuracy. What he calls 'Memoirs, Historical and Political,' and his 'Geography of Oregon,' and the 'History of Oregon,' are nothing more than the *brief* of the American case prepared by its official advocate, and produced and reproduced in those various forms *ad captandum*. Nor can we omit to mention that a portion of a large edition of the 'History' printed at Boston, it seems at the expense of the American Government, was sent to London, and here issued with a *London title-page*. In short, all possible means seem to have been employed to give colour and vogue to these *ex parte* statements.* Indeed we are sorry to say that a more unsafe if not faithless guide we have seldom met; and this is the more to be regretted, as it is, we think, evident that his misstatements have tended very much to mislead the minds not merely of the people, but of the government and diplomatists of the United States. Mr. Greenhow's work has been exposed and answered ably and succinctly by Mr. Falconer, and more at large by Dr. Twiss of the Commons, whose work is and will continue to be valuable, independently of the Oregon question, as an able discussion of several important points of the law of nations. Mr. Greenhow on one side, Mr. Falconer and

* We may notice as one specimen out of many of the arts employed to colour the American pretensions, the allegation produced by the American *Secretary of State*, Mr. Buchanan, in his official despatch to Mr. Pakenham, dated the 30th of August last, that 'Even British geographers have not disputed our title to the territories in question. There is a large and splendid globe now in the Department of the State, recently received from London, and published by Malby and Co., "manufacturers and publishers to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," which assigns this territory to the United States.' It turned out on inquiry that the globe had been ordered for the United States Government by the *American minister* at this Court, and that the boundary was so marked by the maker, from his desire to please the purchaser. Mr. Everett, the late American minister, a high-minded and honourable gentleman, has disclaimed having had any personal share in this imposition; but the reprehensible part of the affair is—not the having ordered the boundary to be so exhibited on a globe belonging to the American government, but—the disingenuous purpose and false colouring by which the fact was perverted.



Dr. Twiss on the other, afford *in extenso* all that can be said on every point of the subject. Our more limited object is to bring before our readers a much more summary view of the controversy.

Most of the writers on the Oregon Question have thought it necessary to accompany their argument with a map, and we too believe that some sketches which we have prepared will enable our readers to follow our observations with greater facility.

By this sketch our readers will see that the territory which has been recently called *Oregon* is the larger portion of that region of the north-west coast of America extending in longitude from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and in latitude from California to the Russian settlements—which has been generally known and exhibited by writers and geographers, as *NEW ALBION*; so called, ‘*in honour of his country*,’ by Sir Francis Drake, who, in

in 1579, first discovered the land in about the latitude of 48° ,* and thence coasted down to about 38° , where, in 'a fair and good baye,' to the northward of S. Francisco, he refitted his ships, and, accepting from the natives the sovereignty of the territory in the name and for the use of the Queen of England, he 'erected a pillar, bearing an inscription commemorative of this cession of sovereignty' (*Greenhow*). This barren sovereignty was soon forgotten, but the name of *New Albion* remained; and it was not till about 1832 that it began, as Mr. Greenhow tells us, to be called *Oregon*, from a name vaguely attributed by Carver, in his *Travels* (published 1778), to some 'Great River in the West,' which had been recently, and without any better authority that we can discover, applied to the Columbia. Our readers will see the motive of the United States for superseding the name of *New Albion*, and the still deeper and stronger one, for distinguishing by a peculiar name, *derived from the river*, all the country watered by the Columbia. Their first claim went no further than a common right to occupy a share of the region, which they afterwards enlarged to an exclusive sovereignty and dominion over all the territories watered by the river or its tributaries.

But even this unheard-of principle of appropriation has not satisfied the exigence of 'l'appétit qui vient en mangeant'—

'A river or a sea
Is to them a dish of tea,
And a kingdom bread and butter;'

for the United States now claim the whole region—two degrees further north than any source of the Columbia—even up to the Russian boundary in $54^{\circ} 40'$; thus wiping out *New Albion* from the map of the world, and altogether excluding British America from those seas into which Drake had guided the first European ship, and from those shores where he had planted the name of Albion 'in honour of his country,' and of which our Queen's subjects now are, and have been for thirty years, in undisturbed, and till very recently exclusive, possession.

Before we enter into the detail of the claims on which America may found her pretensions to such exclusive sovereignty, let us state one remarkable fact, which of itself would, in a court of justice, if there were one for nations, and ought, in the court of reason and public opinion, completely to bar those preten-

* There has been a vast deal of controversy raised by the Americans on this point; they insist that Drake reached no higher than 43° , instead of 48° ; and this because one anonymous account of his voyage, interpolated into Hakluyt, says 43° by, probably, an error of the press or the copyist, while the authentic account published from the notes of Drake's chaplain, by his nephew, and repeated by all his companions and contemporaries, gives the true reading of 48° . See Dr. Twiss for a full exposure of this crotchet.

sions. When the question of territorial right in New Albion was for the first time mooted in the conferences of London, subsequent to the treaty of Ghent, the American plenipotentiaries admitted that the United States 'did not assert a perfect right' to *any* portion of territory westward of the Rocky Mountains. England likewise had always professed that she did not pretend to an exclusive right: and on this mutual admission of imperfect, or to speak more exactly, *common* titles a convention was signed at London on the 28th of October, 1818, to the following effect:—

'The country to the westward of the Rocky Mountains, claimed by either party, with its bays, harbours, navigation of rivers, &c., shall be free and open for ten years to the two powers; it being well understood that this agreement shall not prejudice any claim *of either party*, or *of any other power or state*, to any *PART* of the said country: the only object of the parties being to prevent disputes and differences *amongst themselves*.'

Is it possible that either of the parties signing this acknowledgment of a claim, *joint* with respect to themselves, and *common* as to others, could have had any idea of advancing an *exclusive* one? But it will be answered, the saving clause preserves the right waived for the moment. It certainly does the right that was so waived; but what was that?—the right 'to *any part* of the said country to which they may have claims'—not '*the whole or any part*' (which is the invariable phraseology when there is a mixed question of a *whole* or of *parts*)—but any *part* of the said country to which they may have claims: thus solemnly acknowledging by treaty what their ministers admitted in statement—that it is a question of mixed rights, and negating any possible pretension to the *whole*. And if it should be said that the United States did not at that time possess the right of Spain (the real tenant in common with England), which they obtained only the year after by the Florida treaty, there is this conclusive reply,—that in 1827 the United States renewed for an indefinite period, in its specific terms, that very convention of 1818—which had been originally made for only ten years—and even repeated the saving clause as to the claims of the parties to '*any part* of the country;' with, however, one remarkable and important variation. The former convention saved also '*the claims of other powers*,' but in the interval between the two conventions, the Florida treaty with Spain (1819) and the British treaty with Russia (1825)—the only *other* powers who could pretend to any *part* of the territory—had disposed of *their* claims, and therefore the new convention preserved to England and the United States only, their respective claims to *parts*—although the United States were at that very time in full possession of every right to the
whole

whole that they can now pretend. The United States are about to give the stipulated twelve months' notice for the abrogation of this convention, and they may thereby place the parties in the mixed state in which they stood before the convention was made; but they never can alter the fact prior to and recognised in the convention, that 'the respective parties claimed only '*parts* of the country'—a common, mixed, and undivided, but divisible possession. Such is the indisputable meaning and legal effect of these conventions: and we bring this argument forward thus early, first, because, cogent as it is, we do not recollect that it has been before adduced, and also because it seems to us to be what the French call *une question préjudicielle*—a kind of demurrer which effectually anticipates and *bars* a claim to the *whole* by the prior confession that they could only claim a *part*.

It would be, in our view, going back quite far enough to take up the negotiation on the basis of these conventions, which have been in force now near thirty years, just half the whole independent existence of the United States; and if this question were to be decided not by popular masses, but by grave judges, neither party would venture to call in question rights so formally and repeatedly acknowledged. Well might the American Government object to submit their claims to *any* arbitrator—for no arbitrator would have listened for a moment to an attempt to invalidate the principle recognised in those conventions! But in order to give our readers a fair view of the controversy, it is necessary to state and examine the various claims with which it has been the policy of the United States to complicate and confuse so plain a case. They may be ranged under three heads, though each head comprises different and even contradictory pretensions—

I. The right of *Spain*, acquired to the United States by the Florida treaty.

II. The right of *France*, acquired by the purchase of Louisiana.

III. The right of the United States themselves, by the *discovery* and *settlement* of the Columbia river.

To this accumulation of titles there is an obvious and general objection, that they are inconsistent and irreconcilable with each other; if any one be sound, it defeats the other two. We cannot put this in a stronger light than by copying the statement of this part of the case from an article on Oregon in the '*North American Review*' for last January—a very able paper, to the principles and conclusions of which (with some slight exceptions not worth noticing) we can cordially assent. Its author (speaking in the name of a very important alliance of American learning and talent) is as zealous for the honour and interests of his country

as any honest man can be, but he does not waste his great ability in enforcing pretensions which can conduce neither to her interest nor honour. On the accumulation of claims he says,

‘This union of claims does not directly strengthen our title, for, if either of them be assumed to be well founded, our own proper claim disappears entirely; and conversely, if the claim in our own right be good, the French and Spanish titles are of no worth. We cannot pile these pretensions one upon another; their force is not cumulative, but disjunctive. If Spain actually surveyed the coast of Oregon and discovered the mouth of the Columbia in 1775, then Captain Gray in 1792, and Lewis and Clarke in 1805, were only intruders; and on the other hand, if the discoveries of Gray, Lewis, and Clarke make out a perfect right, if their explorations, in fact, can be called *discoveries*, then Oregon was vacant and unappropriated—a mere *terra incognita*, open to the first comer—down to 1792, and the antecedent claims of France and Spain are mere nonentities. We may, it is true, elect the strongest out of the three claims, and rest the whole of our title upon that, reserving the other two to be urged against the English, and thereby may weaken or break down their claim, though without demonstrating our own.’

This is an able abstract of the whole case, to which nothing need be added as to the conflict of claims: but it is necessary for us to show more distinctly that *no one* of the claims is valid,—and that, whether taken separately or conjunctly, they negative every pretence to exclusive dominion, while, on the other hand, they all tend to establish a case of common right to be adjusted by equitable partition.

I. As to the Spanish claim to an exclusive right, we hardly know where to find it. In earlier days, we have no doubt Spain would have alleged such a right under Pope Alexander’s division of the then newly discovered worlds, east and west, between Portugal and herself;—but Queen Elizabeth’s haughty denial of the Papal right, and her ostentatious adoption of Drake’s discovery and occupation of ‘*New Albion*’ put an end to that pretension: and we do not believe that Spain ever after, or at least in modern times, ventured to advance it publicly. It is certain at least that in her manifesto on the Nootka Sound affair she formally denied it.

‘His Catholic Majesty does deny—what the enemies to peace have industriously asserted—that Spain extends pretension and right of sovereignty over the whole South Sea [Pacific Ocean, North and South] as far as China. When the words “*sovereignty, navigation, and exclusive commerce to the continent and islands of the South Sea*” are made use of, it is in the manner in which Spain has always used those words:—that is to say, to the continent and islands of the South Sea, *so far as discoveries had been made and secured to him by treaties and commercial possession*, and uniformly acquiesced in.’—*Declaration of the King of Spain, Aranjuez, 4th June, 1790.*

This,

This, with the Nootka convention, which so soon followed, is a complete bar to the exclusive claim of the United States, as derived from Spain : but as they also set up a series of Spanish discoveries, we shall briefly notice them,—not that they can have any real influence on the argument, but that our readers may have a summary view of the whole case.

In 1539 Francisco de Ulloa explored both the eastern and western coasts of the lower portion of the peninsula of California.

In 1542 Cabrillo examined the western coast of California up to $37^{\circ} 10'$; and, he dying, his pilot Ferrelo pushed forward as far, it is said, as Cape Mendocino, $40^{\circ} 20'$, but it does not appear that he landed on the coast.*

In 1579 Sir Francis Drake, in attempting to find his way home by a northern passage, made the land in 48° , and coasted it down to 38° , where, 'in a good fair bay,' he refitted his ship and accepted from the natives the sovereignty of the country.

In 1582 Francisco Galli, in a trading voyage from China to Acapulco, made the coast in $37^{\circ} 30'$ and ran it down to that port.

In 1598 a voyage of discovery was undertaken by order of Philip III. under Viscaino and D'Aguilar; but it was interrupted and defeated by the sickness and death of both the commanders and most of the crews: the accounts are confused, and no otherwise worthy of notice, than that D'Aguilar was said to have discovered a river in 43° , which for a long time appeared in the maps as the '*Entrada D'Aguilar*,' and was supposed to be an entrance either to the Strait of Anian or the Gulf of California, but was afterwards discarded as fabulous, and is so treated by both Captain Cook (*sub* 6th March, 1778,) and Mr. Greenhow, and so need occupy no more present attention; though we have some suspicion that full justice has not been done to poor D'Aguilar, and that he may have seen the mouth of the Columbia; for though his latitude is erroneous, his description, vague as it is, agrees tolerably well with that of *Deception Bay*.

From that period for near two centuries Spain made no further attempt at discovery; and in fact took no more notice of this region than of any *terra incognita*. She did so little to explore even the confines of her own Mexican dominions, that California had become, in the opinion of all geographers, an island or cluster of islands; and La Martinière, '*Geographe du Roy d'Espagne*,' writing in 1728, praises M. Delisle for having, in a map recently published, been *bold enough* (*assez hardi pour oser*) to close the head of the Gulf, though even then it was only 'by a faint line, to express a doubt.'

* These Spanish voyages were made in vessels built on the coast of Mexico. Drake's, of course, came from Europe, and he was the first circumnavigator. Magellan's ship had preceded him—but Magellan himself died on the passage.

One of the reasons of the apparent apathy of Spain may have been the reluctance (a very prudent one, as the event showed) of that cautious government to meddle with a wild and valueless country, protected by the patronymic of *New Albion*, and where the name *Porto de Draco*, still prominent on their maps and charts, warned them of a prior, and, if roused, powerful claimant. Certain it is that they never made any attempt at a settlement, nor even at a survey of the coast.

At length, however, the spirit of maritime discovery, kindled in Europe under the auspices of George III., and the enterprises of the Russians at the extreme north-west of America, awakened the Spaniards. They resolved to occupy the vacant coasts and islands adjoining their settled territories, and to explore the more distant shores. Between 1769 and 1779 ten Presidios or posts were established along the coast of Upper California, of which S. Francisco was the most northerly.

In 1774 a naval expedition under Juan Perez sailed from S. Blas, in Mexico, and touching at S. Diego, in California, stood out to sea, *avoiding the whole coast of New Albion*, and did not again make the coast of America till 53° 53' N. He thence pushed on to 55°, and returning southward *is said* to have anchored in the bay of S. Lorenzo, in 49° 30', which the Spanish writers, on very dubious grounds, affect to identify with that discovered by Cook four years later, and called Nootka Sound. But Perez seems not to have *landed* anywhere—prevented, he said, by bad weather; and the Spanish government never allowed any account of his proceedings to transpire. This, says Mr. Greenhow,

'reflected little honour on the courage or science of the navigators, and it has deprived Spain of the means of establishing beyond question the claim of Perez to the discovery of the important harbour called Nootka Sound, which is now by general consent assigned to Captain Cook.'—*Hist.*, p. 114.

In 1775 another expedition was sent out in the same direction under Don Bruno Heceta. He coasted up a little to the northward of Cape Mendocino, *whence he stood out to sea*, and did not make the coast again till 48° 36'. On his return, however, he saw in about 46° 9' a great bay, the head of which he could not ascertain, but which he believed, 'from the currents and eddies, to be the mouth of some great river or passage to another sea.' The Spanish government maintained a close silence as to this voyage also, and what was known of it was from the private journal of a pilot in the squadron, which fell into the hands of Mr. Daines Barrington, who translated and published it in his '*Miscellanies*,' 1781.*

* We need say nothing of Cook's voyage in 1776, &c., when he examined the coast from 44° up to Behring's Straits; it has no other bearing on this part of the case than that it was the *first continuous examination* of the coast between 44° and 49°.

The silence of the Spanish government about these expeditions, of which other nations would have boasted, and the slight curiosity, or rather marked reserve, they showed as to the coast of New Albion, tend to corroborate our former opinion that the Spanish court was under the tacit influence of the English claim—and well they might be; for at the very first instant that they questioned that claim, the matter was brought to a sudden and decisive issue, which *has superseded all the earlier transactions*, whatever they might have been, and placed the matter, as between England and Spain, on, we will not say a new, but on a clear and distinct foundation. Nootka Sound had become in 1789 a rendezvous for the ships employed in the north-west trade, and some Englishmen had begun to establish themselves there. This the Spaniards determined to prevent, thinking it, as we strongly suspect, a favourable occasion to begin a struggle for the exclusive dominion of those parts. Nootka was in $49^{\circ} 30'$, and therefore beyond Drake's northern limit; and they claimed the port itself by right of the alleged discovery by Perez. Here, then, was a plausible case to begin with. But England was not to be so duped: she armed, and forced Spain—1st, to retract her pretensions; 2nd, to compensate the parties she had injured; and 3rd, to sign a convention by which she acknowledged that the whole coast northward of any then existing Spanish settlement was free and open, either for trade or settlement, to the subjects of both or any other nations. The effect, as far as regards our present purpose, of this convention was to extinguish all the pretensions of Spain to the dominion or sovereignty of any part of the north-west coast of America north of S. Francisco, her most northerly settlement.

This the United States cannot gainsay; but they allege that this convention was extinguished by the war of 1796 between Spain and England, and that therefore—this treaty not having been revived by the treaty of Madrid, August, 1814—

'Spain might, as before the convention, claim the exclusive navigation of the Pacific and Southern Ocean, and the sovereignty of all their American coasts.'—*Greenhow*, p. 258.

This seems the wildest assertion we ever read; for it implies that the Nootka Sound convention was the only obstacle to the full authority of the Alexandrine bull—an obvious absurdity! All that the expiration of the Nootka convention (if it had expired) could do, would be to place Spain where she was before that convention; and the King of Spain's Declaration (June, 1790) of his rights at the outset of that negotiation, as we have seen (*ante*, p. 572), entirely repudiates such extravagant rights as Mr. Greenhow labours to derive from Pope Alexander. We need not fight these windmills. But was that convention extinguished by the war?

The

The United States quote as conclusive on this point a passage in a dispatch from Lord Bathurst to Mr. Adams in a discussion in 1815 on the Newfoundland fisheries:—

‘Great Britain knows no exception to the rule, that all treaties are put an end to by a subsequent war between the same parties.’—*Oct. 30, 1815.*

But they do not always quote the following passage of the same dispatch, which qualifies that assertion:—

‘It is by no means unusual for treaties containing *recognitions and acknowledgments of title in the nature of perpetual obligation* to contain likewise grants of privileges liable to revocation.’—*Ib.*

and Lord Bathurst proceeds to instance the treaty of American Independence, which was not held to have been annulled by the late American war, and a proposition for the formal renewal of which by the treaty of Ghent would have been rejected by America as an insult.

The United States’ diplomatists and Mr. Greenhow—as well as Dr. Twiss, who is obliged to follow them—throw away a great deal of ingenuity and learning in distinguishing what treaties are and what are not extinguished by a subsequent war. The short state of the case we take to be this: war relieves parties from the *obligation* of antecedent treaties, and leaves them at liberty—without an imputation of bad faith—to make at another peace the best terms each may be able to do; and so far the first proposition is correct, that war annuls treaties—or, to speak more exactly, the *obligation* of treaties; but where treaties involve ‘recognition and acknowledgment of title,’ or other matters of a declaratory or permanent nature, and which there is no intention to disturb, then hostilities only render the treaty voidable—not void; give a *right* of alteration—but if that right of alteration be not exercised, then the obligation of the former treaty survives.

Thus, in the case before cited, England by the treaty of 1783 recognised the independence, sovereignty, and territorial extent of the United States. The United States chose to declare war on England in 1812. In the course of that war, the treaty of 1783 did not and could not prevent the United States invading Canada, nor England invading the United States; and if the success of their arms had enabled, and if their policy had so disposed either belligerent, the treaty of 1783 could have been no obstacle to its imposing on its antagonist a new territorial arrangement; but as no territorial advantages were sought on either side, the permanent territorial portion of the treaty of 1783 survived, and was, it may be said, tacitly confirmed by the treaty of Ghent. So undoubtedly, if in the gigantic war in which France had engaged Spain and the whole world against England, we had been
worsted,

worsted, it would have been no breach of faith in Spain to have renounced the Nootka convention, or in France to have recovered Canada; but as the issue of the contest was (we will say as fortunately for them as for us) widely different, the treaties of 1815 required no new renunciation by France of her title to Canada, nor by Spain of her title to New Albion. Nor was it ever thought necessary, after any of our Spanish wars, to confirm our right to Gibraltar, or repeat the agreements of boundaries round that fortress: and so far from all treaties being abrogated *by war*, an article in our treaty with America in 1794 stipulates what shall be done *in case of war*, viz., that private debts and property shall not be seized or confiscated.

But this, though abundant, is not all. The Nootka convention *was renewed* by the treaty of 1815 in these words:—

‘All the treaties of commerce which at that period (1796) subsisted between the two nations are hereby ratified and confirmed.’

Every article of the Nootka convention has a relation to ‘commerce;’ and the renunciation of the exclusive dominion of Spain is in the form of giving to the subjects of Great Britain full liberty ‘*to carry on their commerce and make settlements.*’ Thus the portion of the convention affecting the *title* did not require special confirmation; but, happening to be mixed up with matters of *trade*, has received it—and so it stood and stands on ‘assurance made doubly sure.’ Our readers may probably wonder that men of such distinguished abilities as many of the United States’ diplomatists and literary advocates certainly are, should have wasted so much labour and ingenuity on so worthless an argument; but besides the short reason of *having none better*, it was the only one that afforded the slightest shadow of a claim to the *exclusive* dominion which the United States have latterly advanced; and therefore it is that we have seen the leading men of the great Western Republic endeavouring to resuscitate that Bull of *Alexander Borgia* which has been for near four centuries the wonder and derision of the world.*

II. The claim of the United States, as derived from France through Louisiana, is in itself much more easily disposed of: for

* It has been so; but its original conception was by no means so monstrous as the modern attempt to revive it. The Pope at that time (let us forget that the individual was *Alexander Borgia*) was the only umpire in whom the two contending parties—Spain and Portugal—would have acknowledged any authority as an expounder of international law, and his Bull went on what is, after all, the original ground of the right of discovery against a native race—the propagation of civilization and Christianity. ‘To give the devil his due,’ and really to explain one of the fundamentals of international law, we say thus much for the *Alexandrine Bull*; but it could bind none but the parties to it, and England took the earliest and most effectual measures not merely to *protest* against it, but to deny and defy it.

Louisiana had been ceded to Spain in 1764, and was under the dominion of Spain at the time of the Nootka convention ; whatever rights, therefore, Louisiana could confer were subjected to the provisions of that treaty, and when Spain regranted it to France in 1800 she could, of course, grant no more than she possessed. It is, therefore, unnecessary for us to expend space so limited as ours in showing from Dr. Twiss's arguments (to which we could, if necessary, add some important considerations), that whether in the hands of France, or Spain, or the United States, Louisiana never had nor ever could have—and that France or Spain never even claimed for her—the slightest colour of right to any portion of the western side of the American continent. The United States, however, have lately produced—as arising out of their actual possession of Louisiana, another argument, which has been too often the secret cause of international differences, but never was before, as we believe, so nakedly avowed—*contiguity and convenience*. The waters of the Columbia are only separated from the Missouri by the Rocky Mountains—the Rocky Mountains are not impassable—and it would be very *convenient* to the citizens of Missouri to pass over into the Columbian territory. Buonaparte himself never ventured on this *convenient* reason for annexing Lombardy to France because they were only separated by the Alps. We shall not follow our learned guide, Dr. Twiss, in distinguishing the cases to which the doctrine of *contiguity and convenience* may or may not apply : we need only to say that it tells, *valeat quantum*, altogether in our favour ; for a glance at the map will show that the country *north* of the main Columbia is as *contiguous* to our undisputed possessions which bound the United States along the 49th parallel, as all *south* of the main Columbia is to Missouri, and that we offer to divide the convenience by the natural features of *contiguity*, while the Republic seeks to engross all—and thus, which is really a curiosity in logic, claims the *whole* on a plea which in its very extreme terms could give her but *half*.

III. The third and last head—recent discovery and occupation by the United States, is, when coupled with the Nootka convention, the real and indeed, we think, only ground on which the United States can build any rational argument ; and we never should have heard of any other, but that both the facts and the reasoning of this branch of the case negative the possibility of an *exclusive* dominion, and can lead no further than to an *equitable division*. As this matter approaches more nearly the practical solution of the difficulty, it will be necessary to enter into some detail, though the earlier facts we are about to notice rather belong to and are included in the discussion of the Spanish claim.

In 1596 an old Greek pilot, properly called *Apostolos Valerianus*, who had been employed in the Pacific under the name of *Juan de Fuca*, informed a British consul at Venice that he had, somewhere about the year 1590, sailed from the Pacific to the Atlantic through a strait which opened between 47° and 48° N. lat. This fable—an example of *quid Græcia mendax audet*—as well as a later story that an Admiral de Fonte, in 1640, had made a similar passage, partly by sea, partly by rivers and lakes, in latitude 53° —these fables, we say, circumstantially and plausibly told, excited a strong desire to discover the supposed passages. Towards this object were directed the Spanish expeditions under Perez and Heceta, already mentioned; those under Cook and Vancouver; and several attempts by individual British traders, particularly one by Lieut. Meares, an officer of the Royal Navy, but employed by a private association under the East India Company's flag. One of the English adventurers, of the name of Barclay, having discovered, in about $48^{\circ} 30'$, a deep strait, Meares further explored it; and this officer, good-naturedly fancying that it might possibly be the foundation of Juan de Fuca's fable, too generously named it after the old pilot, taking however at the same time possession of the neighbouring territory in the name of the King of England. Meares having met the United States' trading vessel *Washington*, informed her master, Mr. Kendrick, of the Straits of Fuca, which accordingly the *Washington* entered, and, as Meares states, sailed through, coming out at the northern end. This last point was matter of controversy; but we agree with Mr. Greenhow that—

'Kendrick is to be considered as the first person belonging to a civilised nation who sailed through the Straits of Fuca.'—*Hist.*, p. 219.

but we do not agree with the exception which he afterwards makes in favour of a previous passage by the Greek Pilot. The matter is of little moment—the main and only important point of the Greek's story, that he had sailed through to the Atlantic, being so utterly false; but as the real strait differs one degree from the alleged position, and the local description of the strait is wholly unlike the reality—we doubt whether Fuca even saw the strait, and suspect that, by Meares's generosity, *Fuca's Strait* will be, like *America* itself, another example of the misappropriation of names. Mr. Kendrick, however, only sailed through the north channel, while Vancouver and his officers minutely surveyed the whole, and, on the shores of the great southern branch called Admiralty Inlet, took possession of the country by the old style of New Albion, in the name of the King of England, on his Majesty's birthday, 4th June, 1792—calling the inland sea the Gulf of Georgia, and the immediate scene of the ceremony *Possession*

Sound. All this is minutely detailed in Vancouver's Voyage, published in 1801; so that Spain, the United States, and all the world, were well aware of this assertion of sovereignty on the part of Great Britain, and made no protest against it; and this acquiescence, be it observed, was nine years after the United States' claim to the discovery of the Columbia. To this discovery we must now apply ourselves.

Heceta, on his return voyage in August, 1775, discovered, as we have seen, 'a great bay' in $46^{\circ} 9'$. If his neglect to examine it be little creditable to the Spaniard, still more blamable is the strange inattention of the English navigators who followed him. Meares, looking especially for the river which might be expected to be found falling into Heceta's bay, found the bay indeed, with its great swell and continuous breakers, and rashly pronouncing that '*no such river exists*,' called the bay *Deception Bay*, and its north point *Cape Disappointment*. Cook was not more successful in March, 1778. He passed along this coast, and not only missed the Columbia, but missed also the Straits of Fuca, though he was so close upon them as to think for a moment that he had found them. How he missed them seems hard to understand, for he saw the promontory round which they lay, and called it *Cape Flattery*, from the hopes the opening beyond it had excited. Vancouver's proceedings were still less satisfactory. He was specially instructed, as his *first object*, to look for 'considerable inlets' or 'large rivers' (*Vancouver*, i. 61); and he made Meares's *Cape Disappointment*, and entered *Deception Bay*.

'Here,' he says, 'the sea had now changed its colour, *the probable consequence of some streams falling into the bay*.'—*Vanc.*, ii. 34.

Very true; he was at the mouth of the Columbia, and one of the 'first objects' of his mission was before him; but

'Not considering this opening as worthy of more attention, I continued our pursuit [of what?] to the north-west, being desirous to embrace the advantages of the prevailing breeze and pleasant weather, *so favourable to our examination of the coast*!'—*Ib.*

It is clear that Vancouver, unluckily for his own reputation, and perhaps for the peace of the world, acquiesced in Meares's *Deception*. He was soon disabused; but, with the candour of a British officer, he disdained to alter the record of his original mistake. He proceeds to relate that on Sunday morning, the 29th of April, being in sight of the most remarkable mountain yet seen on the coast of New Albion, biforked and covered with eternal snow, and named by Meares *Mount Olympus*—

'A sail was discovered. She proved to be the ship *Columbia*, commanded by Mr. *Robert Gray*, belonging to Boston, whence she had been absent about nineteen months. He informed us of his having
been

been off the mouth of a river in the latitude $46^{\circ} 10'$, where the outset or reflux was so strong as to prevent his entering for nine days. This was probably the opening passed by us on the forenoon of the 27th, and was apparently inaccessible, not from the current but from breakers that extended across it.'—*Vanc.*, ii. 41–43.

Vancouver was still incredulous as to any navigable opening, and did not even then think it worth while to return, though it was only a day's sail, to examine it; but on his arrival, some months later, at Nootka, he learned from the Spanish commandant, Señor Quadra, that Mr. Gray, after parting from Vancouver about the end of April, returned to Deception Bay, and on the 11th of May passed the breakers and ran into the river, to which he gave the name of his ship the Columbia. There he remained for a few days, unable to get out; but on doing so he seems to have returned to Nootka, where he gave Señor Quadra a chart of the river, a copy of which Quadra gave to Vancouver. Here is Mr. Greenhow's account of this event:—

'At daybreak on the 11th [May, 1792] Gray observed the entrance of his desired port, bearing E.N.E. distant six leagues; and running into it with all sails set between the breakers (which Meares and Vancouver pronounce impassable) he anchored at one o'clock in a large river of fresh water, ten miles above its mouth. At this spot he remained three days engaged in trading and filling his water-casks, and then sailed up the river twelve or fifteen miles along its northern shore, when finding that he could proceed no farther from having "*taken the wrong channel*," he came to anchor. During the week which followed he made several attempts to quit the river, but was constantly baffled until at length on the 20th he crossed the bar at the mouth by beating over it with a westerly wind, and regained the Pacific.'—*Hist.*, p. 236.

It has been hitherto assumed that Mr. Gray's was the *first* ship that ever passed into the Columbia; we believe it, but have no positive evidence. Señor Quadra told Vancouver that Gray had discovered the river, and gave him a sketch of it; but all the details of the discovery rest on an 'extract' from Mr. Gray's log-book, first produced to the world in a note to the report on the Oregon question of a Committee of the House of Representatives, made by Mr. Baylies 15th of May, 1826. This log-book had never, that we know of, been *before* heard of, and it is not *now* forthcoming, having unaccountably '*disappeared*' (*Greenhow*, 434) since 1816*—just at the time when it had become of great importance.

* There is an inconsistency in the account given of this 'extract,' which should be noticed. The report of the Committee, dated the 15th of May, 1826, states that it was made 'from the original log-book of Captain Gray, and now in the possession of Charles Bulfinch, Esq., one of the owners of the ship Columbia, by whom it has been communicated to the Committee;' whereas Mr. Greenhow states that 'the extract was made in 1816 by Mr. Bulfinch from the second volume of the log-book then in the possession of Captain Gray's heirs,

portance. We, however, rest nothing on this accident; we will presume that the extract given in the 'Report' is a true copy, and that Mr. Gray passed the bar of the Columbia on the 11th of May, 1792. But then it is at least equally certain that a British vessel called the Jenny of Bristol, James Baker master, had also passed the bar '*in the earlier part of the same year*;' (*Vancouver*, iii. 121)—but whether before or after Mr. Gray, nobody seems to have thought worth inquiring or recording, not imagining that the accidental visit of either of these trading vessels could be of any future consequence. But although the words, '*earlier part of the year*,' might well mean a time earlier than the 11th of May, we think that, had Mr. Baker preceded Mr. Gray, Vancouver could hardly have omitted to say so, and we therefore, for the argument, admit the priority of Gray. We admit also that Gray's vessel may have proceeded twelve or fifteen miles up the inlet, but '*by a wrong channel*.' He had not hit upon the *river*, properly so called—while his proceedings, on the *shores* of which, we are now told, he acquired the territorial sovereignty, are dispatched in the following short entry of the log:—

'May 15.—In the afternoon Mr. Gray and Mr. Hoskins, in the jolly boat, *went ashore to take a short view of the country*.'—*Greenhow*, p. 435.

But we now arrive at a transaction of an entirely different character from the trading visit of either Gray or Baker. Captain Vancouver, having heard from Quadra of Gray's discovery of the river, felt it to be, as it certainly was, the duty of his mission to return to re-examine the bay so appropriately named *Deception*. On his arrival there he found the appearance of the bay as unpromising as before; but he now stood in closer, and after very serious difficulty and danger, his tender, the Chatham, commanded by Lieutenant Broughton, effected (20th October, 1792) an entrance, which Vancouver himself, in the Discovery, was unable to do, and he bore away for San Francisco, where he was to wait for the Chatham. Lieutenant Broughton, on making his way in, was surprised to find at anchor in an interior angle of the harbour, behind Cape Disappointment, the schooner Jenny before mentioned, which having entered the river '*in the earlier*

heirs, but has since disappeared.' Thus Greenhow states the extract to have been made by Bulfinch in 1816, since which the original had disappeared. The Committee, on the contrary, state that the extract was made by them in 1826 from the *original then* in the possession of Mr. Bulfinch, and communicated to them. These are serious discrepancies, and there is in the log itself a statement that requires explanation. Gray calls it '*a great fresh-water river*,' and says that he filled his water-casks from it. Now the American officers, Captains Lewis and Clarke, who came down the Columbia, found the river twenty miles from its mouth *salt*, and they had no water but '*some rain-water which they caught*,' and some of the men were sick from having attempted to use the salt water.

part

part of the year,' on her outward voyage, had come in again on her way homeward, but had been for some weeks shut in by the state of the weather and the difficulties of the exit. Broughton, on proceeding to survey the inlet, found that the copy of Gray's chart communicated by Quadra, '*did not much resemble what it purported to represent*' (*Vancouver*, iii. 87). After he had passed the bar, he found himself in a wide and deep estuary—a space, from three to seven miles wide, full of islands and shoals—rather to be considered as a *sound* than as a part of the river, which he found, when he arrived at it, not more than half a mile wide.

After proceeding in the Chatham a few miles up the sound to a bay which Gray, as appeared by his chart, had reached, and which Broughton therefore called by Gray's name—as he had named his first anchorage Baker's Bay, from the master of the Jenny, whom he had found there—Lieutenant Broughton, finding the navigation beyond Gray's Bay very intricate, anchored the vessel, and took to his boats. He proceeded in them about twenty miles further to the *mouth of the river*, which he ascended with very hard labour for seven days, about eighty-four miles upward; when, his supplies failing, it became necessary to return:—

'Previous to which, however, he formally took possession of the river and the country in its vicinity in his Britannic Majesty's name, having every reason to believe that the *subjects of no other civilised nation had ever entered this river before*. In this opinion he was confirmed by Mr. Gray's sketch, by which it does not appear that Mr. Gray ever saw or was ever within five leagues of its entrance.'—*Vancouver*, iii. 109.

These are the whole facts of the case as to the discovery of the *Columbia*; and if there accrues out of these transactions any right of sovereignty, can it be denied that, according to all the principles of public law as well as common sense, it belongs not to the casual visitor,* who never thought of any such occupation, but to the country of which Lieut. Broughton was the authorised representative?

But let us suppose a different, and, for the United States, much stronger case—suppose that Mr. Gray had been a public servant delegated *ad hoc* and had actually landed and taken a formal and official possession—or even founded an establishment; what effect, beyond the vicinity actually occupied, could that have had on a coast which England had always maintained, and which she and Spain had just by solemn covenant declared to be free and open, wherever not already settled, to the subjects of either or of any other power? Mr. Gray might have made an establishment

* Mr. Simpson says that Gray was employed in a *smuggling* trade: this must mean, we suppose, with reference to the Spanish ports to the southward.

on the Columbia—as Mr. Astor did twenty years later—without any objection from England, who, from the days of Elizabeth to those of Victoria, has asserted no more than a common right of occupancy, in opposition to exclusive dominion.

The facts and law of the case being thus on all points clearly against the United States, they were driven to the extravagant proposition before mentioned—namely, that the discovery of the mouth of a river (even when the coast where it is found has been known, surveyed—nay, disputed) gives to the country of the discoverer—even if a private traveller or trader—territorial dominion and sovereignty over all the regions that may be watered by that river or any of its tributaries—even the smallest rill of the most distant mountains. And in support of this before unheard-of doctrine we are told of analogous precedents from history and confirmatory opinions from eminent writers. For an examination of this sophistry, in its details, we must again refer to Dr. Twiss; but we can, we think, refute it sufficiently by a few general observations.

And, first, as to public law. The United States have taken it by the wrong end, and are reading it backwards. Grotius, Vattel, and other jurists say indeed that the discovery and possession of a country gives a right to all it contains—mountains, lakes, and especially rivers, as *means of communication* without which the territory would be valueless; but they do *not* say—as the United States *preposterously* allege—that the discoverer of a river acquires a right to all the territory it may be found to water. Everybody has a right to a high road; but it does not follow that the trustees of the high road have a right to all the estates it may traverse. The possession of the banks of a river gives, in some cases, rights over the stream; but we boldly assert that there is not to be found in law or history an instance where a right to the banks has been derived from the river itself. The proposition is a manifest absurdity. The *principle* of public as well as of municipal law is, that water is of common use—*aquarum communis est usus omnibus*—and the *policy* of all law, public and municipal, has been to defeat any monopoly of a navigable water. But try this pretension, not by reason only but by precedent—can we imagine a claim to all Central Asia by the discovery of the mouth of the Ganges? Has England—as the ‘North American Review’ asks—from discovering the mouth of the Niger, claimed the sovereignty of Central Africa? We carry the argument a step further. *Discovery* cannot give any right that, *à fortiori*, would not belong to *possession*—for discovery, as all jurists agree, is valid only as a step to possession. Now, does the possession of the mouths of rivers give any territorial rights over the countries drained by their waters? for instance—of the



the Rhone to France over Switzerland, Savoy, and the Valais?—or of the Rhine to Holland over Western Germany and Eastern France?—or of the river St. Lawrence to England over the whole of the Great Lakes and all its and their tributaries? Or, to cite a more recent precedent—Did the United States admit that the possession of the mouth and many hundred miles of the more navigable portion of the river *St. John's* in New Brunswick gave Great Britain a right to its upper waters, which ran through lands lately waste and uninhabited, but which had been explored and partially settled by her subjects? We regret, on many accounts, that the north-west boundary was not settled with the north-east boundary by the Treaty of Washington in 1842. We should have been curious to see how the United States would have managed to distinguish their claim to the territories watered by the Columbia from the infinitely more intelligible claim which England might have made to the territories watered by the *St. John's*. But England, having substantial claims to the Upper *St. John's*, never thought of advancing so visionary a title.

But the United States endeavour to help this claim by another of a totally different nature—the journey of exploration made down the Columbia, by Captains Lewis and Clarke, by order of President Jefferson, in 1806, three years after the acquisition of Louisiana. The President's own message to Congress, and his instructions to the officers, state the scope and object of this expedition:—

‘To explore the river Missouri from its confluence with the Mississippi to its source, and crossing the highlands by the shortest portage, to seek the first navigable water communication thence to the Pacific Ocean—entering into conference with the Indians on their route, with a view to the establishment of commerce with them.’—*Lewis and Clarke*, viii. and x.

and these Indians the President refers to as ‘inhabiting the country west of the Mississippi,’—that is Missouri country.

Here is no mention of *Gray's* river—no direction to look for the *Columbia*—no pretence of discovery—no assertion of any possessory rights in those parts—no authority to acquire any: quite the reverse: they were to explore—to establish commercial relations with the then *independent* natives of the Missouri—and to find the shortest portage between the waters of the east and the west—which western waters in the sequel turned out to be the *Kooskooskee*, a smaller branch of a river, by them called *Lewis's*, and which itself was found to be one of the southern branches of the *Columbia*. When these gentlemen arrived with great difficulty on the navigable *Columbia*, they fell in with and recognised the previous discoveries of the British officers, whose

whose names of objects they adopted, and make not the slightest allusion to Mr. Gray: nay, we cannot make out that anything more of Gray was known to them, or indeed to any one else, than was told in Vancouver's voyage. To the total silence of Mr. Jefferson and Captains Lewis and Clarke as to Gray's name and discovery, we have to add a curious fact. Gray gave to the north cape of the Columbian estuary, named by Meares '*Disappointment*,' the name of '*Cape Hancock*,' and to the southern point that of '*Adams*,' and he probably so marked them on the sketch which Quadra gave to Vancouver. Vancouver on his chart very properly preserved the name of '*Cape Disappointment*,' which Meares had given before Gray saw it; but he, with equal propriety, preserved the name that Gray had *first* given to the other, '*Point Adams*.' Now, when Lewis and Clarke come to talk of these capes, we hear nothing of '*Cape Hancock*;' and of the other they say—

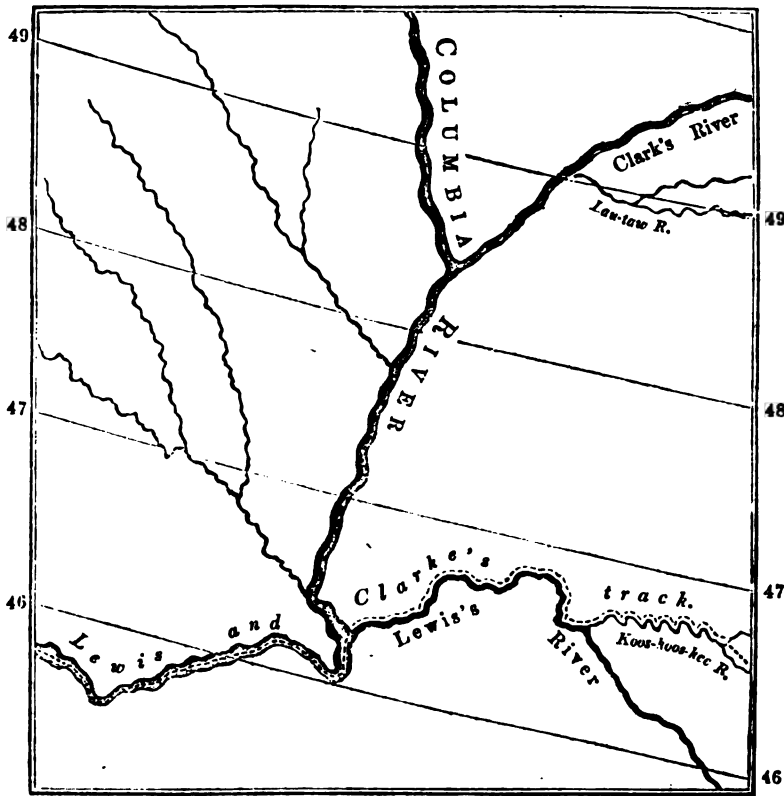
'The point called *Cap Rond* by La Peyrouse, and *Point Adams*, by Vancouver—Ib. 400—

clearly ignorant that '*Adams*' was the name given by the American citizen in honour of the American President, and only repeated on his authority by the British officer.

This expedition of Captains Lewis and Clarke wintered from the 9th of December, 1805, to the 23rd of March, 1806, in a few wooden huts erected by them on the left or south side of the river, and thence returned, step by step as they had come, back into the Missouri country.

Very easy it would be to show that this expedition had none of the characteristics that could confer sovereignty and dominion on the nation which ordered it. The officers were not authorised to do any act of possession; they did nothing of the kind. A paper which they left with the natives, to be shown to any ship that might arrive (*ib.* 492), negatives any such intention; and the going back step by step as they had come—not even being tempted to pursue the great Columbia, even to its junction with the branch which they named *en l'air* after Captain Clarke—proves that having found a passage between the eastern and western waters they had done their duty, and were satisfied. But we need not insist on these details, because it does so happen that they did not even touch upon any part of the territory which England claims—except that portion of the Lower Columbia which Broughton had already surveyed, and which England has proposed as the common boundary. So that again, if these gentlemen had been authorised to take possession of all they saw, and had done so, they would have not touched our original claim to the whole right bank, and still less *Mr. Dargan's proposition*; for

so far from reaching 49° , the most northern point reached by the travellers was $46^{\circ} 48'$. In their zeal, however, for the *exclusive* pretension, the cabinet of Washington has fallen into some misstatements of several essential facts of this expedition, which Dr. Twiss has exposed, and which it is necessary that we should shortly advert to. To make our observations the more intelligible, we subjoin a fac-simile of that portion of their map which relates to this part of their journey. The *size of the rivers* and the *size of the letters* used in designating the rivers are faithfully copied, and deserve attention.



As early as the negotiation of 1824 Mr. Rush stated that—
 'the Columbia river extended by the river Mulnomah to as low as 42° ,
 and by Clarke's river as high as 51° , if not beyond.'—*ap. Twiss, 336.*
 The imperfect geographical knowledge of that period would be
 some excuse for a party who was not claiming under a pretension
 of

of scientific exploration, but, in truth, Mr. Rush was mistaken no less than two degrees to the southward and about as much to the northward. But the following misstatements are much more serious, and, as far as we can see, without any excuse.

Mr. Calhoun says that the expedition, having—

‘reached the Kooskooshee in lat. $43^{\circ} 34'$, descended that to the principal northern branch, which they called Lewis. They followed that [the Lewis] to its junction with the great northern branch, which they called Clarke; thence descended to the mouth of the river, where they landed and encamped on the north side of Cape Disappointment.’—*ap. Twiss*, 337.

This statement Mr. Buchanan subsequently repeats, adding—

‘That Messrs. Lewis and Clarke, under a commission from their Government, first explored the waters of this river almost *from its head-springs* to the Pacific, passing the winter of 1805-6 *on its northern shore*, near the ocean.’—*Ib.* 336.

Now we are obliged to say that every point of both these statements is contrary to the facts stated by the American officers themselves; as will be best seen by comparing the statements with the sketch: by which our readers will see—

1st. That they came on the Kooskooskee *not* in $43^{\circ} 34'$, but in about $46^{\circ} 34'$.

2nd. That the Lewis is a southern and *not* a principal *northern* branch.

3rd. That they did *not* explore the waters of the Columbia from almost their head springs to the sea; they explored only a minor stream, the Kooskooskee; they explored a small portion of the Lewis, and no part whatsoever of the Clarke.

4th. That they did *not* follow the Lewis to ‘its junction with the great northern branch called Clarke;’—that they never were within two degrees of the junction with the Clarke;—that they *never saw* and knew *nothing* whatsoever about the Clarke, except that somewhere in the mountains, while making towards the Kooskooskee, they crossed ‘a river to which they gave the name of Clarke.’ This stream they did not know to be an affluent of the Columbia, but it was so represented in their map from the reports of the natives.

5th. Mr. Calhoun says that ‘they encamped on the *north* side of the river, and wintered!’ Mr. Buchanan also says ‘they *wintered on the north shore*.’ Mr. Greenhow repeats and improves on the errors of both by saying the expedition ‘descended the Lewis *into* the *northern* branch called the Clarke, and *wintered on the northern bank*,’—the wintering place is beyond this sketch, but by reference to another sketch (p. 594) it will be seen that all this is utterly untrue. When the exploring party descended the river they did indeed bivouac or encamp on the north side for a few

few dreary and miserable nights, which they passed in great distress and danger while looking about for a proper place for *wintering*; but they crossed over as soon as they could to the *south* side, and there they built log-houses, and *wintered from the 9th December to the 23rd March*. When we recollect that these statements were made in answer to a proposition from England to divide the territory by the main stream of the Columbia, she taking the north and the United States the south bank, it will be easily seen why the imaginary exploration of the *Clarke* and the ideal wintering encampment on the *north* bank are made so prominent.

We cannot suspect Messrs. Calhoun or Buchanan of having intentionally made these misstatements, which we incline rather to attribute to the misguiding of Mr. Greenhow, who seems to be a very unscrupulous, as he certainly is a very inaccurate, adviser. Such misstatements, however, were not worth making; first, because they are so easy of detection; and secondly, because, even if true, they are of little value; for—we repeat it—such an expedition could never, in any case, constitute a possessory title; and if it did, it so happens that it never touched any portion of the territory that England claims, except in that portion of the lower Columbia where the English proposition admits the river to be common to both.

Here we must shortly notice the earlier explorations of our own countrymen:—

‘In 1793 Mackenzie discovered and passed down a considerable portion of Frazer’s River, and was the *first white man who explored this region*. How then can the United States with any consistency deny the British claim to the region drained by the Frazer?’—*North American Review*, p. 242.

As to the Columbia, Mr. Greenhow admits

‘the first white person who navigated the northern branch of the Columbia, or traversed any part of the country drained by it, was Mr. David Thomson, Surveyor and Astronomer of the British North-west Company, and his followers, in the spring of 1811.’—(*Hist.*, p. 297.)

This, under an apparent candour, is, after Mr. Greenhow’s usual style, an essential misrepresentation of the facts. Mr. Thomson was indeed the first white who ever navigated the Northern Columbia, but he did so long prior to 1811. As early as October, 1800, Mr. Thomson—who is still living in Montreal—with six Canadians and four or five Indians, crossed the Rocky Mountains in latitude 51° N., and descended one of the great northern branches of the Columbia River, which he called M’Gillivray’s River. He descended this river for a good distance, when he was driven back by a band of a powerful tribe of Indians, and compelled to re-cross the Rocky Mountains.

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In 1807 Mr. Thomson again crossed the Rocky Mountains, and established, not far from the source of the Columbia, a fortified trading post, and there passed two winters: the summer season he was employed in exploring the country.

In 1809 he established a trading post on the Flathead or Clarke's River, between latitudes 47° and 48° N., and wintered there. During these three years (1807—1810) several trading posts were established on different parts of the Columbia River, its branches, and lakes.

In 1810 Mr. Thomson wintered on the Columbia River, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, about 100 miles from its source, and spent the ensuing summer in exploring the country; and for six successive years employed himself in exploring and surveying the main Columbia River and all its great branches, and settling the position of these places by numerous astronomical observations. All this was prior to the settlement of Astoria, of which we shall have to speak presently; but here we pause to repeat the observation made by the North American reviewer as to the Frazer River, that if the expedition of Lewis and Clarke conferred any right to the territories drained by the southern tributaries they descended, the British have the same claim to the territory drained by the main river, which Mr. Thomson was confessedly the first to explore.

So far, we think, we have, step by step, refuted the multifarious claims of the United States; one other only remains, that of actual occupation and possession, and the acknowledgment by England of that title, as arising out of the case of *Astoria*. Now this we shall show to be utterly valueless as for any purpose of this argument, and that it can only have been produced to increase the complication and confusion in which the American statesmen have endeavoured to embarrass the case.

The success of the fur trade carried on by the British North-West Company in the interior, and by numerous traders both British and American, seaward, induced Mr. John Jacob Astor, a German naturalized in New York, to attempt a trading establishment at the mouth of the Columbia, and he accordingly, in 1810, formed an association for that purpose, under the title of the Pacific Fur Company. Mr. Astor was a wealthy and enterprising merchant; he supplied all the funds, and associated himself with parties who were the practical agents of the whole operation. Three of the partners were native Americans—the six others were Scotchmen, who, however, had so little intention of resigning their national character, that before signing the articles of agreement, they obtained from Mr. Jackson, then the British minister at Washington, an assurance, that in case of war between the two countries they

they were to be considered as British subjects and merchants. All these partners (Astor excepted), with many servants, reached successively the mouth of the Columbia, where in 1811 they erected on the *south* bank, nearly on the site of Lewis and Clarke's 'wintering post,' a few houses and a kind of fort, which they called *Astoria*.

The settlement was very imperfectly established, when, on the breaking out of the war between Great Britain and the United States, its situation became so obviously precarious, that the partners on the spot opened negotiations with the North-West Company for the dissolution of the Pacific Fur Company and the abandonment of the establishment of Astoria. The association was in consequence formally dissolved in July, 1813; and in October the whole establishment, with the furs and stock in trade, was transferred to the North-West Company on a valuation that produced 58,000 dollars: some of the ex-partners of Mr. Astor joined the North-West Company, and the others returned over land to New York. This had hardly been effected when the British sloop of war *Raccoon*, Captain Black, arrived in the Columbia, for the express purpose of capturing and destroying the settlement; but it had already passed into the sole hands of British subjects, and Captain Black had no more to do than to hoist the British flag and change the name to Fort George; and the North-West Company carried on the trade.

In this entirely mercantile concern, in which the majority of the partners were British subjects, who took care to preserve their national character, and who sold the establishment to another entirely British company, there can certainly be no pretence on which to found the sovereignty of the United States: it was undertaken with private means, maintained for private views, and parted with by private bargain.

But if it could have had any political effect, it could not advance the American claim one jot; for, in the first place,—as to the general question, England never denied, on the contrary always maintained, the right of any nation to form an establishment on any part of the coast not already occupied, so that England had no right to complain of the settlement, and never did so. But, secondly, as to its practical effect on the present state of the matter, this settlement was on the *south* bank of the river, and its site is therefore within the territory which England has all along offered to America.

But the moderation and fair dealing of England in this Astoria affair has led to an allegation of the American statesmen that she has solemnly acknowledged the territorial sovereignty of the United States.

Let

Let us explain this strange pretence.

By the treaty of Ghent (1814) it was provided that all places captured during the war should be mutually restored. Astoria had not been *captured*: more than half its owners or occupiers were British subjects, who had disposed of it as a mercantile concern to other British subjects; but the United States—who, be it remembered, had not *at this time* acquired their Spanish title under the Florida treaty—were anxious to obtain a recognised footing—a *pied-à-terre*, as it were—where they had never before pretended to any right or establishment of a national character; and they therefore pressed for the restitution of Astoria. The British ministry might have truly said that it was no affair of either *government*, and that the Astorians were welcome to settle the matter with the North-West Company, as they might agree; but the British Government, actuated by a spirit of equity and conciliation, decided that, as the Captain of H.M.S. *Raccoon* had intervened in the matter, by taking possession of what was already in British hands, the United States had a fair claim to be reinstated *in statu quo*—pending negotiations as to the ultimate territorial dominion—and therefore reserving to itself *the question of ultimate right to the sovereignty*, it directed that Astoria should be formally restored, and it was so in October, 1818, to one or two American agents sent for the purpose, but who did not remain. The North-West Company continued to hold it for some time, but at last, we believe, abandoned it: the Astorians never reappeared; the whole place went to ruin, and became as complete a wilderness as the rest of the country. The last account we have of it is from an American traveller, Mr. Farnham, who tells us that ‘Astoria had passed away!’ and that its site, overgrown with brushwood, was nominally occupied by the Hudson’s Bay Company, in the person of a single clerk, who was a kind of ‘telegraph-keeper of events at the mouth of the river.’

We doubt whether on these facts the United States could now, under the laws of nations, raise any just claim even to the site of Astoria, which they never re-occupied, and have so long abandoned; but to torture the restoration by England, *pendente lite*, of the possession of that spot of ground into an acknowledgment of the exclusive property of the United States over these vast regions, seems to us what in an individual would be called insanity.

There is one additional circumstance which, though small in itself, is worth notice, as showing accidentally, and therefore the more forcibly, the weakness of this part of the American case. The United States insist with great earnestness on the *national* character of the Astorian establishment: in *our* view, we do not think it is of the slightest importance; but if it were, see how the

the following fact disproves it. In 1816 Mr. Astor proposed to the United States Government

'once more to renew the attempt, and to re-establish Astoria, provided he had the *protection of the American flag*: for which purpose a lieutenant's command would be sufficient for him. He requested Mr. Gallatin to mention this to the President, which he did. Mr. Madison said he would consider the subject; and although he did not commit himself, Mr. Gallatin thought that he received the proposal favourably.'—*Mr. Gallatin to Mr. Astor, ap. Twiss, 333.*

This proposition for giving to a new Astoria a distinct national character, implies that *old Astoria* possessed it not—that Mr. Astor would not resume his attempt without guarantee—which the President hesitated to give—which never was given—and new Astoria never was founded. Had Mr. Madison or Mr. Gallatin or Mr. Astor at that time any idea that they were exclusive Sovereigns of the whole region, or even of the abandoned spot on the left bank of the Columbia?

But whatever may be the value of the United States' claim to *Astoria*, it affords no impediment to a present arrangement. It has been offered by England, and is included of course in *Mr. Dargan's proposition*.

Having thus recapitulated and, we trust, satisfactorily disposed of the various and inconsistent claims of the United States, let us remind our readers that, under each of the heads separately, Great Britain has an indisputable title to all that she claims.

I. Along the sea-board Drake was the first who saw any part of the disputed territory. Cook and Vancouver were the first who made any public and authenticated attempt at an accurate survey of its coast. Meares was the first to explore, as Barclay was to discover, the Straits which Meares was so generous as to call by the name of the mendacious Greek who declared that he had sailed through them to the *Atlantic*. He was also the first to discover the bay and the bar, behind which Gray, and almost simultaneously Baker, found the estuary of the Columbia.

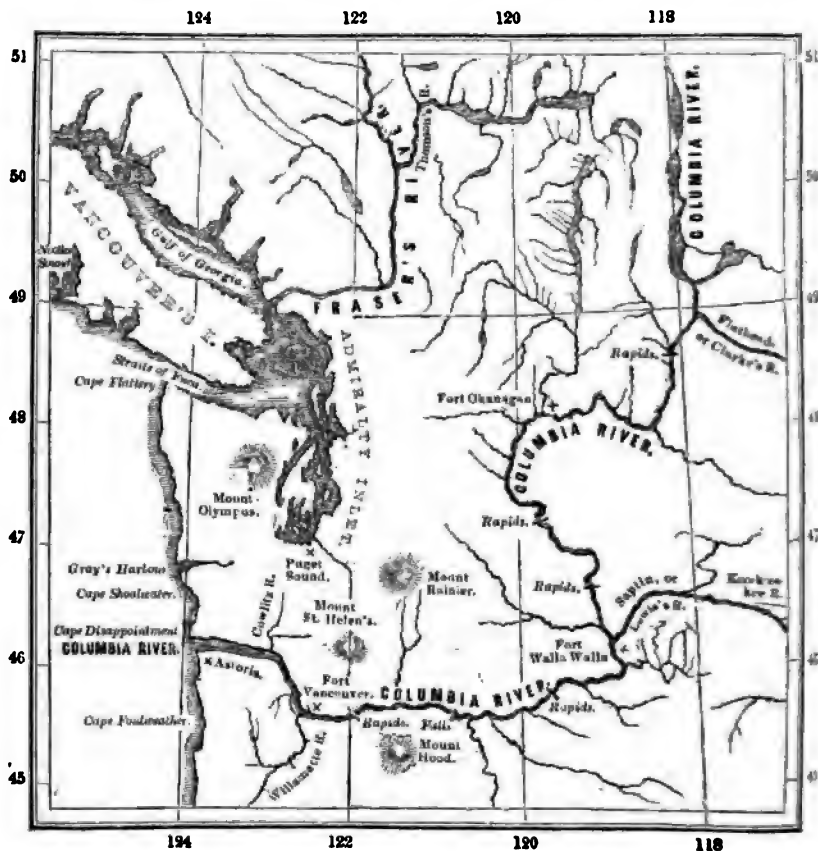
II. Even under the extravagant principle of dominion by watercourses, the British title is by many years and thousands of miles the better, as our former statement and the following sketch will show.

III. As it is also on the plea of discovery and exploration—for—

If Gray really was the first to cross the bar and discover the *estuary*, Broughton was the first who ascertained the existence and course of the *river* which Gray, 'having taken the wrong channel,' never saw.

If Lewis and Clarke were the *first* to explore the Kooskooskee, and about 70 out of 600 miles of the Saptin or Lewis, and about 200 out of 1000 of the Columbia, and a few yards of
a stream

a stream conjectured to be part of the Flathead or Clarke's, which seems to have a course of 500 or 600 miles—Lieutenant Broughton was the first to explore from the anchorage to above 100 miles up the Columbia, the upper waters of which Thomson discovered in its various ramifications between 1800 and 1810, and the whole length of which he was the first to follow from its head-waters to the sea. Still more to the north is the Tacoutchesse or Fraser's river, discovered at its mouth and explored throughout, not merely first, but *solely*, by the British. This river drains nearly the whole of the country north of the 49°, to which the United States now pretend an exclusive dominion.



If any man assert that these indisputable facts can justify the American claim to the sole dominion of the Western World from 42°

42° to 54°, from the Mexican to the Russian boundary, to *the total exclusion* of the countrymen of Drake, Cook, Vancouver, Meares, Barclay, Broughton, Thomson, and Mackenzie—and the acknowledged possessors of the vast interior north of 49°—we decline all further argument with such a mind;—but, believing that every rational and unprejudiced man must agree that it is a case of mixed claims, we conclude that it is, according to the law of nations and the ordinary rules of society and common sense, a fit subject for compromise and partition. Now, in order to judge how this compromise may be effected, let us review the face of the maps, (pp. 568 and 595).

A treaty between Russia and England establishes their boundary from the sea in latitude 54° 40' northward to the Icy Sea. By the treaty between the United States and Spain, now represented by Mexico, a boundary line has been drawn along the 42nd parallel eastward to the head of the waters running into the Gulf of Mexico. This latter boundary has never, we believe, been acknowledged by Great Britain, and it certainly trenches on the right recognised in the Nootka convention, that all the coast to the northward of S. Francisco should be open for future settlement; but as in any case of partition this intermediate portion would naturally fall to the United States, it is unnecessary for our *present purpose* to question that arrangement. That boundary is therefore considered as also fixed. The whole territory, then, to which the question of equitable partition now applies is comprised between the latitudes 42° and 54° 40', and between the Pacific and the Rocky Mountains. East of the Rocky Mountains the boundary between British America and the United States, as finally settled by the treaty of Washington, runs for near 20 degrees of longitude along the 49th parallel.

Both parties have more than once agreed, and the conventions of 1818 and 1827, providing for common occupancy, constitute, as we have before said, a standing acknowledgment and recognition which no sophistry can explain away, that it is a case for an equitable partition. The most obvious line of division is certainly the continuation westward of the existing boundary of 49°, and to that to a certain extent both parties had assented; but where that line was to end became matter of dispute. England had explored between 1800 and 1810, and has since enjoyed for the use of her fur trade, the main Columbia; and adopting the great principle of international law, that rivers should be for the convenience of mankind, she proposed that when the 49° should reach the Columbia, the line should thence proceed southward and westward along the centre of that stream. This proposition had the advantage of giving effect to the strongest

local claims of both parties: it left to England the Upper Columbia, which she had first explored; it gave to the United States Clarke's and Lewis's Rivers, which they had first explored; and it divided between them the Lower Columbia and the estuary, including Astoria, where Gray, and Broughton, and Thomson, and Lewis had, all, partial claims of discovery and exploration. Nothing could at first sight appear more fair than such a division which reconciled and satisfied the local claims of the several parties—reserving to each the points where they could fairly allege any peculiar title. But with this the United States were dissatisfied. We believe that they already contemplated the production of the new claims based on the watercourse theory, and on the Transatlantic repudiation of the law of nations; but at first produced a more reasonable objection. The harbour of the mouth of the Columbia—highly as, in other parts of the argument, they affect to rate the importance of Gray's discovery—is of such difficult and dangerous access that its real importance is the internal river communication, and it has little or no value as a harbour; and as there is no harbour whatsoever to the southward, the American vessels would have no refuge in case of bad weather on any part of their own territory; they therefore insisted on carrying the line 49°, not only to Admiralty Inlet, which was reasonable, but across the inlet and the south part of Vancouver's Island to the ocean—offering, however, to render the Lower Columbia free to British trade.

To this, on the other hand, Great Britain—admitting so far the doctrine of *convenience*—replied, that this would subject her to a greater inconvenience than what in the other case America could complain of; for that it would cut her off, not only from Admiralty Inlet—which she had discovered and surveyed and taken formal possession of, and even settled—but would cut her off from the Strait of Fuca, which she had also discovered, and from the most convenient outlet for the trade of Fraser's River and the great Archipelago lying behind Vancouver's Island, and would entail the additional anomaly of cutting off and giving to America a corner of Vancouver's Island itself. But she was not insensible to the reasons urged by the United States as to the want of a safe harbour. She therefore offered to them the peninsular district round Meares's Mount Olympus comprised between the ocean, Fuca's Straits, and Admiralty Inlet, by which they would have harbours at least as good as Great Britain herself.

This proposition was so reasonable—it so fully satisfied all the principles that the United States had ever advanced—convenience and contiguity to the interior territories of either party—possession of the waters where there had been exclusive exploration—
community

community of possession where there had been community of exploration—the site of Astoria and ports on Fuca's Straits, which compensated to both parties the insufficiency of the Columbian harbour; all these considerations, we say, constituted so reasonable an offer, that the United States could not otherwise reject it than by throwing aside all idea of common rights and equitable partition, and setting up a claim to the exclusive possession of the whole—though this claim of exclusive possession was directly at variance with all the principles of *convenience, contiguity, discovery, exploration, &c.*, for which they had hitherto contended. We will not trust ourselves to say with what feelings we regard this claim to exclusive dominion, founded on that new and intolerable proposition that the United States have some peculiar right over the whole North American continent, which they will not submit to the control of any principles of that public law which has hitherto regulated and balanced the international interests of mankind. To that assumption—new—alarming—and fit only for barbarous times—Great Britain cannot with honour or safety, and therefore *never will, submit*—nor do we believe that any other European nation, however jealous they might be of us, would tolerate such a disruption of the ties of public equity and justice, without which there can be no peace among the strong and no security for the weak.

But to the British proposition itself, *we*—if we may presume to mention our opinion—had from our very first knowledge of it, thought that an advantageous amendment might be made, as the insulation of a portion of the territory round Mount Olympus seems to us objectionable even on the principle of accommodation on which it was offered. ‘*Enclaves*’ of this sort are always inconvenient, and pregnant with quarrels; and with regard to national as well as to individual properties, everybody has been in modern times anxious to get rid of them. It is, we think, bad policy to sow such seeds of strife in that new soil. If that insulated portion of land should grow into consequence as it one day may, and a modern Boston or another New York grow up in one of its harbours, what would be its condition, with no land communication with its main territory, nor any water communication but the precarious entrance of the Columbia—would that be reasonable? It would also be liable to the same objection which we make to carrying the boundary of 49° across the corner of Vancouver's Island—that of separating by an ideal line a district naturally united.

We are not insensible that the waiving our wishes for the right bank of the Columbia involves some sacrifice on our part; but we are, on the whole, persuaded that, considering—on the one

hand how very much the navigation of the Middle Columbia is interrupted by rapids and falls—the inconvenience and liability to collisions incident to portages—and the inaccessibility of the harbour for nine months of the year—and on the other hand, the convenience, not to say necessity, to the United States of a *harbour* communicating with their territory, and that Great Britain has so far admitted the weight of that consideration as to offer to cede the Olympian district—it seems, we say, on the whole, that the simplicity and probable practicability of the mode suggested by Mr. Dargan for settling so complicated and important a question overbalance the opposite considerations. We may regret the loss of the agricultural establishments on the Cowlitz, at Fort Vancouver, and in Puget's Sound; of which, however, the last only is, we believe, of any importance: as to the original object of the posts on the Lower Columbia—the fur trade—it is diminishing so rapidly that the loss will be inconsiderable; and we cannot doubt that our traders will find in Fraser's River and the extensive shores to be appropriated to them, various opportunities of internal communication where they will be safe from rivalry and interruption.

But there is a third party, who has been hardly mentioned and less thought of, in all these negotiations and discussions, but of whom we cannot refrain from taking some notice—the rightful owners of the land,—the native Indians. It is painful to think of the violence and injustice which have pioneered colonization throughout the New World; and even in the mitigated form it has assumed in North America it is very repugnant to the feelings of natural justice. In North America the increase westward of the United States has been driving before it, or rather, in fact, exterminating the native population—not so much by violence (though that has not been spared) as by the introduction of disease and vice, and by the natural results of the agricultural occupation of the territory, which unfits it for the pursuits of savage life, and forces the daily dwindling tribes into the daily diminishing wilderness of the West. In British America the Natives are treated with more kindness and encouragement. The Hudson's Bay Company have been indulgent masters, as well, we hope, from natural humanity as in obedience to the injunctions of their charter; but there is a more practical reason why their rule should be more conservative of the rights of the Natives than that of the United States. The object of the latter is to occupy the soil, and therefore to dispossess the Indians; whereas the object of the British Company is the fur trade, to which the natives, in their original possessions and habits, are necessary auxiliaries. At the same time we are glad to be able to say, that while the
Company

Company are thus inclined, by interest as well as feeling, to cherish the peculiarities of the Indian race, they have not been negligent of their moral and social improvement; and we read with satisfaction that the natives under their rule are favourably distinguishable from their neighbours of the Russian or States' territories. The Indians in the Oregon district consist of some twenty nations or tribes, and their numbers are estimated at thirty thousand. It would, we fear, be thought a visionary crotchet to wish that the disputed territory—we mean south of the 49th parallel, and west of the Columbia—could have been allotted and recognised as an independent asylum for these interesting remains of the aboriginal lords of that wide world! They would there have constituted, as it were, a neutral power, and exhibited a tardy tribute paid by civilization to the long-neglected claims of humanity and justice.

We admit that in the crisis at which matters have now arrived—perhaps at any time—this vision could hardly be realised; and that at all events we should not be justified in pressing an arrangement of that nature in opposition to the wishes of the United States; but at least it behoves us to see that those people who have been now living for forty years under our protection, shall not be wholly abandoned and left without resource against the plunder, expulsion, or extermination with which they are menaced. The British Government should at least give an example to that of the United States by providing within its appropriated boundary convenient territorial allotments for all the Indians who may be driven from their present seats by the effects of the political arrangements between the rival nations. It is due to justice and to humanity—and even to policy—for these people are capable of becoming useful auxiliaries and good subjects. The settlers and missionaries have already, at several posts, turned the labour of the Natives to their own profit, and, in some instances, to higher purposes; and what we read in Mr. Nicolay's little volume, of the aptitude of these poor people for indigenous colonization is very gratifying, and pregnant with hope for the success of such a policy as we venture to recommend.

There have been heretofore occasions, not a few, on which we have been able to advise our readers on authority higher than that of a mere literary fraternity—but it is needless to disclaim any ministerial influence or responsibility for our present opinions; and we therefore with the less reserve venture to express our hope that our Government may have proposed something equivalent to *Mr. Dargan's scheme*, as the basis of an arrangement of the whole difficulty, rational and equitable in itself, and which, being a new expedient, consistent at once with principles which Great Britain

Britain can never abandon, and with offers which the United States have already repeatedly made, may be adopted by both parties, with, we believe, mutual advantage, and obviously without the slightest sacrifice of national honour.

Of the success of such a proposition we should have no doubt whatsoever, but that it seems to us that the present cabinet of Washington, by the promulgation of a Transatlantic law of nations, seems determined to put an end to all negotiation, and to attempt to seize by violence what reason and justice would never give them. In negotiating this matter, however, we should recollect that every President of the Republic since this question has arisen, and most of the leading statesmen, had persuaded themselves that the right of the United States to the possession of the *whole* territory of Oregon is '*clear and unquestionable*.' Mr. Polk has done so still more decidedly than his predecessors, and has publicly and solemnly proclaimed this conviction. The same declaration has been repeated in his official notes by the Secretary of State; and the principal speakers in Congress, in the interest of the President, all assert that *they go for the whole of Oregon*. The claim thus announced and supported is too flattering to national vanity and prejudice not to meet with a ready assent from the great body of the people, by whom no doubt this, however extravagant, belief in the justice of their pretensions is obstinately shared. This being the case, it is obvious that the concession of any portion of the territory south of 54° 40' will be in their eyes a sacrifice of American rights, made with reluctance, and naturally regarded by a great portion of the public with strong dislike. We trust, however, that notwithstanding these exaggerated feelings, there is still a superiority of good sense and good faith in the people and in Congress that will prevent the extremities to which Mr. Polk's extravagant pretensions—which we venture to say that Great Britain never can admit—would inevitably lead. The House of Representatives has indeed resolved by large majorities, and the Senate, we have no doubt, will concur, to authorise the Executive to notify to Great Britain the termination at the end of the year's notice of the convention of joint occupancy which has now existed for eight-and-twenty years—a period in itself long enough to create a title. But it is said, and we believe truly, that this resolution by no means indicates on the part of the majority of either body a sympathy with the extreme views and pretensions of the executive, but was prompted in a great measure by a desire to hasten the settlement of the question; and we should not be surprised if it should have that effect: it will have, it is thought, the support of Mr. Webster and some other of the most respectable names in the Republic,
and

and it will certainly bring both parties to their ultimatum. We hope—though we have no authority, beyond common sense, for saying so—that the British ultimatum may be found in this article.

We have further to observe that this vote for terminating the convention was accompanied in the House of Representatives by another:—

‘Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,—That the differences existing between the Government of the United States and the Government of Great Britain, in relation to the Oregon territory, are still the subject of honourable negotiation, and should be so adjusted.’

This, it was true, passed by only a narrow majority; but it was, in some degree, confirmed by a subsequent vote, and therefore we are entitled to take it as the expression of the national will. Now this resolution is virtually a disclaimer of all Mr. Polk’s extravagant doctrines, for it admits the differences to be a proper subject of ‘honourable negotiation and adjustment,’—a position irreconcilable with the principle previously advanced by the President, and from which we are entitled to augur an equitable partition.

But there was, perhaps, another motive for terminating the Convention, which, though not absolutely hostile, would be almost as bad. In the debate which ended in these resolutions, Mr. Quincy Adams, now, we believe, in his seventy-eighth year, made a speech, the opening of which if not, as we suspect, misreported, savours of extreme senility; and has been treated on both sides of the Atlantic as dotage. We fancy that we see a meaning throughout; but at all events, Mr. Adams arrives at a conclusion worthy of the former character of his intellect. After recapitulating with something very like derision, all the American titles, he concludes:—

‘All these titles are imperfect. The mere discovery of a river or of an island confers no title in itself. Exploration comes next; this gives something more of a title. Then continuity and contiguity, both giving some degree of title; but none of them all give a perfect title, in and of themselves. Nothing is complete in the way of title but actual possession; and that is all we want to have, a “clear and indisputable” title to Oregon. We want possession—occupation.’

‘There is no occupation of Oregon; occupation is what we want, and what I would get by putting an end to the convention of 1827.’

This seems to us a clear indication that the resolution of abrogating the convention may have had with some gentlemen the ulterior object of accomplishing a silent and safe usurpation of the territory by gradual occupation. They would plead that
the

the termination of the convention does not necessarily produce a state of war; it only places the country in the *status quo ante*; and that being a state of free colonization, America may hope, by the influx of her immigrants, to exclude ultimately the English claim. This scheme, however, would be but a futile and momentary evasion—aggravating the old difficulty, and probably producing a greater—for it would replace *the whole coast north of S. Francisco* in the *status quo ante* the Nootka Sound Convention;—a state which might produce still more complicated questions.* But even as to Oregon, this subterfuge would be found impracticable; for, however numerous their new settlers might be, they could not extinguish the right of the English Company which now occupies the whole course of the Columbia by settlements which would resist the invasion, and which this country must sustain against aggressive violence, or even inconvenient pressure. The territory, in plain truth, never can be again subjected to promiscuous occupation. It has outgrown that condition: it must be divided and appropriated between Great Britain and the United States, and the dispute has gone too far to be solved by any other than international means—a treaty or the sword.

The *proposition of Mr. Dargan*, or some slight modification of it (we ourselves should not be disinclined to see it *literally* adopted), appears, in our view of the tempers and prospects of the two nations, the *only one* that can avert a WAR, which, to use a phrase of a distinguished American senator, would be, 'on the part of those who shall provoke it, almost impious.' 'War,' as Lord Aberdeen in a recent debate on this subject said, in a spirit becoming a Christian statesman, 'War is the greatest calamity that can befall nations, and generally the greatest crime which a nation can commit;' but in resistance to injustice or in repulsion of insult, he and every wise and honourable man must feel that war may be—however painful—the first and highest of national duties. That duty, if forced upon her, Great Britain was never less inclined to abandon, or better prepared to execute, than at this hour; and if the United States, by the rejection of such a proposition, as even her own legislators think reasonable, should drive us to that extremity, on them, and them alone, will rest the awful and odious responsibility, and on them we trust—in the righteousness of our cause—will fall the heavier weight of the provoked calamities.

* La Martinière, *Géographe de S. M. C. le Roi d'Espagne*, thinks that *Port S. Francisco* was really *Porto Francisco Draco*, and commonly so denominated.

POSTSCRIPT.

While writing these closing lines, the American mail brings intelligence that at the close of last month the Senate of the United States was still engaged with the Oregon debate; and although it seems that the determination of the President to adhere to his extreme views was unchanged, the opinions of Mr. Webster, Mr. Calhoun, and some of the most influential Senators leave no doubt that the resolutions for renouncing the convention, but at the same time keeping the door of negotiation open, will be passed by a large majority—two-thirds, it is said—and in terms still more reasonable and pacific than those of the other House. The following are the resolutions as proposed in the Senate:—

‘ That notice be given, in terms of the treaty, for abrogating the convention made between Great Britain and the United States on the 20th of October, 1818, and continued by the convention of 1827, immediately after the close of the present session of Congress, unless the President, in his discretion, shall consider it expedient to defer it to a later period.

‘ Sec. 2. And be it further resolved, that it is earnestly desired that the long standing controversy respecting limits in the Oregon territory be speedily settled by negotiation and compromise, in order to tranquilize the public mind, and to preserve the friendly relations between the two countries.’

It is said that the announcement of the (so-called) free-trade measure of our Government had been received in America with a degree of popular exultation that may facilitate the amicable termination of the Oregon difference. We heartily wish that measures, which we believe to be fraught with consequences so disastrous to all our domestic interests, might be alleviated by even that incidental and momentary advantage; but we cannot soothe our minds with that flattering unction. We believe that the proposition for a division by the 49th degree and the Straits of Fuca—which we have hitherto called *Mr. Dargan's*, but of which we hear no more under that name—would have been at any time, and under any circumstances, received with as much satisfaction as now. We are more and more convinced by the advices we have lately received, that the American Cabinet will not and—if it would—*could* not make any larger concession. It is, we believe, all that *any* American statesman could hope to carry, and we are equally satisfied that on our parts, after so much delay and complication, and considering it in its future effect on the tranquillity of the district itself, it is the best for our interests and sufficient for our honour. We, therefore, do not believe that the unhappy and unexpected schism

in the party which constituted, three months ago, our Government can have had any good effect in America, even for the moment, and shall be but too happy to find that it has not had a contrary influence.

We have a great reluctance to mix foreign politics with our domestic affairs, and should not have been the first to do so, but we think ourselves authorized by the provocation of a great authority to express our very serious doubts whether the anticipated triumph of the American over the British farmer, and the dependency of the British bread-market on American supply, will tend much to lower the pretensions of our 'exulting' rivals. And we have still more serious apprehensions that the effect of the free-trade measures both on *Ireland* and on our *North American Colonies* will more probably revive in the recollection of the United States a confession which our Ministers have already made, that we have *one or two sorer places* than *Oregon*. We were certainly not a little startled last year at the gratuitous introduction of this Oregon question into the Maynooth debates. Still more surprised have we been to find, that while the '*small cloud in the west*'—then announced to us in *terrorem*—has been growing bigger and blacker, a large proportion of our free-trade speculations is founded on the continuance of the most amicable relations between us and the United States. We were told, early in these unhappy discussions, that '*we were to clothe them, and they were to feed us*;' and this absurd reciprocity of *unequal* interests was propounded to us, when it appears that those on whom we were to depend for our existence, instead of being willing to *feed us*, were ready to cut our throats on so small a pretext as the remote and sterile mountains of Oregon. Her Majesty's speech at the opening of the session committed the same, or indeed rather a greater solecism. With an inconsistency which we cannot understand, Her Majesty was made to recommend measures for a remission of duties on, and therefore larger encouragement of, '*the trade and manufactures of foreign countries*,' and with that view to give up a very considerable portion of our own immediate revenue; and this, with so little certainty or prospect of gratitude, reciprocity, or even peace, that in another paragraph, Her Majesty called upon us to impose on those diminished revenues a sudden and large increase of our naval and military expenditure: that is, we are, in one paragraph, desired to prepare ourselves for fighting those precarious friends whom, in the other paragraph, we were advised to supply (out of our own pockets) with the sinews of war. This is even beyond the celebrated Dutch precedent of selling gunpowder to their besiegers; for the Dutch got at least the price of their powder, but we suffer

on all sides, impoverishing ourselves to enrich our adversary, and diminishing our resources just as we increase our burthens.

The Protectionist party have the interest of the country too much at heart to embarrass any government (however little entitled to confidence or even forbearance) in their foreign policy; else we cannot but think that some parliamentary notice of this inconsistency would hardly have been omitted. Nor indeed should we now allude to this subject, but that it forms, after all, the main foundation of the free-trade argument; for false and dangerous as the principle is, that any nation should depend to any serious extent on foreign rivals for the food of its people, we really, with all our best diligence, have been unable to discover any other basis for the new ministerial system. If it succeeds, even to any considerable degree, we may *clothe* them and they may *feed* us, but only just as long as they please, and that will be until they shall have nursed up their own manufactures to the point of doing without us; and, after all, our clothing is only a kind of luxury to them, which they might easily, without danger and perhaps with advantage, forego—while, if we should *accustom* ourselves to be *fed* by these foreign supplies, what is to become of us if, in the rapid vicissitudes of international relations, those supplies should be suddenly stopped?

And be it always remembered, that the stoppage of the *food* must necessarily be accompanied by a rejection of the *clothing*; so that the misery will be double—destitution at once of work and of food. And all this lamentable absurdity is palmed upon us when—on the warning of M. de Joinville's sixpenny pamphlet, and that same '*small cloud in the west*'—we are making larger and more expensive warlike preparations than were ever known in anything that could call itself a time of peace—greater, we believe, than in the height of Lord Chatham's glorious wars. Nay, we hear that we are erecting coast defences more extensive and costly than England ever before condescended to do—even under the menace of Buonaparte's invasion. A stranger, even a wiser one than Raumer—knowing us only by the free-trade speeches of our ministers, and visiting some of our principal coasts and harbours, would find a vast deal of building going on, and would naturally say—'Oh, these are the *granaries* and *reservoirs* for the foreign corn on which England is in future to rely for food.' How would he stare when informed that these were barracks and batteries to protect our habitations from the hostile hands that we expect to *feed* us!

We are well aware that some—probably all, of those works and armaments,—and perhaps even more,—are necessary, or at least prudent, in contemplation of the new form that steam-boats and railroads may give to maritime war, and we are glad that the fore-
sight

sight of our Government is directed to those points; and we also know that the best preservative of peace is a powerful preparation for war. All this we most fully admit, and we have already stated so in the preceding article; it allies itself indeed with our own main arguments; for if it be necessary to protect our arsenals and habitations from the possible consequences of war, much more so is it to secure that infinitely greater and unfortunately more precarious interest—the subsistence of the people—from such a calamitous interruption.

But we need not recapitulate the arguments produced in our last number, which—violently assailed, but wholly unanswered—we are now entitled to call unanswerable. What we then said, in opposition to the free-trade scheme in the hands of Lord John Russell, we insist upon still more strongly in the hands of Sir Robert Peel. Lord John's was a party manœuvre merely to out-general Sir Robert. Sir Robert is acting on the graver and, we are willing to believe, more conscientious, but assuredly a more dangerous principle of absolving himself from the obligations of party—a principle wholly inconsistent with the constitutional administration of such a Government as ours.

There can no longer remain any reasonable doubt that the resolution to repeal the Corn-law must have been taken long before the Irish scarcity was thought of—probably before the potato was planted whose rot served as the first opportunity of its announcement.

If we are asked what causes can have produced that extraordinary change of opinion, we must honestly confess we feel ourselves wholly unable to discover, and still less entitled, to guess, and must be content to rank them with the infirmities to which the greatest intellects are occasionally subject:—

‘Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!’

But a more urgent and practically more important question must now be asked, what is to be done? How is this formidable danger to be dealt with? We, if we may be permitted to suppose such a question addressed to us, should answer at once—*stop it if you can, how you can, and as soon as you can!* The majority in the House of Commons, though heterogeneous and discordant, is, we fear, resolved upon and sufficient for the present mischief—but perhaps not for the whole of it. Many Whigs would have preferred a fixed duty; and though we infinitely prefer the sliding scale, and have very deep objections to the scheme of a fixed duty, yet in a choice of difficulties we should have been glad to see such a compromise. It is, we fear, now too late for that—but we are not without hope that it is not too late to throw out the limitation of the act to three years. Why prejudge a question, the elements of which may be essentially changed before three years?

years? We know it will be said that if you were to do so you would still keep the League and all its agitation and danger alive; to which we answer:—

‘Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise.’

Are Leaguers, Chartists, and Repealers wild beasts that go to sleep when they are gorged? Is not the nature of the popular *bellua* never to be sated, and to increase in voracity and audacity by every sop that is thrown to it? Their triumph has already gone far enough to do irreparable mischief; we say *irreparable*—but some mitigation—some procrastination, at least—of the evil may be obtained by resolute and uncompromising endeavours to check it. The protectionists should therefore make their most powerful efforts on this point of *time*; many of the old conservative party who have reluctantly gone so far may be willing to stop at this middle term. They will recollect that the reasoning of the minister went against the *whole* system of protection; but in order to propitiate the manufacturing constituencies, that promise evaded—all other interests are to be still in various degrees protected, and without limit of time. No doubt great mischief will be done to all manufacturers except the great mill-owners, yet they are still to have a comparative protection—but Corn—and, in spite of all our free trade promises, professions, and principles—*Corn alone is to be entirely sacrificed!* Will not this great fact, and the hundred little jobs that they see going on in favour of this article or that, open the eyes of many of the respectable country gentlemen who entered into this labyrinth, prepared for sacrifices, but not for injustice and juggle? But if the majority will consent to no more than a three years’ respite, we should wish to see a final attempt made to arrange it in this form,—that as the income-tax is to last but three years, and the corn-law to last but three years, their fates may be united, and the *corn-law* be made coeval with the *income-tax*, and with the *protection to other industry*.

We confess, however, that we have little expectation from the House of Commons; but, ‘thank God, we have a House of Lords.’ We believe we may venture to say that nineteen-twentieths of their Lordships are, in one degree or other, protectionists: the leading Whigs have always been for a fixed duty: there may be half-a-dozen absolute free-traders,—but full two-thirds of the House are, in their convictions and wishes, friends to the existing laws. It is, therefore, impossible that their Lordships can allow the second reading of such a bill without a strenuous debate and powerful division; that such a division would be at least *two to one*, there could be no doubt whatsoever but for the same consideration that reconstituted Sir Robert Peel’s administration—that induced the Duke of Wellington and the other dissentients to place them-

selves

selves in a position so unprecedented and so painful that nothing but the unbounded confidence of the country in the Duke's honour and patriotism could have tolerated it for an hour—and that consideration is, 'if we overturn this administration—*what next?* and who will venture to take upon himself the awful responsibility of the result?' These were grave questions, and might justify the hesitation of the Duke and his dissentient colleagues to break up what they thought the only possible Government—perhaps, too, their continuance in office produced the slight and short respite that the proposed bill provides, and which some of our over-zealous and misjudging friends were, in their vexation, ready to throw away. All this would have been no justification if the other question could have been satisfactorily decided. If Lord John Russell's letter had not so rashly, and we now say so unfortunately pledged himself and his party to a measure which even with Sir Robert Peel's support he found he could not carry—had Lord John stood on his own original ground—his own early opinions—the opinions, we believe, of Lord Grey, of Lord Melbourne, of Lord Lansdown, of Lord Brougham—of the necessity of an effective protection (either fixed or sliding) to agriculture, there would have been no reason why there might not have been a cordial union of all classes of protectionists on the only great question that now divides the political world, and Lord John Russell might have been at the head of a government strong enough to be independent of Mr. O'Connell and the League, and to have gathered round it all the friends of the existing institutions and policy of the country. This great position Lord John giddily threw away, and has created difficulties in forming an administration capable of governing the country, of which, we humbly confess, that we do not see the solution.

But the motive that induced the Duke of Wellington and the dissentient members of the Cabinet to resume their places—and which, no doubt, has influenced most of the Duke's Conservative supporters, and which we have always felt, and are ready to admit, was very powerful—namely, the preservation of 'the only possible Cabinet'—is, we are told, passed and gone! It is dangerous even for the best informed to prognosticate the changes of Fortune's political wheel, and we pretend to no personal illumination; but every public man that we have seen or heard of seems to think, and the whole public press concur in announcing, that the *dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's ministry is inevitable*—that Sir Robert Peel is permitted to hold his office just to finish the work he has in hand by the sufferance of Lord John, or rather the protection of Mr. Cobden: and certainly this opinion, which had been afloat ever since Parliament met, has been within a few hours corroborated by a public demonstration. On Friday, the 13th of March,
Lord

Lord John Russell gave notice for Thursday, the 26th, of a motion for a committee on the state of Ireland. Now, considering that Lord John had made the state of Ireland the pretence of his unfortunate Edinburgh Letter—that it was the immediate alleged motive of the ministerial measures—nothing could seem more natural than such a motion: one might even wonder that it was not made sooner—and by the Minister. But, lo! On Monday, the 16th of March, Lord John retracted his notice, and postponed it till *after Easter*. Why?—because, say the public journals, *that*, or any other motion that involved the slightest question of *confidence* must be fatal to the Government. Lord John was, it is reported, plainly told by his League and Radical supporters that the Ministry must be allowed to complete their depreciation of the landed interest—preliminary, as they hope, to the destruction of the Aristocracy, the Church, and Monarchy of England. Lord John, though not much pleased, we suppose, at either the mode or the object of this new reprimand to his indiscretion, was forced to give way. And so all the sarcasm, all the censure, which we, and still more powerful voices, were wont to lavish, six years ago, on the *tenants at will* of the Treasury Bench, are now unfortunately realised against those who had given them such a contemptuous *notice to quit*. If this be true, and though we doubt parts of the detail which we have heard, it is certain that *some such* design was baffled by *some such* intrigue—if anything like this be true, the only reason that can have induced any of the late Conservative party to hesitate about defeating the Government measures is gone; and those who have hitherto shaped their conduct to avert a ministerial catastrophe have now another and a higher duty to perform.

The House of Lords especially will now have to show whether they are, as represented by the Radicals, a mere solemn mockery of legislation—a depository of pomp and panic—or whether they are active, vital, and intelligent members of the Constitution, sensible of their own rights and interests, and the conscientious guardians of those of the public. The country party in the House of Lords have hitherto been without an acknowledged leader—that station awaits Lord Stanley, the only member of the old Cabinet who adhered to his resolution and preserved his consistency. When he, like his ancestor on Bosworth Field, throws off his apparent indecision, and carries his active powers into the ranks where his wishes and opinions are already known to be—we anticipate a great revival of public confidence; and we are satisfied that, under his guidance, the danger may certainly be mitigated—perhaps altogether averted.

We are not sure that such a vigorous demonstration of opinion might not even now be made in the House of Lords as would render the passage of the bill through the House of Commons,

in its present shape, problematical; if it should come to the Lords, we know not why it should not be thrown out on the second reading; but if, from any reason that we do not now foresee, that should not be done, there can, we presume, be no doubt that their Lordships will reject the limitation of time, if not already done in the Commons.

And if any one should inquire, Who are to be responsible to the country for the peril of defeating the measure? the answer is short and easy—the rival statesmen who gratuitously, under whatever delusion, created the difficulty. But there need be no peril. The rival statesmen might be driven to coalesce, and they would be infinitely less dangerous in office together than in their present combination. Or even a *Protectionist* government might be formed of Whig and Tory elements on the principle of adopting the proposed bill as a *permanent* measure—at least as permanent as the *protection to other branches of industry, and as the income-tax*. Or finally, the *worst*, or perhaps the *best*, that could happen from the defeat—partial or total—of the bill would be a DISSOLUTION—a constitutional appeal to the country, which surely has a claim to be consulted on so sudden, so extensive, and so momentous a change. If the opinion of the country, fairly taken, be for the abolition of the protective system—be it so—the minority must submit; but nothing but the adverse result of a general election will convince us that the Protectionists are not the large majority of all ranks and interests. We dare our adversaries to this constitutional test!

After all, the responsibility of the House of Lords is simply to do their own conscientious duty; to maintain their own dignity, the integrity of the Constitution, and the *cheap and steady supply of food for the people*—which can be *ensured* by no other human means than by *protecting domestic industry of all classes*, and by preserving our population from a precarious and perilous dependence on foreign countries for their permanent subsistence; and, in fine, we implore the members of both the Houses of Lords and Commons to recollect and to act upon this short but, we believe, indisputable truth, that—do what they now will—they cannot save the ministry, but they perhaps may save the country.

NOTE.—In a review of 'Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors' in our last number, we fell into an error respecting the pedigree of Lord Jeffries. We stated that he was the son of a small Welsh shopkeeper. This was not so:—his father was a gentleman of respectable descent, the possessor of a small landed inheritance in Wales. But the future Chancellor himself, being a younger son, was originally destined for the career of a mercer in a town of Denbighshire. The reader is referred to Lord Campbell's third volume, pp. 495–7.

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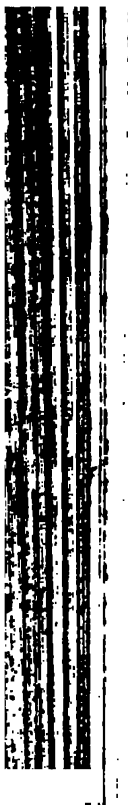
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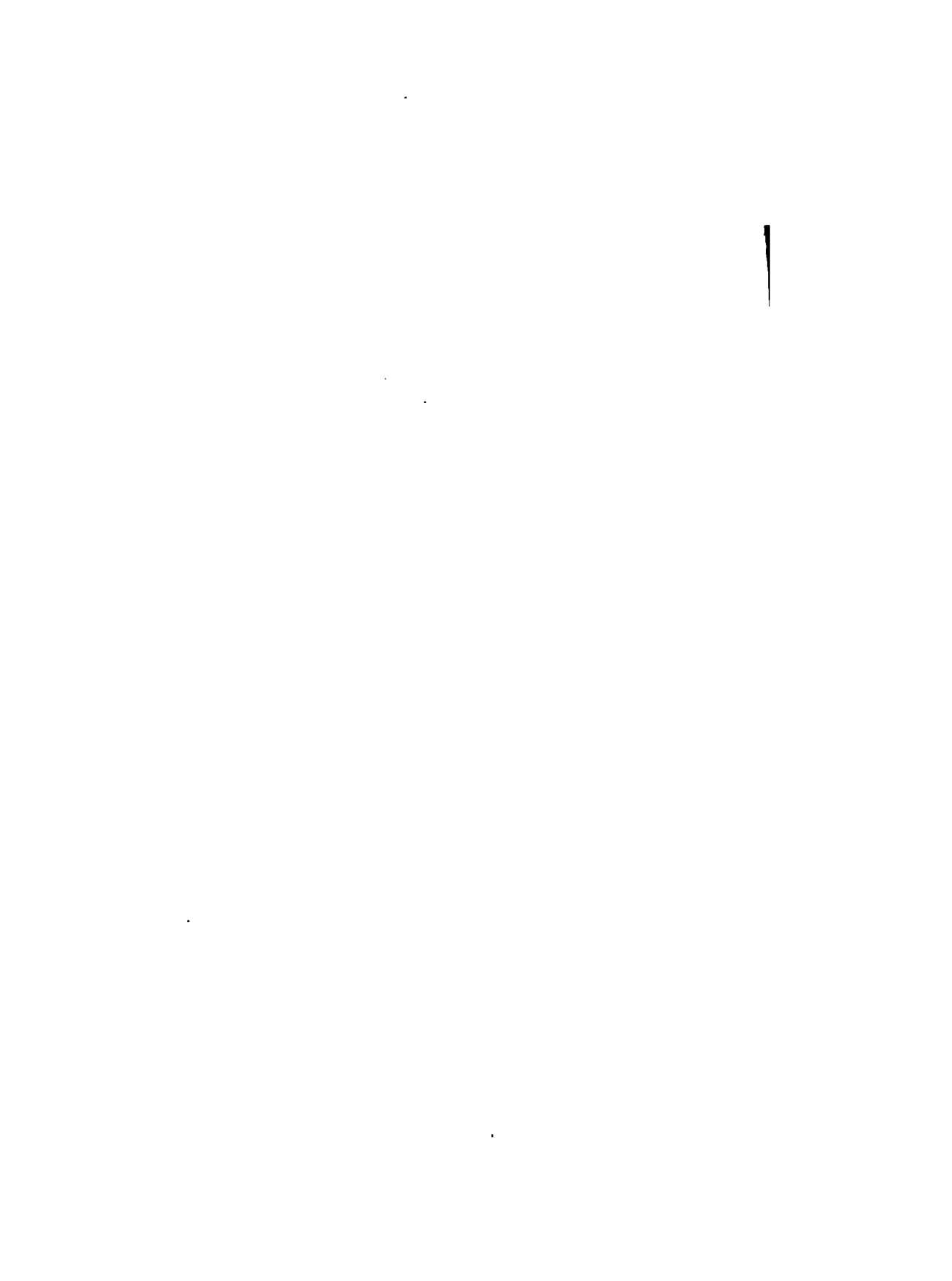
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